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The Story of India

BRITAIN'S GREAT ASIATIC DEPENDENCY, ITS RACES AND RELIGIONS, ITS HISTORIC MONUMENTS, AND THE TREMENDOUS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF A VAST COUNTRY THAT CONTAINS NEARLY ONE-FIFTH OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Frederic Austin Ogg

Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin

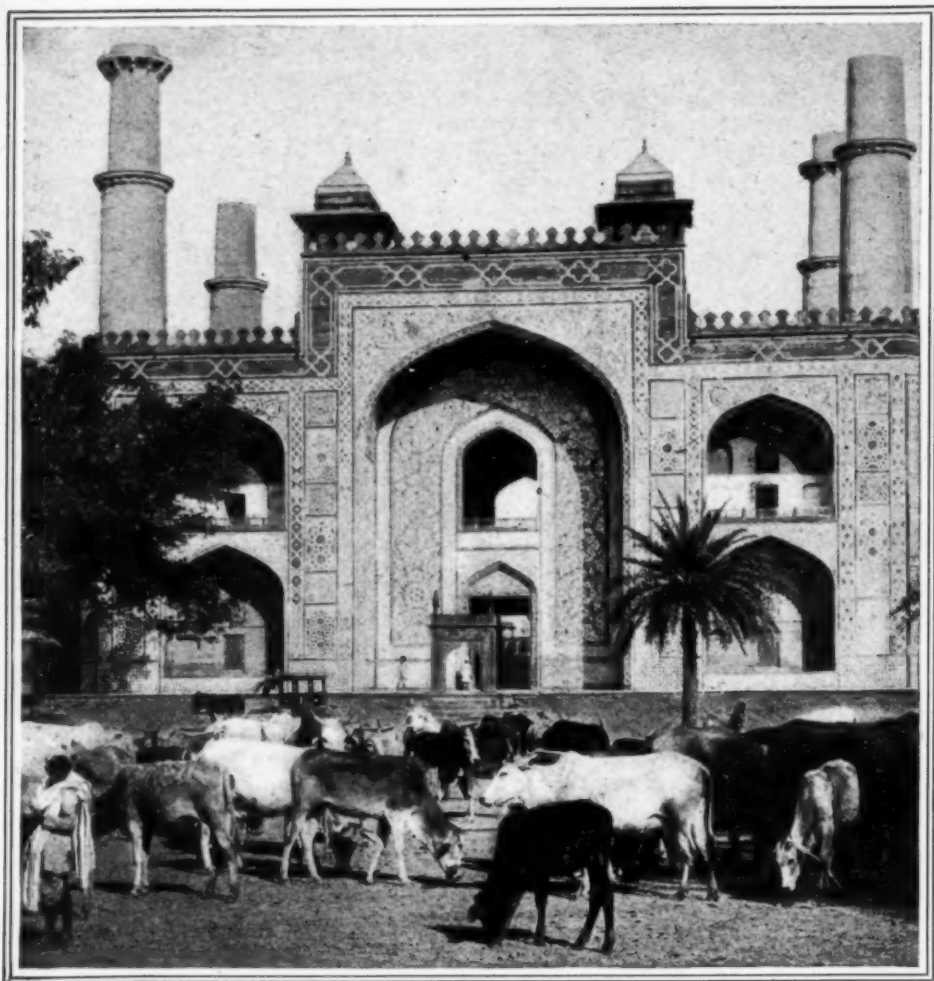
THE largest, the most densely populated, the richest, and potentially the strongest colonial dependency in the world is to-day an active candidate for admission to the fast-growing family of self-governing peoples. India, land of romance and of magnificent tradition, calls lustily for "home rule"; and England, torn between conflicting impulses, finds in the demand one of the most baffling problems of her reconstruction days.

The situation is the more critical because the consequences of a mistake might be very disastrous. India has a tremendously important place in the British Empire. Great effort has been expended upon it; great interests are bound up with it. "No one," remarks a recent writer, "can understand the foreign policy of Great Britain, which has inspired military and diplomatic

activities from the Napoleonic wars to the present day, who does not interpret wars, diplomatic conflicts, treaties and alliances, territorial annexations, extensions of protectorates, with the fact of India constantly in mind."

It was for India that the British fought Napoleon in the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Syria. Britain's territorial accessions at the Congress of Vienna were chosen exclusively with reference to the protection of India, or of the route thither. For seventy years the British upheld the territorial integrity of Turkey in order to bar to any other power the land route to India.

For the sake of India, Britain first opposed the building of the Suez Canal, and, when it was built, acquired practical control of it; occupied Egypt, and eventually converted the land of the Nile into a pro-



THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR AKBAR, AT SICANDRA, NEAR AGRA—AKBAR, THE GREATEST ASIATIC MONARCH OF MODERN TIMES, RULED AT DELHI FROM 1556 TO 1605

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tectorate; took over the administration of Cyprus; negotiated the Russian convention of 1907, which rounded out the Triple Entente; and planted her sovereignty or extended her influence along the water approaches to the great peninsula, until she had gained substantial dominance of all southern Asia from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. Scores of Britain's most illustrious statesmen, diplomats, merchant princes, generals, and admirals would turn in their graves if the security of the British position in India were to be jeopardized by the misjudgment of the empire's twentieth-century rulers.

British control in India dates from the

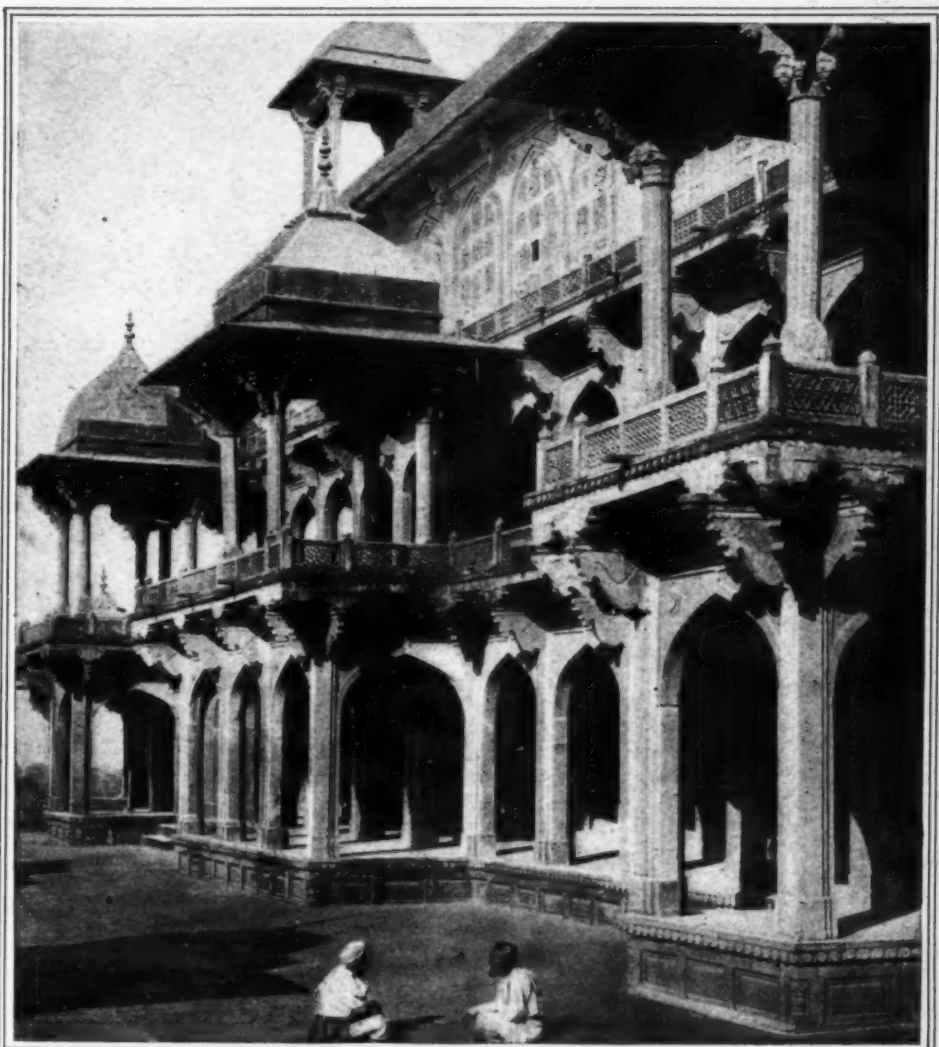
period of Queen Elizabeth, but the country has a history which rolls back thousands of years before the Christian era and loses itself in the mists of unrecorded eons. This history may be epitomized as one long story of successive invasions of the peninsula by fresh races from colder climes, resulting each time in the transfer of the land, in whole or in part, to new masters.

THE FIRST CONQUERORS OF INDIA

First came the Aryans from the plains of Persia and central Asia, who, after 2000 B.C., poured into the valleys of the Indus and its tributaries, subjugated the aborigines, and instituted what may be called the

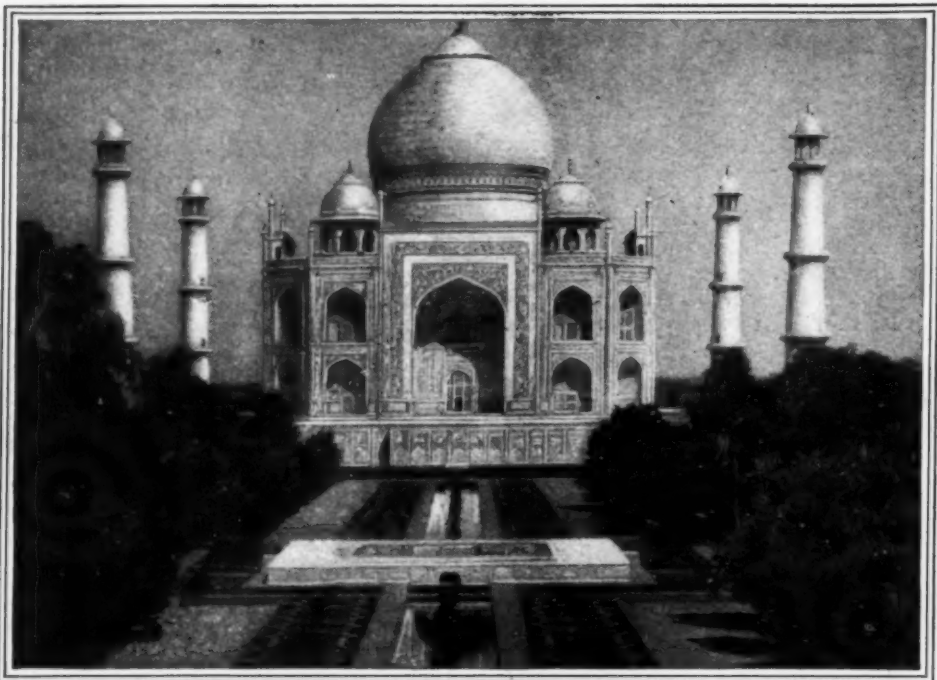
distinctively Hindu period of Indian history. Already in an advanced stage of civilization, the conquerors spread gradually over the whole of northern and central India. They built up territorial states, and in the fourth century B.C., an imposing empire; they developed a conception of government resting on law and on democratic institutions, produced a literature of marvelous originality and richness, and created the religion known to this day as Hinduism, with its Brahmanical supremacy and its system of caste.

Next came the Mohammedans—Arabs, Turks, Afghans, Mongols, and other nomad races of central Asia—who, fired with the ardor of a new faith, fell upon India with fire and sword about 1000 A.D. and swept all before them, very much as did their kinsmen and coreligionists a little later in western Asia and in southeastern Europe. For five hundred years successive Mohammedan hosts trod upon one another's heels and fought for mastery; and, with varying fortunes, the Moslem dominance lasted until the eighteenth century.



THE MARBLE PORTICO OF THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR AKBAR—THIS GREAT BUILDING IS A MARVEL OF ELABORATE INLAIN WORK, AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS MONUMENTS OF THE MOGUL EMPERORS

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THE TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MOGUL ARCHITECTURE—THIS WAS BUILT BY THE EMPEROR SHAH JEHAN, WHO RULED AT DELHI FROM 1628 TO 1658, AS A MEMORIAL TO HIS FAVORITE WIFE, MUMTAZ-I-MAHAL

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At all times, however, the Mohammedans were outweighed by the Hindus in numbers and in civilization, and in the end their empire collapsed because of the pressure applied by Hindu forces.

Meanwhile India had come within the sphere of the commercial and imperialistic enterprise of Europe. The first European invader was Alexander the Great, who entered the country by way of the passes of the Hindu Kush in 327 B.C., and carried on a two years' campaign in the Punjab and Sind. The political power which he established was ephemeral, but cultural influences lingered. Brahmin astronomy owed much to the Greeks, and Greek faces and profiles constantly occur in ancient Buddhist statuary.

From Alexander to Columbus, Europe had little direct intercourse with the East. During the Middle Ages India's spices and drugs were in heavy demand in European countries; but the trade in these commodities was carried on chiefly through the intermediary of Arabs. Although an occasional traveler brought back stories of powerful kingdoms and untold wealth, In-

dia was still, at the middle of the fifteenth century, an unknown land.

Then came the great era of world discovery. Columbus set sail, under the Spanish flag, to seek India beyond the Atlantic. Five years later, Vasco da Gama, with truer instinct, started southward from Lisbon, and, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, cast anchor off Calicut (1498) and opened the path of direct Eastern trade to his Portuguese countrymen.

For almost exactly one hundred years the Portuguese had a monopoly of the India trade, and their country rose to a hitherto undreamed-of position of wealth and power. Their success, however, was hardly more than a gigantic bubble. Their relations with the natives were not good. As interlopers, they encountered stubborn opposition from the Arab traders. They never penetrated far from the coasts, and they acquired no extended or stable political control. Their zeal for the forcible conversion of the infidels became such that their activities assumed, in the last stages, an almost purely religious aspect.

Still more serious was the rise of compe-



A DURBAR PROCESSION AT DELHI—DURBARS WERE HELD AT DELHI, THE PRESENT CAPITAL OF INDIA, IN 1903 AND 1911, WHEN EDWARD VII AND GEORGE V WERE SUCCESSIVELY PROCLAIMED EMPERORS OF INDIA

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tion from other European peoples. In 1580 Portugal was brought under the control of the Spanish monarch, Philip II, and this made her colonies lawful prey for the Dutch, who were then in the midst of their great struggle for independence from Spain. One by one the Portuguese factories in India were captured; the Portuguese carrying trade was broken up; and by the time when Portugal's national independence was restored (1640), her Eastern empire had slipped completely from her grasp.

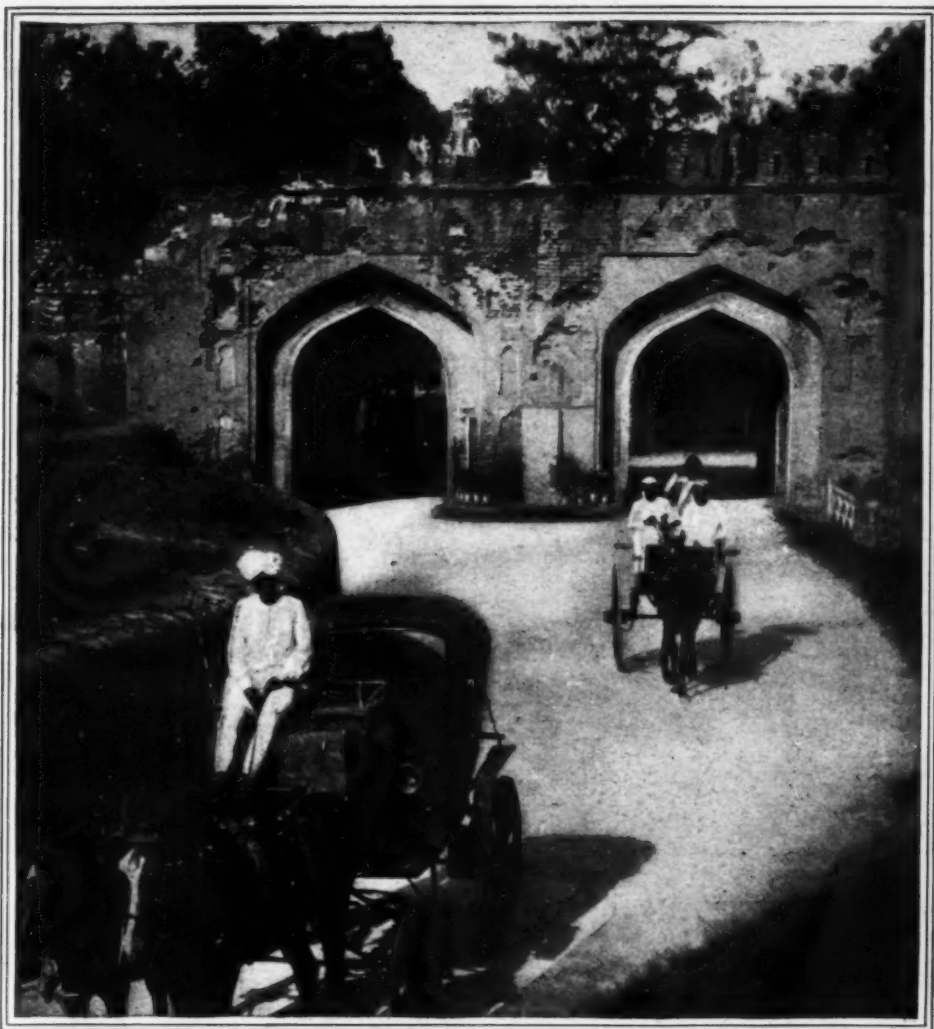
The Dutch were not allowed to enjoy the fruits of their efforts to the full. On the contrary, their position was promptly challenged by a still stronger seafaring and colonizing people—the English. Indeed, the Dutch East India Company of 1602 was preceded by the English East India Company by two years, and was modeled directly upon it.

Both the Dutch and the English had their eyes chiefly on the Spice Islands, in the East Indian archipelago, as being the



THE JAMA MASJID, OR GREAT MOSQUE, AT DELHI, WITH MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER—THIS GREAT MOHAMMEDAN TEMPLE WAS BUILT BY THE EMPEROR SHAH JEHAN IN 1632-1638

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THE KASHMIR GATE OF DELHI, BY WHICH THE BRITISH ENTERED THE CITY WHEN THEY RECAPTURED IT DURING THE SEPOY MUTINY OF 1857—THE BATTERED GATE HAS BEEN LEFT UNREPAIRED AS A MEMORIAL OF THE HISTORIC SIEGE

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territories that promised largest immediate profits; and it was only after the Dutch had got the better of the competition there that the English turned with any seriousness of purpose to India. The practical expulsion of the English from the islands was taken at the time as a great disaster, and deep regret was expressed that England should be obliged to content herself with an inferior part of the Eastern world, as also of the Western. In point of fact, of course, England was getting control of the portions of both hemispheres which in

the long run were destined to prove decidedly the most valuable.

The remarkable position occupied by Great Britain in India to-day is therefore the product of some three centuries of commercial and colonial enterprise. Chronologically, three main periods or stages can be distinguished.

THE RULE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

The first period, extending from the chartering of the East India Company in 1600 to Lord North's Regulating Act in

1773, was distinctly the trading era, with control entirely in the company. Factories, or trading-stations, were established at accessible places on the coasts; garri-

necessary. The principal bases from which the company's representatives worked were Surat—or, after 1687, Bombay—on the west coast, Madras on the east coast, and



THE DURBAR HALL IN THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJA SINDHIA, RULER OF THE IMPORTANT NATIVE STATE OF GWALIOR

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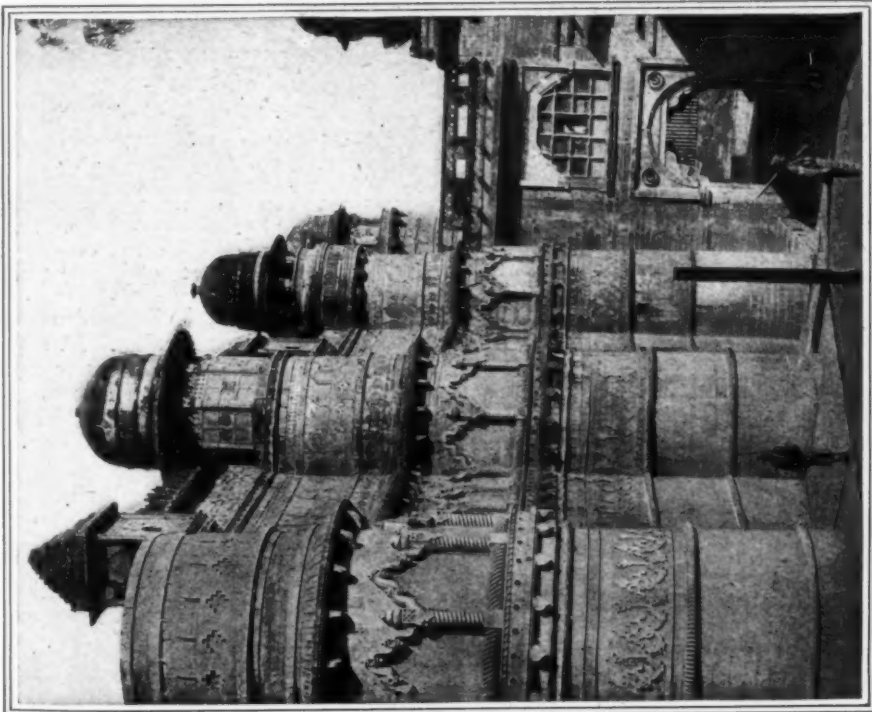
sons were located at strategic points; trade routes were opened into the interior; good relations with the natives were cultivated; political power was built up, though slowly and cautiously, and only because the instability and irresponsibility of the petty native governments made external control

Calcutta—where political control really began—in the northeast.

Another feature of this period was the growing rivalry with the French, culminating in the vindication of English supremacy by the arms of Lord Clive in 1759-1760.



THE HALL OF THE WINDS AT JAIPUR, AN ORNATE SPECIMEN OF INDIAN ARCHITECTURE, DECORATED WITH PINK AND CREAM-COLORED STUCCO
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EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJA SINDHIA, AT GWALIOR, CAPITAL OF THE NATIVE STATE OF THE SAME NAME
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THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJA AT JAIPUR, ONE OF THE FINEST NATIVE CITIES IN INDIA,
CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF THE SAME NAME

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The second period, extending from 1773 to 1858, was characterized by a joint control of affairs in India by the company and the British government. The company had never been popular, and in the later eighteenth century it drew general and severe criticism because of its oligarchical and arbitrary tendencies. These were the days in which Parliament was advancing to those broad claims to authority beyond seas which lay behind the Stamp Act and the Boston Port Bill. In 1773 the right to legislate for India was unequivocally asserted in Lord North's Regulating Act; and in 1784 Pitt's Act set up not only a board of control in England, but an ad-

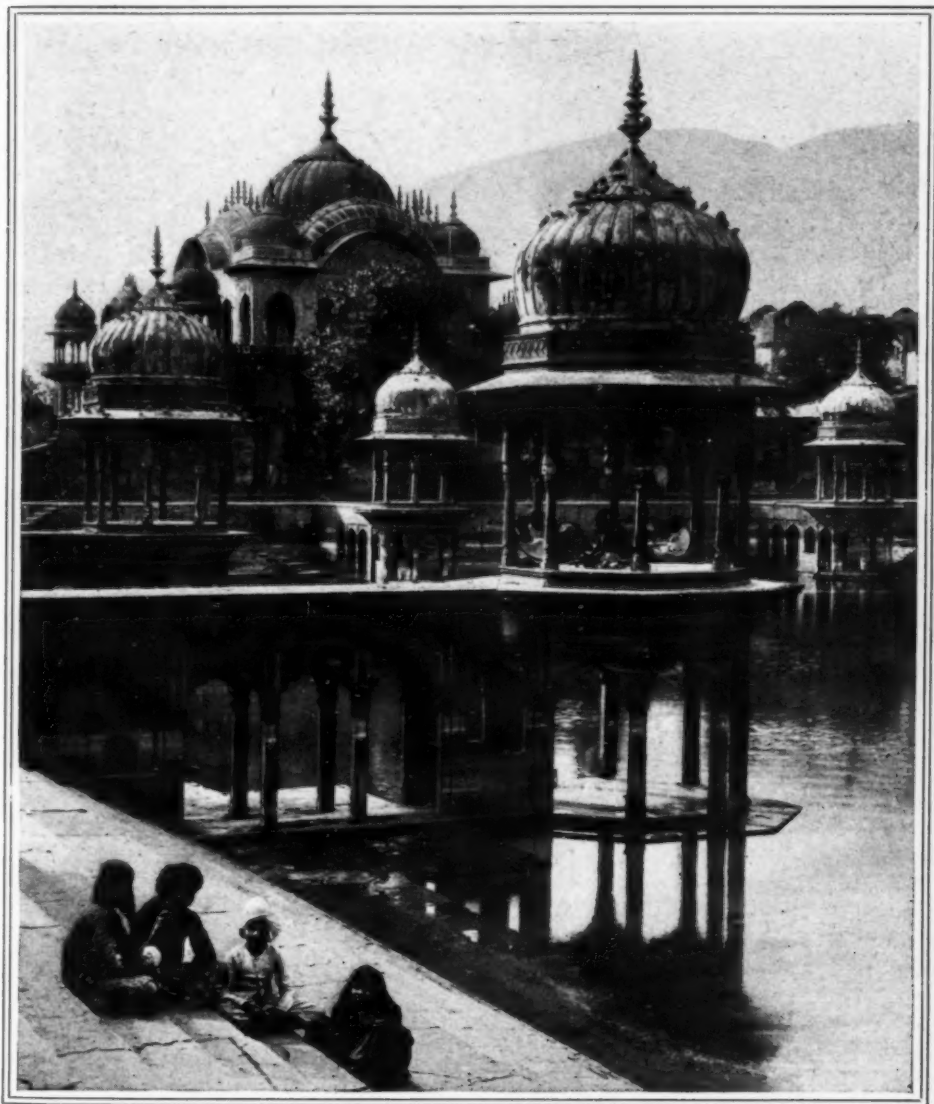
ministrative system in India, which the company had no power to alter. At each renewal of the charter the company was put under new restraints, until by 1850 it had become doubtful whether it would survive, at all events as anything more than a purely commercial corporation.

The company's fate was sealed by the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, an event which not only showed the necessity of reforms in the civil service, army, and revenue system—reforms such as could be carried out only if undivided control was vested in the government—but dispelled the illusion that Britain's position in India rested upon consent rather than upon force. An Act

for the Better Government of India, approved August 2, 1858, transferred full control to the government; and it marks the beginning of the third period in the country's history since 1600. The company was allowed to continue in existence only so long as was necessary to wind up its business; in point of fact, it was finally disbanded in 1874.

During the debates on the new measure John Bright urged that England should

take advantage of this opportunity to cut loose from India altogether—that she should organize the country in five great "presidencies," establish law and order, and then quietly withdraw. The adoption of this plan would have altered the whole complexion of English history, and indeed of world history, from that day to this. It is hardly necessary to add that, apathetic as England then was on colonial matters, the proposal found little support.



THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE MAHARAJAS OF ALWAR, ONE OF THE NATIVE STATES OF RAJPUTANA, IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA

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On the contrary, the Better Government Act was followed up with a reorganization of military and administrative machinery which betokened determination both to stay in India and to rule. The governor-general received the new title of viceroy; the company's European troops were amalgamated with the royal service; the tax system was revised to meet the heavy cost of suppressing the mutiny; the courts were reconstructed; the native chiefs and

princes were required to pay fresh homage to British authority.

The character and results of British rule since 1858 can be understood only if one bears in mind what India really is.

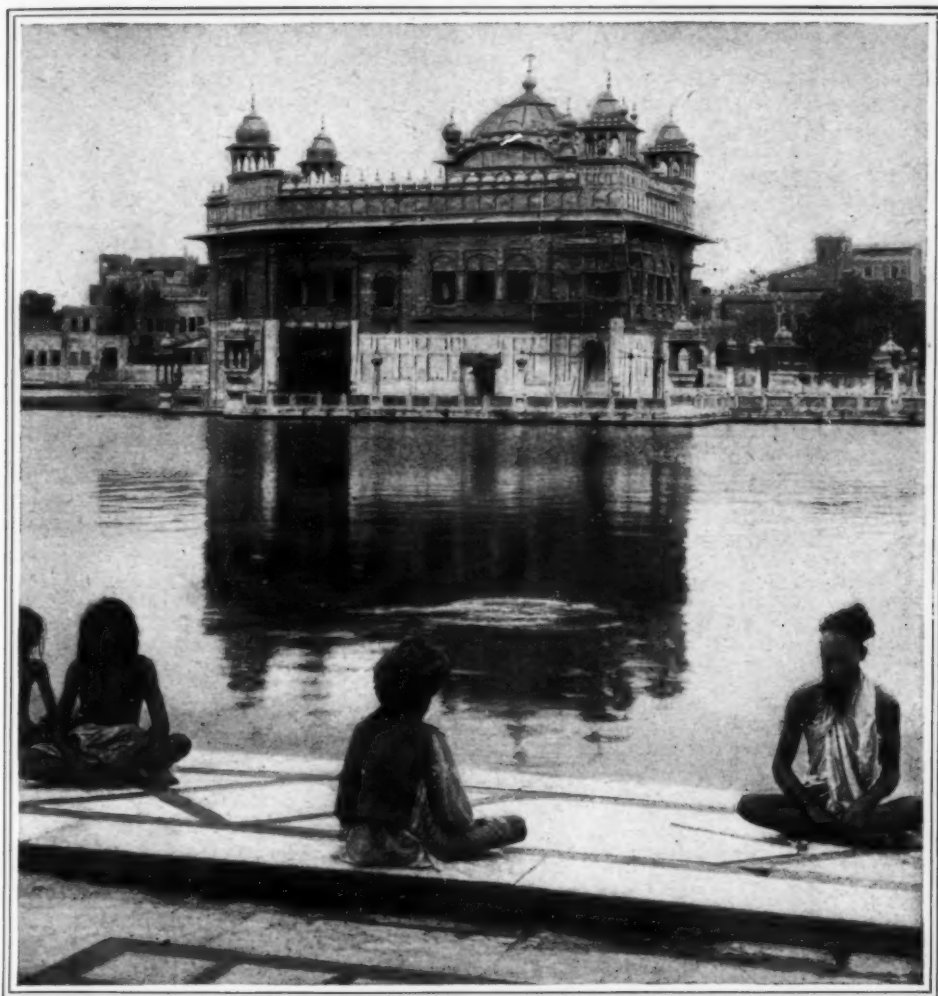
THE INDIAN EMPIRE OF TO-DAY

The first fact is the country's unique—not to say anomalous—political status. Technically, India is not a colony; it is not a protectorate; it is not a “sphere of influ-



THE TEMPLE OF VIMALA SAH AT MOUNT ABU, IN RAJPUTANA—THIS GREAT TEMPLE OF THE JAIN RELIGION DATES FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY, AND IS ESTEEMED ONE OF THE FINEST WORKS OF INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

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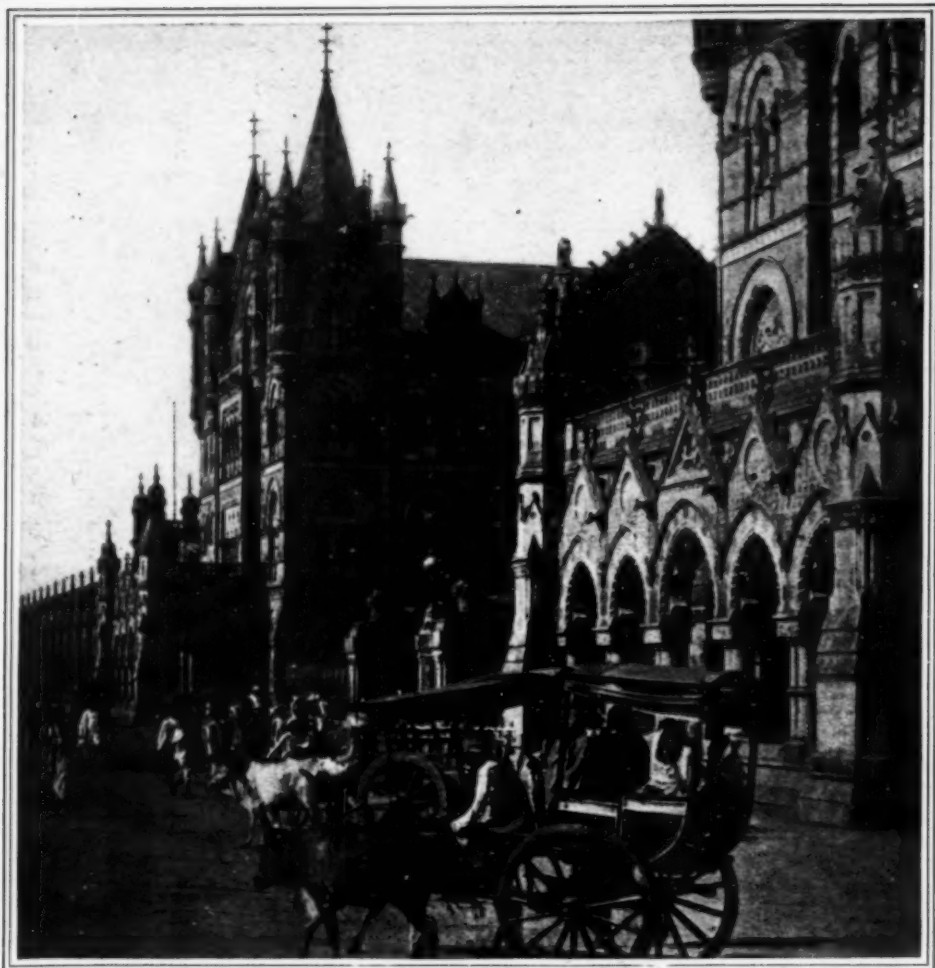


THE SACRED POOL AND GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR, IN THE PUNJAB—THIS IS THE CHIEF SHRINE OF THE SIKHS, AN IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS SECT OF NORTHWESTERN INDIA

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ence." It is, and has been since Queen Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India at Disraeli's instigation in 1877, a dependent empire, whose affairs are administered at London, not through the Colonial Office, but through the office of the Secretary of State for India, assisted by an advisory body known as the Council of India. There is a separate Indian budget. Most legislation that affects India is passed separately for that dependency. The country, in fact, is dealt with on a separate basis to an even greater extent than are Canada, Australia, and the other self-governing colonies.

The next thing to observe is that India is a land of continental proportions. The name is derived, through Greek and Persian channels, from the Sanscrit *sindhu*, "river," and was originally applied only to the valley of the Indus and its tributaries. English usage has extended the term to the entire country. As thus defined, India is the central one of three great peninsulas projecting southward from the Asian mainland, thus corresponding roughly to the peninsula of Italy in the map of Europe. Its general form is that of a vast triangle, with its base resting upon the Himalayan ranges and its apex



THE VICTORIA STATION, A MODERN RAILROAD TERMINUS IN BOMBAY—BOMBAY IS THE SECOND CITY AND SEAPORT OF INDIA, WITH ABOUT ONE MILLION INHABITANTS

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running far out into the Indian Ocean. In the south it reaches to within eight degrees of the equator; in the north it touches the latitude of Washington, and has a temperate climate—in the mountain sections a distinctly cold one.

On the northwest, north, and northeast the country's political boundaries fall far outside the natural limits as determined by mountains and rivers. These political boundaries have been laid out with a view to holding rivals at a respectful distance and preventing inroads or other encroachments. "It is as if the owner of a large estate in an unsettled country had taken in on every side as much rough land as he

thought was necessary for his privacy, and for keeping marauders off his fields and homesteads." A great deal of military and diplomatic history has been made in the past sixty or seventy years by the efforts of the English to draw the wide-sweeping red line that now marks the frontiers of Greater India.

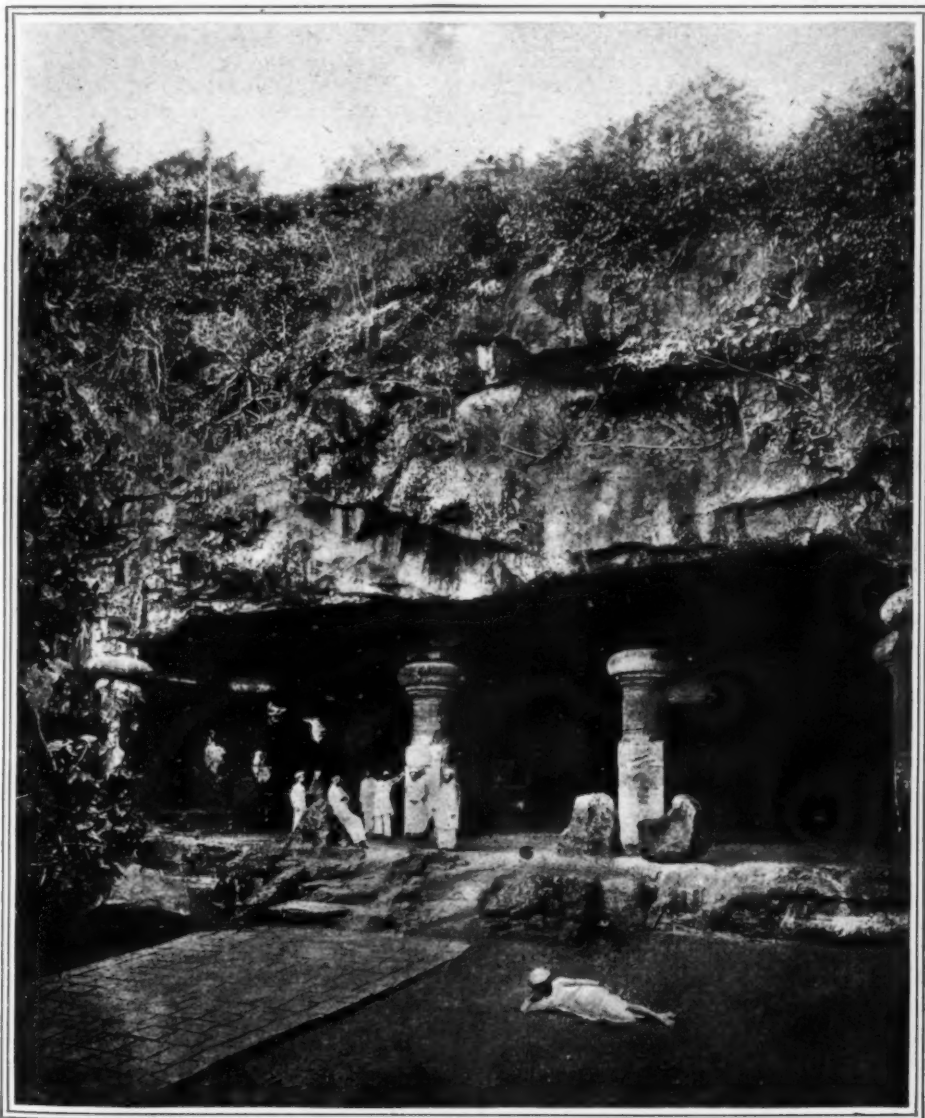
In the northwest Baluchistan was absorbed between 1875 and 1903. In the north, the boundary was gradually pushed back so as to take in a strip of territory extending into the Himalayas for an average distance of a hundred miles. The native state of Kashmir was made a protectorate, and Nepal was drawn under con-

trol in its foreign policy. On the east, the great region of Burma, though geographically a part of China and separated from India by a mass of mountains, was annexed by stages between 1879 and 1909, incentive being supplied by the warlike attitude of the Burmese kings and by fear of a French intrusion from Tonquin.

The result of these annexations has been to bring under direct or indirect British rule a total area of 1,802,629 square miles,

which is almost exactly the extent of Europe without Russia, or of the United States east of a line drawn through Montana. Still farther out on the frontiers—in Afghanistan, in Persia, and in Tibet—British influence is almost as great as in the Indian dependency itself.

It is to be observed that only about two-thirds of India proper, containing two hundred and fifty million people, is under direct British rule. The remaining third is



THE ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT ROCK TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA, AN ANCIENT BRAHMANICAL SHRINE ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE HARBOR OF BOMBAY

made up of some seven hundred native or feudatory states, which are sprinkled over the entire country, although most of them are situated in the northern and north-central interior.

These states are individually bound to Great Britain by treaties of alliance and protectorship. The agreements differ widely, but in all cases the British authorities have control of foreign and military affairs; and the British resident stationed at the princely capital is likely to wield large influence upon domestic policies as well. Practically, therefore, the seventy million people living in the native states are under British sovereignty, although the administrative system centering at Delhi does not apply to them. The most important native states are Haidarabad, Mysore, Gwalior, Baroda, and Kashmir.

The next fact to be noted is the vastness of the country's population. At the opening of the present century the figure was officially reported as 294,360,000. To-day it is supposed to be about 320,000,000—which, again, is substantially the population of Europe without Russia on the eve of the great war. It is three times the population of the United States in 1910. It is more than two and one-half times as many people as Gibbon estimated to have been subject to Rome when the empire of the Cæsars was at its greatest extent. India contains four-fifths of the population of the British Empire and almost one-fifth of that of the entire globe.

Even more important than the sheer mass of this population is its diversity. The term "India" is purely a geographical one. There is no Indian race or nationality; instead, there are dozens of racial elements utterly unlike and in many cases mutually antagonistic. There is not even the degree of unity that exists in Europe; for Burmese and Rajputs, Kanets and Coorgs, are more unlike one another than Scotsmen and Spaniards. Thirty-eight distinct languages are spoken; besides innumerable dialects. There are six or eight religions, whose respective groups of votaries are intolerant and exclusive.

Buddhism is practically confined to Burma. India proper is sharply divided between Hinduism and Mohammedanism, in the proportion of somewhat more than three adherents of the former to one of the latter; and the two creeds are poles apart in tradition, spirit, and ideals. There are

four million Christians, three million Sikhs, one million Jains, and at least ten million people who cling to the medley of aboriginal superstitions known, for want of a better name, as "animism." Inter-marriage between the different religious groups is absolutely unknown. Indeed, proselytism has ceased to exist, and the only persons systematically seeking to convert others to their creed are the Christian missionaries.

The Mohammedans, who even before the break-up of Asiatic Turkey were more numerous in India than in any other country or empire, form an essentially distinct community or nation; and the English have always had to deal with them on that basis. But, for that matter, social exclusiveness is the universal rule in India. In a country filled with varying elements, there is no commingling. The different peoples hold themselves as distinct one from another in their social and domestic relations as do the different species of animals.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASTE SYSTEM

The acme of this separatism is reached in the caste system—a strange institution that exists nowhere outside of India, and is there confined to the Hindu portion of the population.

The origins of the caste system have formed the subject of many learned books, but no writer has produced anything better than conjectural explanations. The Hindu himself can tell you nothing except that in the "Institutes of Manu," a sacred book dating from the third century of the Christian era, it is written that the Brahman issued from the head of Brahma, the soul of the universe; the Kshatriya, or warrior, from his arms; the Vaisya, or husbandman, from his thighs. Inferior to these is the Sudra caste, whose function it is to serve the others. Farther down in the scale are innumerable other castes, theoretically the offspring of mixed or irregular marriages, but often practically nothing more than the members of a common trade or profession. At the bottom are the "outcastes," the pariahs, to whom fall only menial and degrading occupations.

Caste is strictly hereditary. A priest's son is a priest; a soldier's, a soldier; a carpenter's, a carpenter; a scavenger's, a scavenger. People must marry within their own caste, and eat with their own caste and of food prepared only by a caste-fellow or a Brahman. One must not allow an



ONE OF THE HALLS OF THE ROCK-HEWN TEMPLE OF ELLORA, NEAR DOWLATABAD, IN WESTERN INDIA—THESE REMARKABLE ROCK CARVINGS DATE FROM THE NINTH CENTURY, OR EARLIER

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inferior so much as to enter the room in which one's food is being cooked. Even the brushing of garments in passing is reckoned defilement, and the very shadow of an inferior is considered unclean. There are castes whose members defile a Brahman at a distance of twenty-four, thirty-six, or even sixty-four feet!

Thus the Hindu's social status is fixed forever at his birth; at the most, he can only fall, never rise. Wealth cannot add to his rank nor poverty detract from it.

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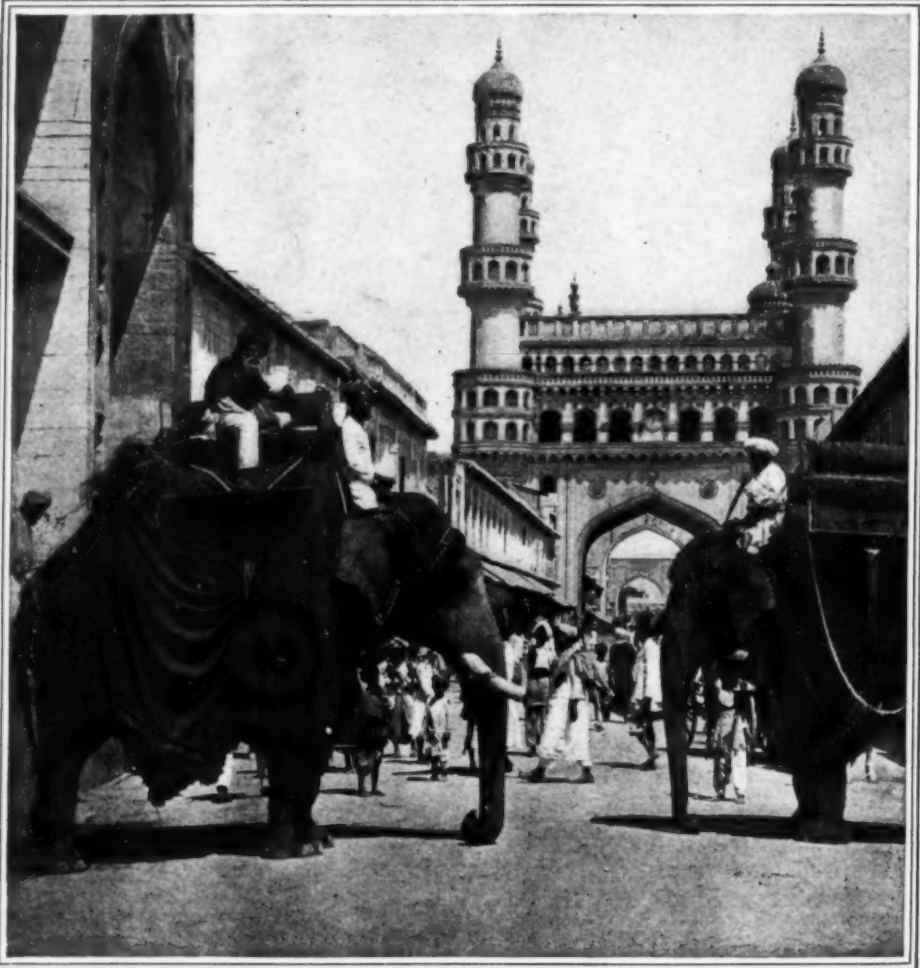
There are throngs of Brahman beggars who, not even in the extremity of starvation, would eat at the same table with some of the greatest princes, who are by the standard of caste unclean.

THE TERRIBLE POVERTY OF INDIA

Another salient fact is the empire's economic backwardness. India is preeminently an agricultural country; three-fourths of its people live by cultivating the soil, and half of the remaining fourth follow

occupations that are closely subsidiary. There are some large cities; but not more than one-tenth of the people live in places of five thousand or more, and the great mass dwell in very small villages. Some own little tracts of ground; some are rent-

It is estimated that the land under cultivation does not exceed one acre *per capita*, and that at least one-third is devoted to the growing of jute, oil-seeds, cotton, and wheat for export; so that India, which imports no food except some sugar, actual-



THE CHAR MINAR, IN HAIDARABAD, A GREAT GATEWAY THROUGH WHICH RUN THE FOUR PRINCIPAL STREETS OF THE CITY—HAIDARABAD, THE CAPITAL OF THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS, IS THE FOURTH LARGEST TOWN IN INDIA

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ers; many are only day-laborers. The rate of wages is incredibly low; and even the small farmers are little better off than the wage-earners, because most of the holdings are too small to support a family decently. The amount of poverty is appalling, and the general standard of living far beneath that known to any Western people.

ly feeds and partially clothes itself on two-thirds of an acre of cultivated land *per capita*. Only the fertility of the soil, the unremitting labor of the natives, and rigid economy in the consumption of food make this possible; and these are not enough to keep untold millions from living year in and year out at the point of starvation.

There has been some development of modern types of manufacturing. The cotton-mills of Bombay and the jute-mills of Bengal have a large yearly output; but the degrading effects of factory labor are no less in evidence in India than they were in England in the early stages of the modern industrial revolution. Furthermore, the old indigenous handicraft industries, carried on by the villagers during their spare time, have fallen off both in quantity and artistic quality. The principal cause seems to be the competition of machine-made European goods.

"A typical rural scene," writes the Aga Khan, a liberal-minded Indian Moslem, in his "India in Transition," "on an average day in an average year is essentially the same now that it was half a century ago. A breeze, alternately warm and chilly, sweeps over the monotonous landscape as it is lightened by a rapid dawn, to be followed quickly by a heavy molten sun appearing on the horizon. The ill-clad villagers, men, women, and children, thin and weak, and made old beyond their years by a life of under-feeding and overwork, have been astir before daybreak, and have partaken of a scanty meal, consisting of some kind of cold porridge, of course without sugar and milk. With bare and hardened feet they reach the fields, and immediately begin to furrow the soil with their lean cattle of a poor and hybrid breed, usually sterile and milkless. A short rest at midday, and a handful of dried corn or beans for food, is followed by a continuance till dusk of the same laborious scratching of the soil. Then the weary way homeward in the chilly evening, every member of the family shaking with malaria or fatigue. A drink of water, probably contaminated, the munching of a piece of hard black or green chupatty, a little gossip around the peepul-tree, and then the day ends with heavy, unrefreshing sleep in dwellings so insubstantial that no decent European farmer would house his cattle in them."

Equally depressing is the state of public education. With the possible exception of China, India is the most illiterate of civilized countries. Only ten per cent of the male population and one per cent of the female can read and write; only one boy in four ever attends school. Not more than one-third of one per cent of the people have any knowledge of the English language. Except in certain restricted circles, there

is a strong popular prejudice against schooling for girls, and no general desire for it for boys; and so superficial is the work of such elementary schools as exist that, according to the testimony of English investigators, most of the pupils become completely illiterate within ten years after instruction ceases.

Finally, the people are almost totally unversed in the art of government. For this—if not for other conditions that have been mentioned—the British rulers of India are in part responsible. Speaking broadly, they have—until quite recently, at any rate—made no practical effort to educate their wards on political lines.

It is true that some of the earlier administrators—men like Elphinstone and Munro—frankly looked forward to a time, however remote, when England would be able to resign into the hands of the Indians themselves a trusteeship faithfully discharged and always to be regarded as temporary. One recalls, too, Macaulay's hope, expressed in 1833, that by giving them good government England might educate her Asiatic subjects into a capacity for better government and eventually for European institutions, and his assertion that the day on which India should attain this political height would be "the proudest in English history."

English policy in the dependency, however, has not ordinarily been shaped toward this end. Britain became the ruler of India, not because she wanted to, but because the enterprise of her merchants had created a situation that left her no alternative. It was the anarchic condition of the country that first compelled her to take control, and from first to last she assumed that her chief and almost only function there was to maintain law and order. Her business was honest and efficient administration, in the interest alike of her traders and of the natives.

She therefore set up splendidly organized governments. She sent out the ablest administrators that she had. She conferred on the natives the inestimable benefits of peace and justice. She built railroads and highways, irrigated desert lands, introduced improved methods of sanitation, abolished infanticide and *suttee*, or the suicide of widows, and carried out innumerable other reforms. She assisted powerfully in introducing Western learning.

She did large things, and did them well;

but her confidence was placed in the skill, patience, and tact of her own administrators, not in the political capacity of the Indians. She preferred not to jeopardize the gains that had been made by entrusting any substantial measure of power to native hands. She avowed no humanitarian mission, and announced no purpose to educate the people up to a capacity for self-government. She admitted natives more or less grudgingly to the lower grades of the civil

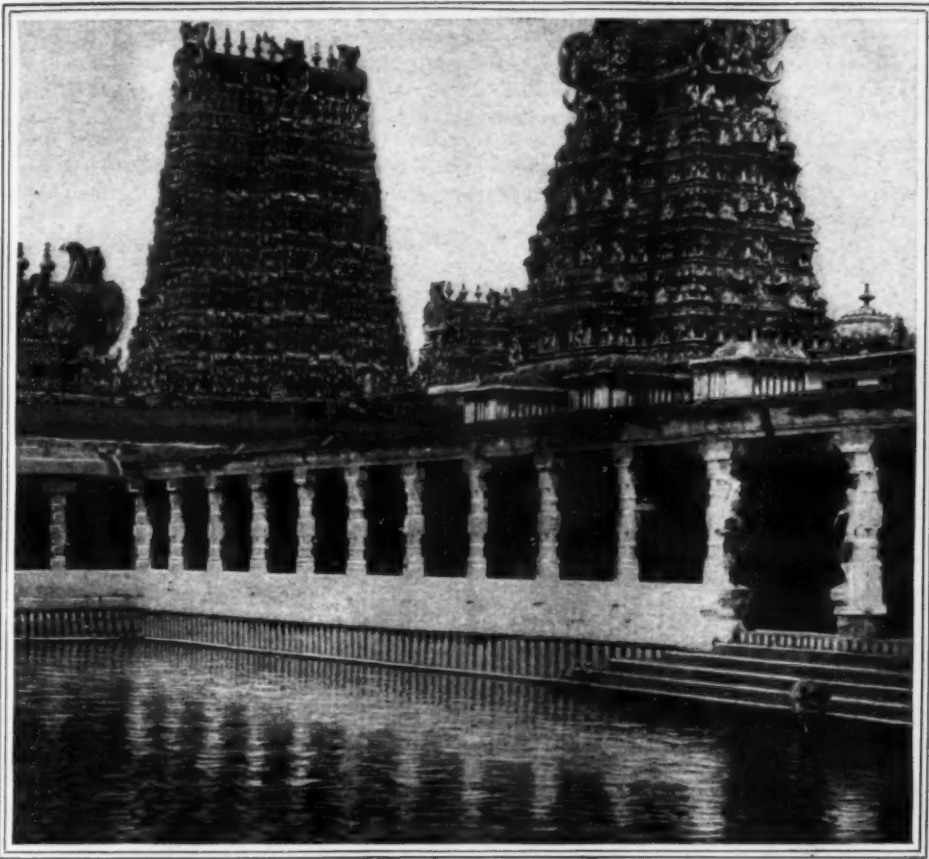
service, and practically excluded them from governmental positions of high trust and responsibility.

The political régime in the dependency was, in short, a benevolent despotism, which made some show of consulting Indian opinion, but which acted in reality on the belief that the government of India, as represented by its British officials, was the best judge of what was good for the people. The conviction underlying the sys-



THE GATEWAY OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF TANJORE, IN SOUTHERN INDIA—THIS IS AN ELABORATE SPECIMEN OF THE PAGODA STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, DATING FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

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THE PYRAMIDAL GATE-TOWERS OF THE TEMPLE OF MINAKSHI, AT MADURA, IN SOUTHERN INDIA—
MADURA IS AN ANCIENT CITY WHICH SENT AMBASSADORS TO ROME IN THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS
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tem is well expressed in Alexander Pope's oft-quoted couplet:

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best.

No group of peoples possessing the intellectual vigor and the pride of race of the Indian populations could be expected to remain quite content under a foreign and exclusive governmental system such as this. After all, India has universities, libraries, literatures, great religions and philosophies, and is the seat of a culture that was venerable when Englishmen were as yet untutored warriors.⁴

THE BEGINNING OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

Profiting by the Sepoy Mutiny, the British Parliament authorized, in 1861, the appointment of several natives to the governor-general's council, and the exercise of

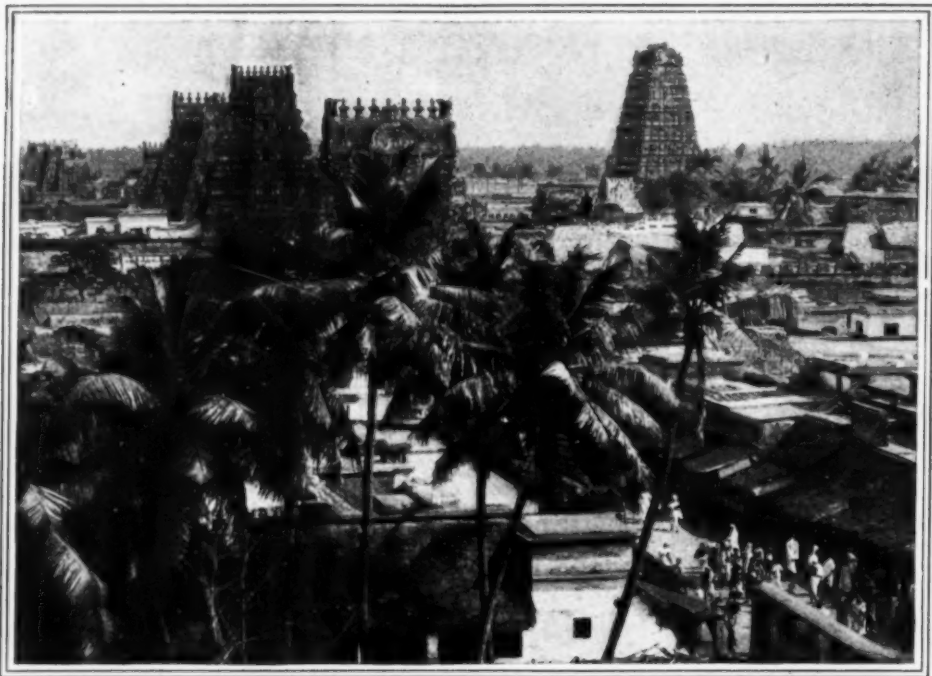
legislative powers by provincial councils containing natives. These councils, however, were not full-fledged parliaments. They existed merely to give the executive authorities the benefit of their advice, and they had no control over these authorities whatsoever.

Dissatisfaction stirred the Western-educated elements, who, having drunk deep of Burke and Mill, regarded themselves as fully fitted to assume responsible places in the government, yet found themselves excluded. In 1885 these elements drew together in an Indian National Congress, whose annual meetings have ever since been a prominent feature of Indian politics. Founders of the congress hoped that it would develop into a genuine native parliament. This it has not done; but it is a useful clearing-house for native ideas on political subjects. It has never left off de-

manding a larger share for natives in administration, and also the remodeling of the governmental machinery on the pattern of Occidental parliamentarism.

The chief mistake which the Indian Congress, as the great organ of Hindu opinion, has made is to ignore the excellent opportunity for cooperation with the British of-

ternal events—the war in South Africa, the defeat of a European by an Asiatic power in the Russo-Japanese contest, and the accession of the non-imperialistic Liberal party to power in London in 1905—contributed to the tension. Assassinations, local uprisings, and other disorders kept the authorities in perpetual apprehension.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF SRIRANGAM, NEAR TRICHINOPOLY, IN SOUTHERN INDIA—THIS TEMPLE, WITH ITS CONSPICUOUS GATE-TOWERS, IS ONE OF THE LARGEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

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ficials in the promotion of much-needed social reforms. On the other hand, the English administrators long indulged the error of treating the congress with indifference or mere suspicion.

Legislation of 1892 increased the representation of the natives in the imperial and provincial councils, and toyed with the electoral idea without clearly adopting it. The result was to stimulate agitators to fresh effort, and the next fifteen years became a critical period in the country's history. Increasing antagonism between the Indian Congress and the British officials gave opportunity for the numerous and powerful elements of reaction against all Western influence to graft on the congress movement an agitation directed more or less openly against British rule itself. Ex-

A few years of this sort of thing brought Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, and Lord Minto, the governor-general, to the conclusion that the nationalist demands would have to be partially met. The upshot was the Morley-Minto reforms, enacted by Parliament in 1909. A scheme of election replaced government nomination for a large number of seats in both the imperial and the provincial councils. In the provincial councils the non-official members were for the first time raised to a majority; and the rights of discussion and interpellation conferred in 1892 were considerably extended.

The changes were well meant, but they proved unsatisfactory all round. No attempt was made to reduce the excessive centralization from which the country suf-

ferred. The electoral arrangements, which were intricate and based on no clear principle, resulted in the grossest inequalities and irregularities. Worst of all, the councils were endowed with powers of criticism sufficiently large to absorb most of the energies of the members, yet not embracing any means of forcing out or otherwise actually controlling the executive officials.

As a result, the breach between the administrators and the natives was widened rather than otherwise, especially in view of the fact that the Mohammedan elements, long accustomed to rely on British rule as their protection against dominance by a Hindu majority, now formed an All-India Moslem League which became almost as defiant as the Hindu congress. None the less, British officials in India were hardly more convinced after 1909 than before that the country was prepared for self-government, or that it was their business so to prepare it. Lord Morley himself denied that the political changes associated with his name were intended to pave the way for anything resembling parliamentary institutions.

INDIA IN THE WORLD WAR

So matters stood when the great war broke out in 1914. The first effect of the crisis was to rouse all India to unprecedented patriotic fervor; the extremest anti-British elements professed their readiness to lend all possible aid. Germany counted on an Indian rebellion, and spared no effort to bring it about; but it was South Africa, not India, that caused cold chills at Whitehall in the darkened autumn of 1914. Within three months after Britain's entrance into the conflict India placed a quarter of a million soldiers in the field; her man-power program for 1918 alone called for the raising of half a million men. She absorbed war loans to the amount of fifty million pounds, and in 1917 made a free-will offering of twice that amount toward the costs of the war. She bore the lion's share of the arduous campaigns in Mesopotamia, and she contributed largely to General Allenby's brilliant successes in Palestine.

As time went on, forward-looking Canadians and Australians, and Englishmen, too, fell to discussing the reorganization of the British Empire which, by more or less general admission, ought to come out of the conflict; and, not unnaturally, the de-

bate spread to India. The National Congress, assembled at Bombay in 1915, appointed a committee to draw up a plan for Indian self-government within the empire. Another and more radical scheme was devised by nineteen of the twenty-seven elected members of the Imperial Legislative Council. At simultaneous conventions held at Lucknow in 1916 the congress and the Moslem League, hitherto bitter enemies, came into complete agreement.

India, they declared, had proved itself worthy not only of admission to the inner councils of the empire on a footing with the autonomous dominions, but of full rights of self-government as well. She should not allow herself to be put off with proposals for gradual emancipation after the war; she should refuse to be told any longer to keep out of the water until she had learned to swim.

The nationalist forces discerned, and pressed to the utmost, the advantage of the hour. Their demands could not be ignored. Lord Hardinge retired from the governor-generalship in 1916, warning the people against the fallacies of "home rule," yet not until he had worked out the broad lines of a constitutional reorganization. His successor, Lord Chelmsford, less than a year after taking office, submitted proposals to London and asked for authority to institute a new policy.

There was a long delay; and the reformers, observing that Parliament found time for the Irish question, woman's suffrage, and other matters not directly involved in the war, grew very impatient. At last, on August 20, 1917, the government spoke.

The announcement, made by Edwin S. Montagu, the new Secretary of State for India, was perhaps the most momentous recorded in Indian history. The central point in it was that henceforth the policy of the government would be "that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."

Here was the very first official avowal of purpose on the part of the British government to make the political education of the Indian people a fixed feature of its policy, and their political autonomy a conscious goal. Further assertion that progress in the desired direction could be attained only



THE FAMOUS CAR OF JAGANNATH, OR JUGGERNAUT, AT PURI, ONE OF THE CHIEF PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE IN INDIA, ON THE COAST OF THE BAY OF BENGAL.

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by stages, and that the English government and the central (mainly English) government in India must be the judges of the time and measure of each advance, did not detract from the force or wisdom of the plan, save in the estimation of the Indian extremists.

In the following winter Mr. Montagu went to India to collaborate with Lord Chelmsford in a study of the problem on the spot. Six months were spent in tireless research. Hundreds of officials, English and native, were consulted; information and advice were sought from scores of Hindu and Moslem deputations; moun-

tains of petitions and memorials were read and digested. Returning to England, the secretary presented to the government, early in 1918, a report which will be ranked by historians with the great constitutional papers of the British Empire.

THE MONTAGU-CHELMSFORD SCHEME

The document mapped out a program whose principal features can be stated briefly thus:

First, local government throughout India was to be put upon a popular basis.

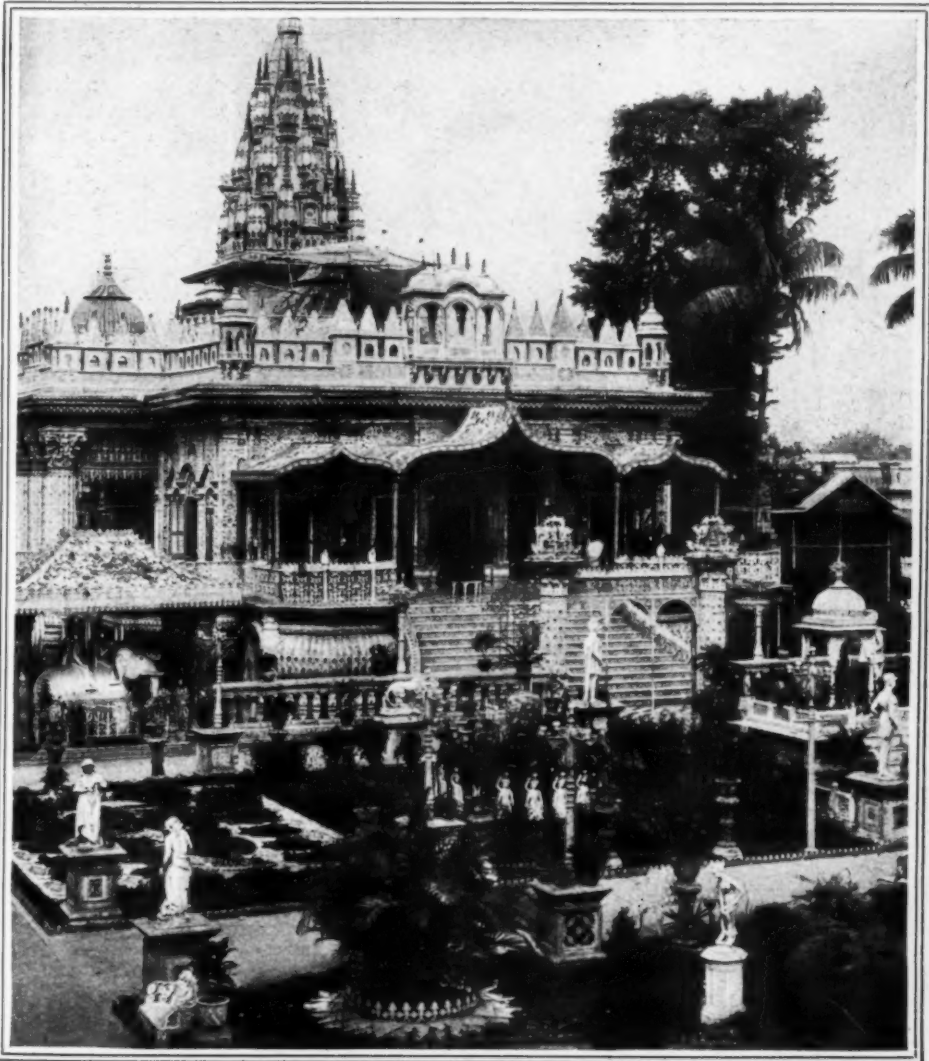
Second, in all of the fifteen provinces except Burma and the Northwest Frontier

there was to be a legislative council, mainly elective, with some effective control over the executive authorities at once, and with increased control as conditions should permit.

Third, the central Indian government at Delhi would for the present retain most of its power, but the legislative council was to be reorganized on the bicameral principle, made more representative, and given more opportunity to voice Indian opinion in an authoritative way.

Fourth, Parliament, in London, should appoint at each session a select committee on Indian affairs, as a means of keeping better informed; but both it and the Secretary for India should gradually relax their positive control as India's capacity for self-government was developed.

This scheme was a compromise only in the sense that it did not concede everything that the home-rulers asked. It was, more truly, a grand concession by the governing country, a complete departure from



THE GREAT JAIN TEMPLE IN CALCUTTA, THE CHIEF CITY AND FORMER CAPITAL OF INDIA—THE JAINS ARE A HINDU SECT FOUNDED BY MAHAVIRA, IN THE SIXTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST

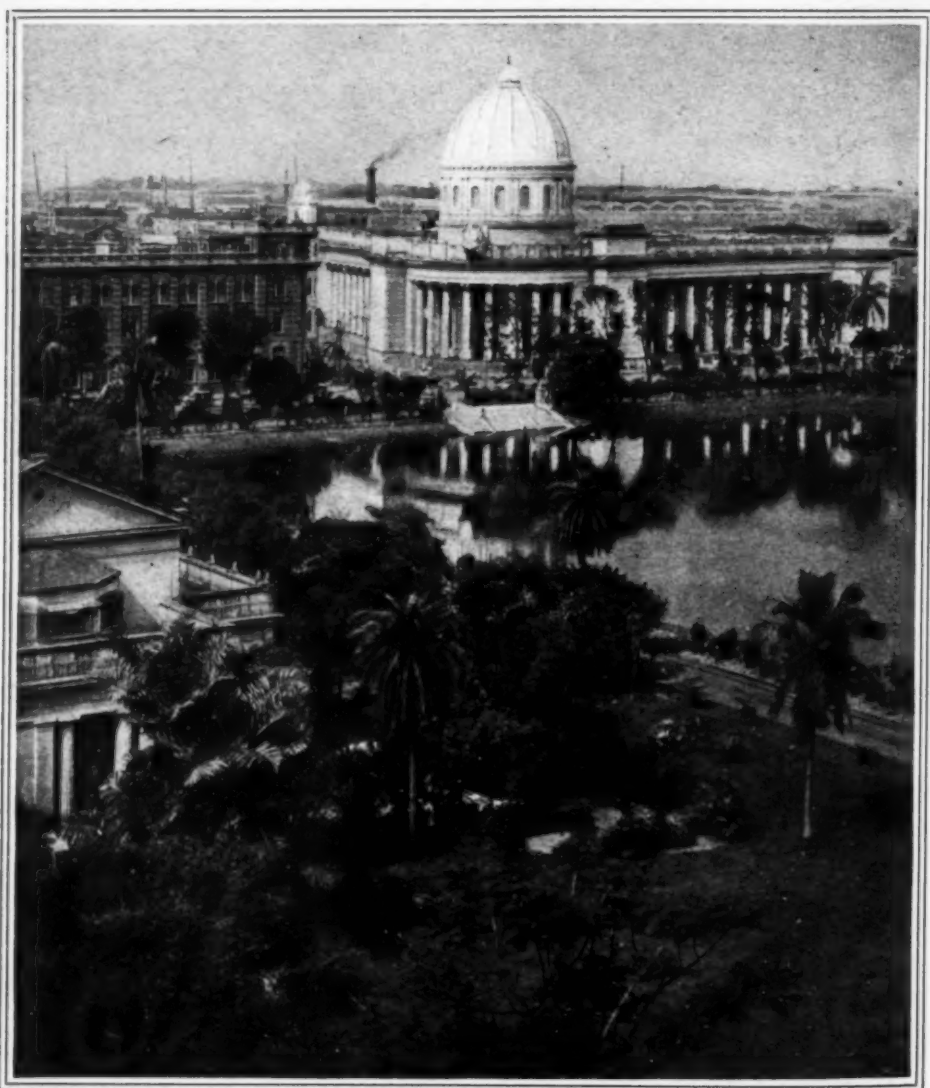
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the course unswervingly adhered to for sixty years.

The authors of the report made it plain that the innumerable necessary details had not been worked out; and at their request, two investigating committees—one having to do with suffrage questions, the other with the distribution of governmental functions—were set to work in India. These committees presented reports in May, 1919; whereupon a great Government of India Bill, drawn to give effect to the

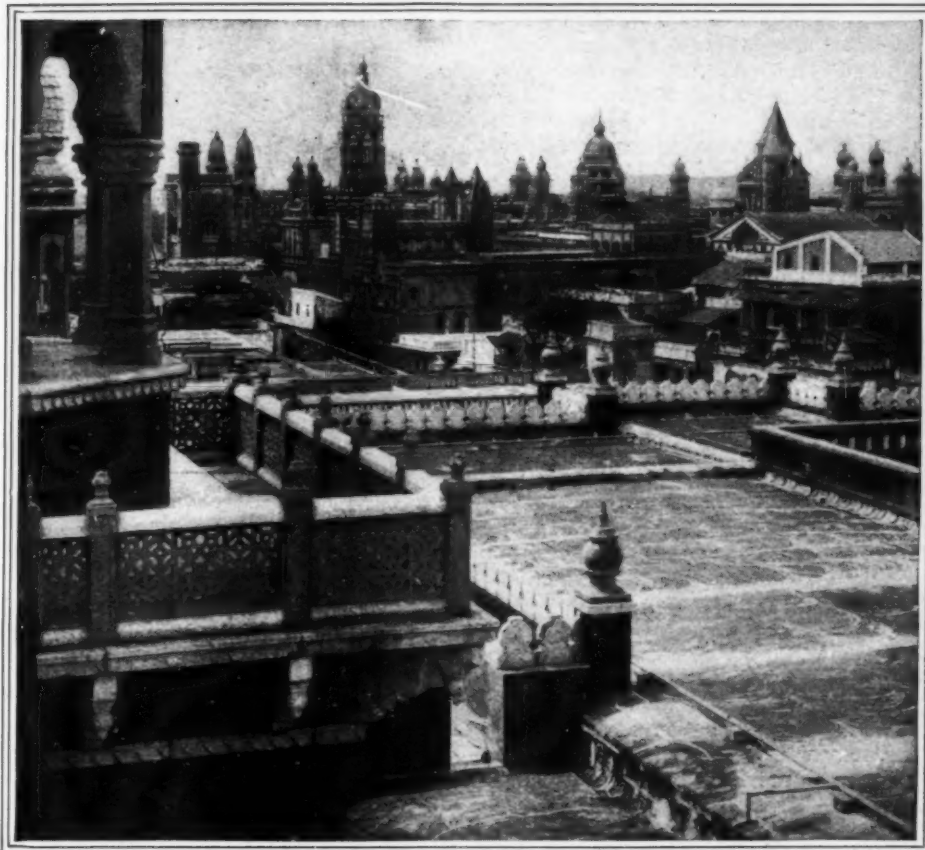
recommendations of Secretary Montagu, the viceroy, and the committees, was introduced in the House of Commons. Already the sincerity of British protestations of increased regard for Indian interests had been evidenced by the elevation of Sir S. P. Sinha, Indian representative in the war cabinet, to the peerage as Lord Sinha of Raipur, and by his appointment to the post of under-secretary of state for India.

Debate on the Government of India Bill continued intermittently throughout the re-



MODERN BUILDINGS IN CALCUTTA — DALHOUSIE SQUARE AND THE POST-OFFICE.

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THE LAW-COURTS, MADRAS, AN EXTENSIVE SERIES OF MODERN BUILDINGS OPENED IN 1892—
MADRAS IS THE THIRD CITY OF INDIA AND AN IMPORTANT SEAPORT

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

mainder of 1919, first in the House of Commons, where the measure was passed in the first week of December. Speaking for the India Office, Mr. Montagu frankly admitted that there are great obstacles to self-government in India, especially the prevalence of illiteracy and "the harsh customs and precepts of caste." But, he said, "there is no better stimulus to education, no better way of promoting community of action and thus overcoming the acerbities of caste, than by setting the population a common task together—that of working out the prosperity of their country." In the upper chamber Lord Curzon, an ex-vice-roy, brought the discussion to a close with a characterization of the bill as "the greatest and boldest experiment that has ever been made in the British Empire"; and the measure was carried by a decisive vote.

Opinion in India upon the proposals that finally found a place in the new legislation has been sharply divided. At a special congress held in Bombay at the end of August, 1918, Hindu and Moslem nationalists declared the Montagu-Chelmsford plan "as a whole disappointing and unsatisfactory." These extremists asserted that the people of India are fit for responsible government at once, and demanded a statutory guarantee that a full responsible system would be established within a period not exceeding fifteen years. Another resolution adopted at this time, to which shrewd natives have pointed as an evidence that their country is strictly up to date, called for full suffrage rights for women.

Conservative Indian sentiment, however, has been decidedly favorable. On motion of an Indian member, the mixed Legislative Council at Delhi, by a vote of forty-

six to two, pronounced the proposals "a definite advance toward the progressive realization of responsible government"; and evidences multiply that the most substantial elements of the population will give the new legislation full support.

The masses in the country districts of India have been but slightly affected by the nationalist movement, and have little knowledge of what has been going on. The people of whom the world hears are, rather, the noisy groups of agitators and irreconcilables in the cities. These profess to be dissatisfied; but their judgment is likely to be overborne by that of the larger number of educated natives who have the wisdom to see that Indian self-government has moved forward more in the past three years than in the preceding fifty.

No one appreciates so well as the authorities now responsible for the government of India the difficulties that lie in the new plan. It would be infinitely simpler, and perhaps safer, to go on as heretofore. How to accomplish the transition from a paternal government by aliens to a government of the people, yet not a government by or in the interest of any of the factions into which the population is sharply divided, may well give the reformer concern.

Obviously, the intervening régime must contain much that is hybrid, illogical, and charged with the potentialities of friction. The notion now so widely held in India that political power is the one thing needful, and that all other good things will automatically follow, must be dispelled. The poet Tagore, in one of his American addresses, wisely lamented the efforts of his nationalist countrymen to "build a political miracle on the quicksands of social slavery." His call for the regeneration of India in its social customs and ideals, to be accomplished along with, or even before, the grant of greater political authority, ought to ring constantly in the ears of Englishmen and Indians alike.

Sir John Seeley used to say that the day on which nationalist feeling was aroused in India would mark the end of British dominion there. Recent events have belied the prophecy. The elements in India that demand independence are negligible. It is not separation from the empire, but larger privileges within the empire, that is asked by even such organs of nationalist sentiment as the Indian Congress and the Moslem League. This, however, only augments the British obligation; the very reasonableness of the responsible Indian demands dictates that they should be patiently heard, and, if not fully met, at all events honestly answered.

One of the finest things that has come out of the war is the open and unequivocal recognition of this obligation for the first time by the authoritative spokesmen of British public opinion, in Parliament and outside. England now has what she so long has lacked—an Indian *policy*, and one for which she can bespeak the support of all her liberal-minded citizens. That policy is to train up the Indian peoples in the art of self-government, to advance them in the control of their own political and economic affairs as fast as their talents develop, and to bring them ultimately into the autonomous yet loyal position occupied by Canada and Australia to-day. Under the workings of this policy, India promises to become, in the next ten years, one of the world's great schools of political science.

The relations of America and India are not close; but we can watch developments in the great dependency, not alone with an interest born of a general sympathy with democratic movements, but with a sense of pride springing from the fact that our English cousins will have paid us the tribute of adopting for India those peculiarly American principles of governing Oriental and semitropical peoples which we have from the first employed, with much success, in the Philippines.

IN EXILE

I WATCH the blue-winged birds that go
Home to the golden South.
I think of two deep eyes I know;
I see a crimson mouth.
Rapturous through the singing air
Their bright wings dip and rise
Southward, and I—oh, dusky hair!
Oh, shadow-haunted eyes!

Susan Myra Gregory

The Ten-Share Horse

BY E. K. MEANS

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

A WHITE man entered the Henscratch Saloon and sat down at one of the little tables. He looked around him curiously. The glory of the Henscratch had departed. Nothing remained of the saloon but its name. There was dust upon the tables. The mirror behind the bar was written all over with the unedifying literature of soft drinks. There were no patrons in the place. A little yellow barkeeper was wiping glasses and trying to arrange grape-juice bottles in an enticing array upon his shelves, glancing up from his task at intervals to gaze into the tragic face of Abraham Lincoln, which looked out from a fly-specked frame hung crookedly upon the wall.

Skeeter Butts laid down a bottle which contained one of the softest of soft drinks, came from behind the bar, and murmured politely into the ear of the white man:

"Us ain't sellin' no drinks to white men, boss. Endurin' of de barroom time, it wusn't allowed. De law made us hab sep'rate barrooms fer de whites an' blacks. Dar ain't no saloons no mo', but—"

"I ain't buying drinks," the white man answered. "I have no money, no credit, no friends, no business."

"Escuse me fer sayin' it, boss," Skeeter chuckled, "but dem is my fixes, an' you is mighty nigh as bad off as a nigger."

"I'm worse off than a nigger," the white man responded, and he seemed to get a lugubrious satisfaction from a realization of the fact. "More is expected of my race than of yours."

"Dat's right," Skeeter agreed. "Dey lets us blacks down easy; but neither de whites nor de blacks is anywhere near up to expectations."

The white man sat for a while in deep thought. Skeeter noticed that the top of his head was overdeveloped, like an infant's; that his fingers were stained with

cigarettes; that his clothes were of good material but badly worn. He decided that the man was an animated slosh in the desert of total abstinence, mourning the demise of John Barleycorn, and hopefully looking for a damp cloud on the horizon in the shape of a blind tiger.

Skeeter returned to his task of polishing glasses and wiping his bar, the habit acquired through twenty years of service to men who put one foot upon a brass rail. Meantime he watched the stranger from the corner of his eyes, and when the silence was prolonged he became nervous and fidgety. At last the man came to the bar and spoke.

"Can you lend me ten dollars?"

In all Skeeter's varied career no such request had ever been uttered in his astonished ears. Skeeter wondered if this extraordinary thing was attributable to prohibition. Surely the old order changeth!

"I ain't know yo' favor or yo' face, an' I ain't met de 'quaintance of yo' name, boss," Skeeter replied.

"My name is Dick Nuhut," the white man responded promptly. "I am not altogether an honest man, but I am a gentleman. This is a request of one gentleman to another."

"I likes to 'commodate white gentlemen, boss," Skeeter said uneasily; "but I ain't got de ten dollars, an' so I cain't afode to lend it."

Without a word the man turned away, walked back to the table, and sat down. Once more there was a period of silence and deep meditation, while a nervous colored man polished glasses and watched the white man from the corner of his eye. Mr. Nuhut had the trick of sitting as motionless as a stone dog on a lawn, while even his eyes were fixed in a stony stare, oblivious to what went on around him and looking out across the spaces unseeingly.

"Dope!" Skeeter muttered to himself; but Skeeter was wrong.

There was twenty minutes of this ponderous thinking, and then the man came to Skeeter and made a proposition.

"I've got one thing I can sell, Skeeter. I rode to town on a horse that is worth one hundred dollars, intending to take him to Shongaloon, to enter him in the races at the fair; but I am broke. If you had lent me the ten dollars I would have gone on; but now, if I went, I would have no money to bet. So I am going to sell and go out of the racing business."

"You don't talk like no race-hoss man to me," Skeeter said.

"I ain't a race-horse man," was the reply. "I am a scholar and a gentleman."

"I ain't got no hundred dollars," Skeeter Butts said next. "Dar ain't no nigger in dis town wid dat much money in one lump. You'll have to sell out to de white folks."

"Couldn't you find ten colored people who had ten dollars each?" the white man asked. "All ten of you can own the horse, and when you make a win you can divide your earnings."

"Whut kind of hoss you got?" Skeeter asked with a new interest.

"He's a hard looker, Skeeter. He's a hound dog. He limps in all four feet, but not in all at the same time, you know. He swaps from one foot to the other. Every time he stops he goes lame in a different foot, because he can't remember which foot he was limping on before. He has an awful short memory that way. You never can tell what foot he is going to cripple in next, and he don't know himself."

"Dat's a kind of trick hoss," Skeeter snickered.

"Exactly," Dick agreed. "I can make a killing with him at every race-track, for one look at him is a plenty. I can get all sorts of odds against him; but don't make any mistake, little yeller nigger—that horse can run!"

"Dat sounds good to me," Skeeter replied after a moment's thought. "How much do I git fer makin' de trade?"

"Get nine negroes to give you ten dollars each for the horse, and I'll be satisfied with the ninety dollars. That will give you a ten-dollar share in the animal without costing you a cent."

"Khn I try out de hoss an' see if he is all right?" Skeeter asked eagerly.

"Certainly."

"All right, boss," Skeeter replied. "I'll take you up!"

II

SKEETER staged his commercial transaction with some forethought. He chose nine negroes whom he knew to be possessed of ten dollars each, and asked them to meet him out at the old fair grounds. He got Little Bit, who was the colored jockey of Tickfall, to give the horse a try-out.

In appearance, the horse was all the white man said he was, and more. He had a peculiar slinking gait, like a limp, sometimes in one foot, then in another. Often he seemed to be limping in all four feet at the same time.

The negroes howled in derision when Skeeter proposed to be one of ten to buy the animal. They examined his feet and made many comments, and finally proposed to bet Skeeter ten dollars that he could not tell what leg the horse would limp on the next time he started off.

But when Little Bit climbed on that horse the negroes stopped laughing. He could run like a jack-rabbit, and really had the jack-rabbit's peculiar springy, limpy gait.

"Dis hoss is a powerful funny pufformer," Conko Mukes howled; "but I puts my ten on him. He's a runner!"

"Who's gwine take keer of dis hoss whut belongs to us ten niggers?" Pap Curtain inquired.

"I'll keep him an' feed him," Skeeter answered. "I kin turn him in a big pasture dat belongs to Marse John Flournoy, an' Marse John won't ever know he's in de field. I'll feed him Marse John's oats an' corn, an' dat white man won't ever miss it."

Two hours later Skeeter returned to the Henscratch and handed Mr. Nuhath the sum of ninety dollars.

"I turned de hoss in de pasture back of de sheriff's house," he volunteered. "Part of de trade wus dat I wus to take keer of de hoss. I reckon de tenth part dat I bought is de part whut eats."

"Would you be held responsible if anything happened to the animal?" Nuhath asked.

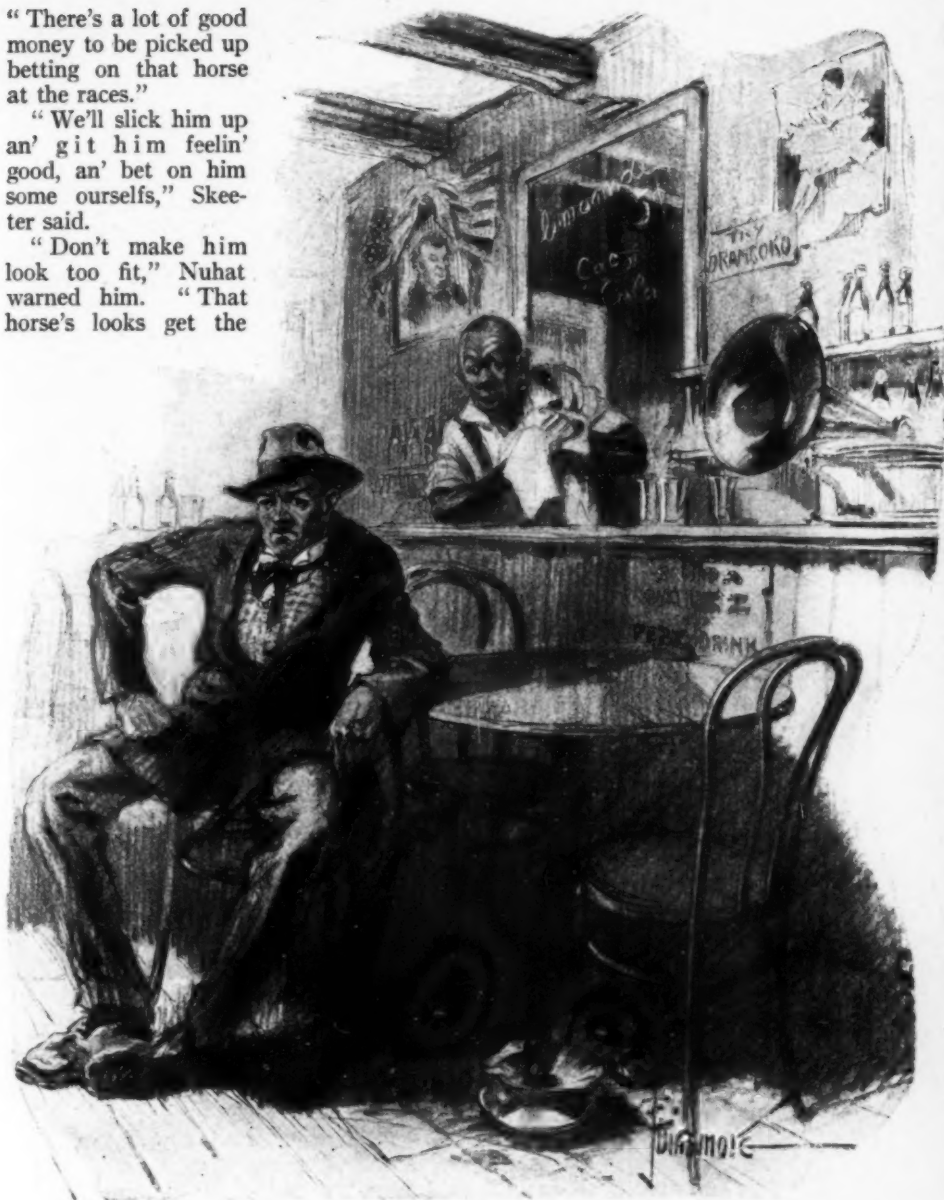
"Not onless he choked hisself to death," Skeeter laughed. "I jes' takes keer of de eatin' end."

"I'm sorry I could not go on to Shongaloon," the white man said quietly.

"There's a lot of good money to be picked up betting on that horse at the races."

"We'll slick him up an' git him feelin' good, an' bet on him some ourselves," Skeeter said.

"Don't make him look too fit," Nuhat warned him. "That horse's looks get the



SKEETER DECIDED THAT THE MAN WAS AN ANIMATED SLOSH WHO MOURNED THE DEMISE OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

odds against him. Nobody bets against something that looks like a winner."

A few minutes later the white man bought a package of cigarettes from Skeeter Butts, thanked him for the sale of the horse, and walked out.

Until midnight Skeeter was alone in the Henscratch. No one came in to patronize

his soft-drink emporium. The man was in the depths of despair. His place had always been the popular hang-out for all the plain loafers and fancy sons of rest. Now there were none so lazy as to enter a place which had nothing of its former attractiveness but a name.

"De niggers avoids dis place like it wus

a pest-house," Skeeter lamented to himself. "Ef I had about two hundred dollars I could start me a movin'-picture show fer colored only in dis little house, an' sell soft drinks on de side. Dat would fotch de crowd back, an' de men would bring de lady folks, an' I could git rid of a lot of ice-cream combs an' things like dat."

He smoked many cigarettes, lighting a fresh one on the stub of each old one, trying to think out a way to get some money for his new enterprise.

"Mebbe I could work some kind of flim-flam wid dat hoss," he sighed. "But I cain't make money very fast ef I got to 'vide up my profits by ten."

It had never occurred to Skeeter to question the white man's ownership of that horse, nor his right to dispose of it. The animal looked like just such an old skate as a broken-down race-horse man would own at the end of his track career. When a horseman decides to retire from the turf, he generally has something like that to get rid of.

Skeeter did not get to his home on Sheriff John Flournoy's premises until midnight. He did not go to see his new horse until the next morning at feeding-time.

When he went to the pasture, he found that a gap was broken in the fence and the horse was gone.

"We better hunt dat hoss befo' he gits too fur away," Skeeter said to himself. "I reckon he's gone back home; but I don't know whar his home is at, an' I ain't know which way to look fer him."

Two hours later all ten owners of the animal were searching for him. Such a task was hopeless at the start, for the animal could go into the swamp in any direction around Tickfall and disappear forever. A strange animal, like a strange man, seldom came out of that jungle if he entered it alone.

The ten men made a circle of the town, walking on the edge of the swamp, looking for tracks. They were experienced in reading signs, but they could not find a place where an animal had entered the jungle. Concluding that the horse had kept in some beaten path, they separated, each following a winding trail in the great hot-house of the morass, slimy with rusty-colored, oily water, and all acrawl with repulsive forms of insect and animal life.

At noon they all met at the broken place in the fence where the horse had escaped.

The ground was soft, and yet they could find no hoof-tracks leading from the field to the highroad.

They did not know that Dick Nuhath had tied some cotton bagging under each hoof of his limpy horse before he led him through the gap.

About ten o'clock that night, Conko Mukes entered the Henscratch Saloon.

"Skeeter, I come to git my money back," he said. "I done decided not to buy no race-hoss."

"You cain't git yo' money back," Skeeter said. "De white man took all our dollars wid him, an' now our hoss done eloped away."

"I don't know no white man," Conko Mukes said belligerently. "I never seen no white man. I ain't saw nobody but you, didn't make no trade wid nobody but you, an' I got a mighty shawt look at dat hoss whut I paid my good ten dollars fer. Now I's lookin' to you!"

"I got a mighty little look, too," Skeeter said placatingly. "I ain't got a real good recollection of whut dat hoss looked like. I ain't real shore I'd know him in de road ef he didn't limp none."

"I ain't buyin' no absent hoss," Conko said. "I wants my money back!"

"But de white man is got our money," Skeeter explained again. "You won't git yo' money onless you finds de white man; an' he'll be harder to find dan de hoss. You had a look at de hoss, but you never saw de white man whut sold it."

"I ain't seein' nobody but you," Conko Mukes remarked in a hard tone. "I gived you my money an' you tuck it, an' you is de mighty-nigh white man whut is got to give it back!"

"I ain't got no money!" Skeeter Butts wailed.

"Git it!" Conko Mukes barked.

With this command he drew a large pistol from a holster under his left arm and laid it on the table with the business end pointing toward Skeeter Butts.

Skeeter turned almost white. Conko had the reputation of having killed several men, and Skeeter had no desire to be commemorated by the next notch carved on the butt of his gun.

He rose hastily to his feet and started toward the little safe in the corner of the barroom. Conko followed him, his big gun punching at a spot between Skeeter's shoulder-blades, which turned cold as ice from

the contact of the steel. Conko was not sure whether Skeeter was going after money or a gun.

The trembling barkeeper stooped and opened the little door of his safe. He took out the only ten dollars he had in the world and thrust it into Conko's hands.

"Good-by, Skeeter," Conko grinned. "Dat wus a very narrer escapement fer you. I done kilt plenty niggers fer less money!"

III

THE next day Skeeter faced bankruptcy.

Conko possessed the gift of expression and liked to talk. He exhibited the ten dollars he had secured from Skeeter, boasted of the forcible methods he had used to extract it from the barkeeper's roll, and started eight others to planning how they also could get their money back.

The Rev. Vinegar Atts called early, and brought Conko Mukes with him.

"I wants my money back, Skeeter!" he howled. "Conko an' me been talkin' it over. He specifies dat I kin come an' shoot off my mouth, an' he'll be handy to shoot off his gun; but I hopes dat ain't needful to pussuade you to do yo' Christyum duty an' hand my dollars back. Ef you don't see it dat way, I kin do de tongue-lashin' an' Conko kin do de razor-slashin'. How soon is you gwine hand over my ten?"

"I ain't got no tenner, Vinegar," Skeeter said nervously. "Conko will tell you dat he got my very las' dollar."

"Git some mo' dollars!" Vinegar shouted. "Dat white man muss hab 'vided up dat money wid you. I wants mine back!"

"You got to gimme time," Skeeter said desperately. "I's tellin' you de noble truth when I says I ain't got it."

Vinegar turned around and looked at Conko significantly. That brave fighter stepped into the ring and shook a pugilistic fist under Skeeter's twitching nose.

"Lawdymussy, niggers!" Skeeter wailed. "Gimme a little time to hunt dat hoss. You oughter trust me till I kin find him."

"Us done spent a day huntin' fer dat hoss," Conko said inexorably. "It didn't git us nothin'. Now you pay Vinegar's money back an' take yo' time huntin' dat hoss, an' when you finds him you will own my tenth an' Vinegar's tenth an' yo' tenth of dat hoss. Three limpy legs will b'long to you."

Skeeter made a few more feeble protests; but when he saw that Conko was preparing to flash the old familiar weapon, he surrendered finally. Going to his little safe, to his cash-drawer, and raking his pockets of every coin, he managed to scrape together the sum required, in pitiful little pindling amounts—ten cents here and two bits there.

"Dar it am," Skeeter lamented. "I done squoze out my last nickel. I hopes you-all will take pity on me, an' not tell nobody dat I paid you back. De nex' feller dat claims his money will have to take my pants!"

"He'll either take yo' pants or git his money outen yo' hide," Conko laughed unfeelingly, as the two men walked out of the saloon.

One hour later Figger Bush and Shin Bone entered the place and drew Skeeter off to a corner of the room.

"Us wants our money back, Skeeter!" was the familiar greeting.

"I ain't got no money," was Skeeter's old lamentation.

Followed a long argument, ending with threats. Skeeter pleaded and prayed until he saw that the two were clearing for action, and once more he quit.

"I ain't got no money, men," he said desperately, throwing his arms wide in a hopeless gesture. "Jes' look aroun' you an' he'p yo'selves to de Henscratch."

"I takes a fancy to dat grassyphome," Figger replied promptly. "I always did like free music, an' dat machine will sound real good in my cabin, wid me settin' on one side smokin' my pipe an' Scootie settin' on de yuther side, dippin' snuff."

"Take it!" Skeeter wailed.

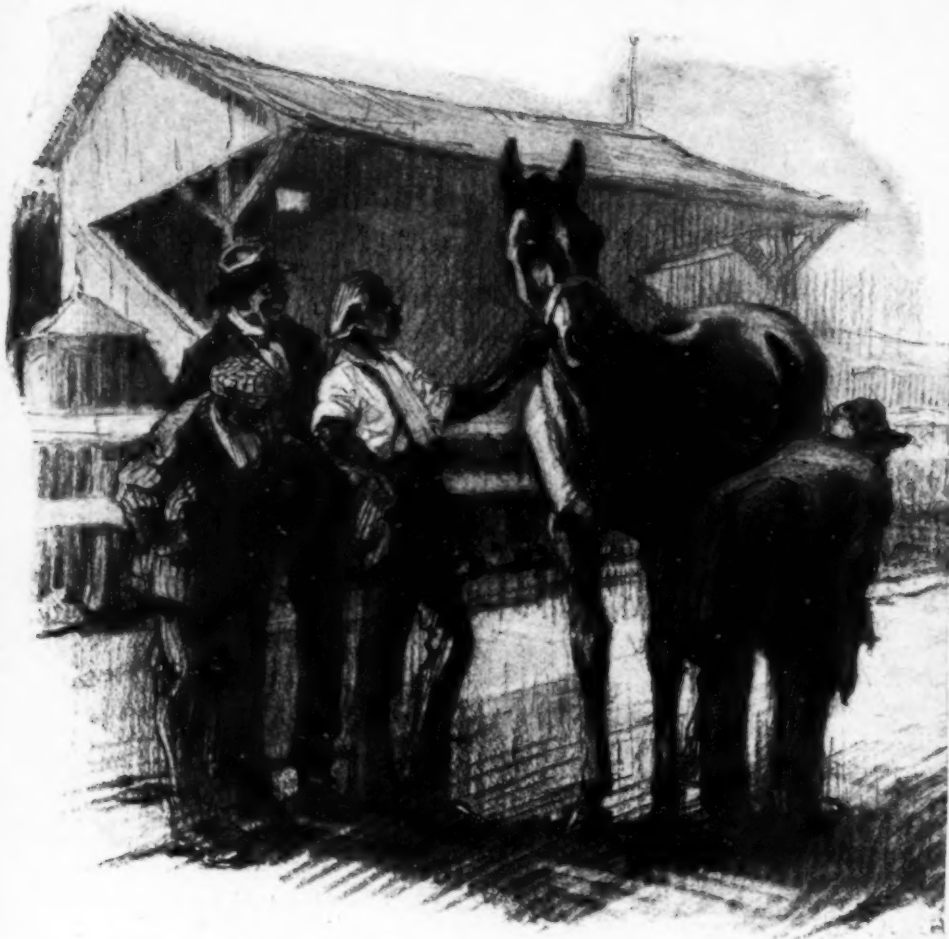
"Dis here slop-machine whar you draps in a penny an' gits out a stick of chaw-gum will go good in my resteraw," Shin Bone remarked.

"Take it!" Skeeter lamented. "I'm a blowed-up sucker!"

After these men departed, Skeeter did not have long to wait before another caller arrived. It was Pap Curtain. He bit off the end of a cigar and gazed intently into the little barkeeper's gloomy face.

"You owes me ten dollars, Skeeter," he began.

"I knowed dat as soon as I seen you, Pap," Skeeter sighed. "I admits dat I owes you. I promises to pay you as soon as I kin; but I ain't got de money now."



IN APPEARANCE, THE HORSE WAS ALL THE WHITE MAN SAID HE WAS, AND MORE. HE HAD A PECULIAR SLINKING GAIT. LIKE—

Ef you'll jes' only go away 'thout talkin', you'll make me happy."

Pap took off his hat and laid it upon the table, where they were sitting. He took his cigar from his mouth and placed it on the table so that the lighted end projected a little over the edge. Then he drew a chair close to Skeeter and laid a horny finger upon Skeeter's knee for emphasis. Evidently Skeeter was not to be made happy.

Pap was a baboon-faced negro, with a snarling voice and lips that carried a continual sneer. He possessed the conversational facilities of Bildad the Shuhite.

First he coaxed, wheedled, begged, and implored. Then he argued and expounded, reviewed and reiterated, discussed de-

tails and recapitulated, presenting the whole matter from the broadest possible standpoint; but he found it hard to persuade money out of Skeeter, for the reason that Skeeter had none. The cupboard was bare.

Then he mentioned the possibility of a final and absolute refusal on Skeeter's part to restore the ten dollars wrongfully acquired, and explained the inevitable consequences.

At this point he put on what the negroes call the "rousements," and yapped like a poodle. Reaching his peroration, he found that decent language bent and broke beneath the burden of his meaning, so he "cussed."

"I got only two boxes of seegaws in my little show-case, Pap," Skeeter said, when the vocal pyrotechnics subsided into a feeble splutter of hot ashes. "Take 'em an' git out! Dey is wuth mo' dan ten dollars, but I gib 'em to you. Fer Gawd's sake, git out!"

rooms is gone out of style. I wants de spot cash paid in my hand. Gimme yo' money or yo' life!"

"You know I ain't got no money," Skeeter wailed. "Cain't you take somepin I got in dis saloom?"

"Naw, I cain't!" Conko bawled. "I



—A LIMP, SOMETIMES IN ONE FOOT, THEN IN ANOTHER. OFTEN HE SEEMED TO BE LIMPING IN ALL FOUR FEET AT THE SAME TIME

Evidently Conko Mukes was waiting outside until Pap finished. The swinging doors of the saloon had not ceased to vibrate after Pap before Conko pushed them wide and entered the room with the clumsy gait of a bear.

"I got four friends dat is app'inted me to colleck fawty dollars, Skeeter!" he belowed. "Dey promises me ten pussent per each fer my trouble in collectin'. Dat 'll be fo' dollars fer me."

"Jes' take whutever you wants an' call it even," Skeeter said in a lifeless voice. "I been agonizin' all de mawnin', an' I craves to git de agony over."

"I don't want no secont-hand bar fixtures," Conko laughed hoarsely. "Bar-

cain't colleck no ten pussent of no brass foot-rail or pool-table. I tell you, Skeeter, I wants de cash!"

Up to this moment the day had been one of great humiliation. Now began a period in which Skeeter showed a marvelous mental versatility.

There was no way for him to pay back that forty dollars except to borrow it, and no one to borrow from but the white folks. He had to tell a different story to each white man in order to start the fountain of his generosity and secure the loan. And through the whole day of frenzied effort to meet the demands upon him, there was the haunting fear that the horse had wandered off and would never be seen again.

Early the next morning Skeeter started out to hunt his horse. Having bought it and paid for it, he wanted it. His search was futile, and when he returned to Shin Bone's restaurant for his noonday meal he was loud in his protestations of wo.

"De white man whut sold you dat hoss went to de pasture an' stole him out an' tuck him away," Shin Bone told him. "In-stid of huntin' dat hoss, you oughter git de sheriff on de trail of dat white man."

"But de fence wus broke down," Skeeter protested stupidly. "Dat shows dat de hoss got out by hisself."

"Ef I wus gwine steal a hoss, I'd break down de fence so de folks would think de hoss got out," was the reply.

This was a new idea to Skeeter, who really had not given much thought to his predicament. He carried this dark suspicion for the rest of the day, still hunting his horse, but devoid of all hope of finding it.

"Dat white man rode dat hoss to town, sold him to me, an' rode him out of town," he sighed pitifully. "Yet dat feller looked to me like a tollable nice man. He stressified dat he warn't honest, but he specified dat he was a puffleck gentlemun. I ain't never gwine he'p a white man agin!"

He thought of the forty dollars he had borrowed from the white folks and had to pay back. The profits from his little business were extremely small and growing less. The repayment of the borrowed money meant close economy for a long time.

"I feels powerful sorry fer myself," he wailed.

Wronged, abused, depressed, and hopeless, he returned to the Henscratch Saloon. When he entered he gasped for breath.

Dick Nuhath was sitting at one of the little tables, in an attitude of deep and solemn meditation, as silent and as motionless as a stone dog.

IV

SKETER sat down at the same table and opened his mouth to deliver his mind of all its burden of trouble; but the white man put such a successful cloture on the colored man's oratory that Skeeter could not speak a word for a long time.

Nuhath thrust both hands into his pockets and brought them out full of silver and currency. He did not speak a word of greeting. He merely laid the money on the top of the table and watched Skeeter's popping eyes.

"You ought to have been at the races, Skeeter," Nuhath said at last. "I tell you, we mopped up!"

Skeeter needed no proof of this beyond the table-top covered with money; but even yet he could not find a word to say.

"There is over six hundred dollars of it that says we win, Skeeter," Nuhath laughed.

"Whut hoss win?" Skeeter asked with stiff lips.

"Your horse," Nuhath replied. "Don't you remember that you bought a horse? Your ten-share nigger horse that I sold you. I sneaked him out of the pasture, took him to Shongaloon to the races, and mopped up this money."

"I been huntin' fer dat hoss eve'y-whar," Skeeter sighed. "I shore missed him. I's had a lot of trouble 'bout dat hoss!"

"You won't ever see him again," Nuhath responded.

"How come?"

Nuhath hesitated a minute, looking sharply at Skeeter. He seemed undecided what to say in reply, but finally ventured:

"I didn't own that horse in the first place. That horse's real name is Springer, and its real owner is Old Griff."

Skeeter opened his eyes until they were like china door-knobs. He wondered why he had not recognized the most famous race-horse in Louisiana, named Springer because of his peculiar springy gait.

"I borrowed Springer from Old Griff's stable without requesting the loan of him," Nuhath continued. "Old Griff came to Shongaloon after him. He was real nice about it, after I had talked to him about four hours. At first he wanted to put me in jail for horse-stealing."

"My Lawd, white man!" Skeeter ranted. "Dat wus a awful risky thing to do. Glory to gracious! To think dat a nigger like me one time owned three-tenths of Springer—fo'-tenths—my Lawd, I owned all of him, fer dem niggers made me give deir money back!"

"That's some glory for you, Skeeter!" Nuhath assured him.

"How come dat Old Griff didn't put you in de jail-house?" the colored man asked.

"I had four quarts of prime Kentucky whisky when I started in this adventure. I took it with me to placate Old Griff when he caught me with the goods. It worked. Toward the end of the second quart he offered to make me a present of the horse."

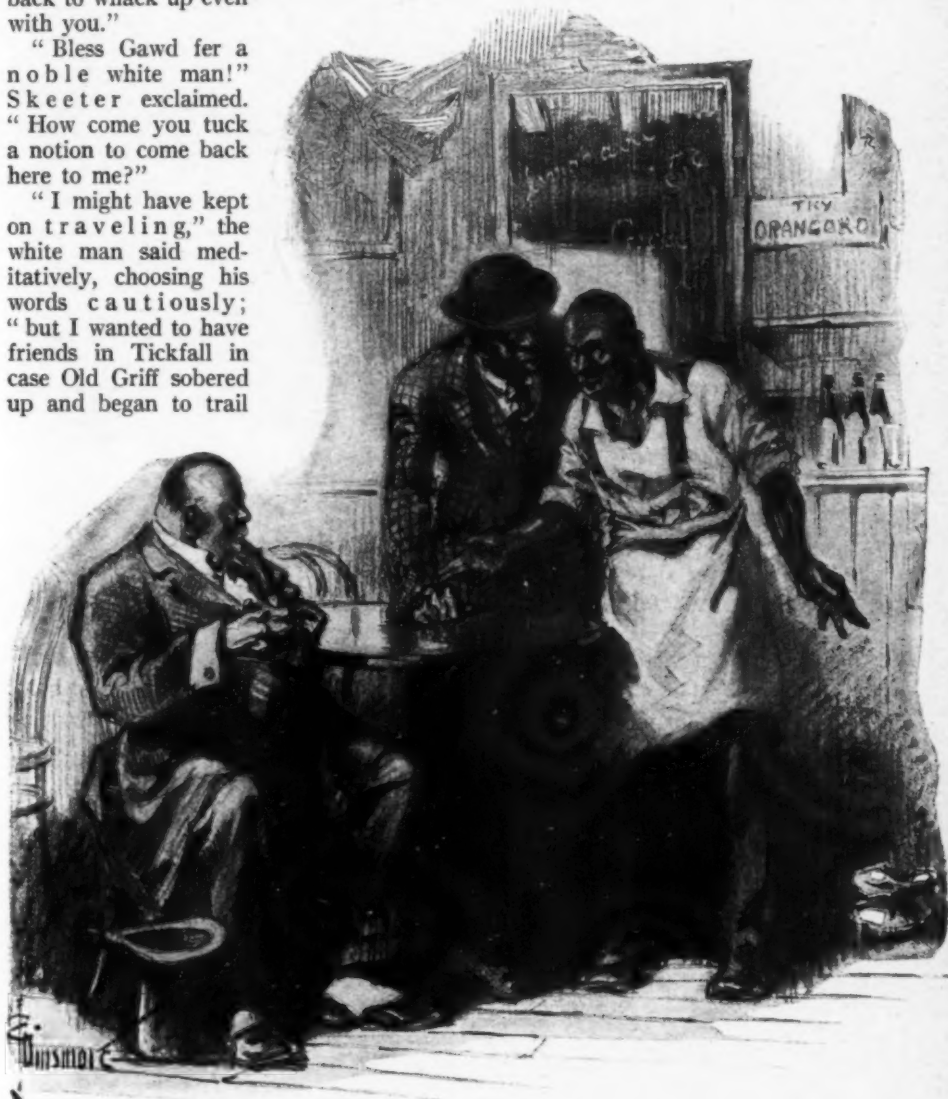
"You means to say all dis money is yourn?" Skeeter asked, waving his hand over the table.

"It's ours," Nuhat replied. "I came back to whack up even with you."

"Bless Gawd fer a noble white man!" Skeeter exclaimed. "How come you tuck a notion to come back here to me?"

"I might have kept on traveling," the white man said meditatively, choosing his words cautiously; "but I wanted to have friends in Tickfall in case Old Griff sobered up and began to trail

invested in our business enterprise. The rest is ours—not honestly acquired, perhaps; but I was up against it, and had to have some coin."



"LAWDYMUSSY, NIGGERS!" SKEETER WAILED. "GIMME A LITTLE TIME TO HUNT DAT HOSS"

his horse and ask questions along the way. Besides, down at the bottom of me, I'm honest, or want to be."

He counted out ninety dollars and handed it to Skeeter.

"This don't go into the divide," he explained. "This is the sum you originally

They had five hundred and forty dollars to divide between them. When Skeeter sat fondling two hundred and seventy dollars, Nuhat asked with a smile:

"What you going to do with it?"

Skeeter took a big breath and sighed in happy anticipation.

"I leaves on de midnight train fer N'Awleens, an' I stays dar till I gits dis money well spent. I'll see de nigger shows, ride on all de street-cars, eat hot roasted peanuts, travel up 'n' down on de yellerva-

"Ain't you gwine do nothing but think?" Skeeter asked, to whom such an occupation was utterly incomprehensible.

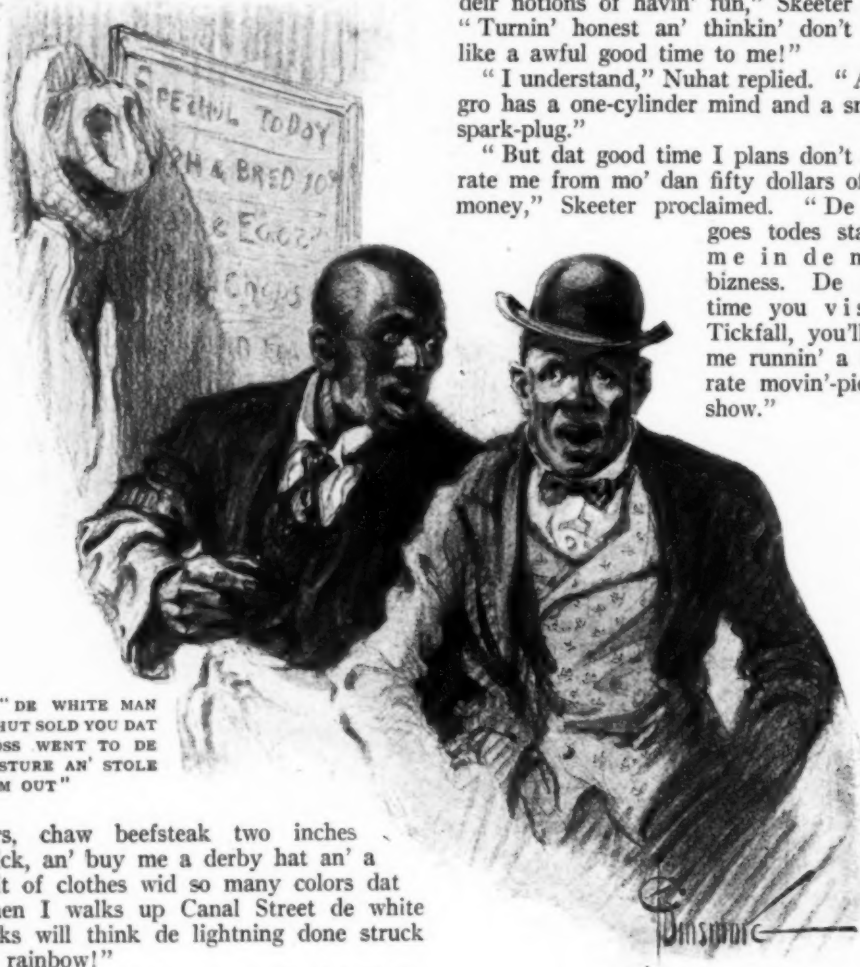
"Yes—I'm going to turn honest. Everybody will know me as a good white man."

"White folks is diffunt from niggers in deir notions of havin' fun," Skeeter said. "Turnin' honest an' thinkin' don't look like a awful good time to me!"

"I understand," Nuhut replied. "A negro has a one-cylinder mind and a smoky spark-plug."

"But dat good time I plans don't separate me from mo' dan fifty dollars of my money," Skeeter proclaimed. "De rest

goes todes startin' me in de movie bizness. De nex time you visits Tickfall, you'll see me runnin' a fust-rate movin'-picture show."



"DE WHITE MAN WHUT SOLD YOU DAT HOSS WENT TO DE PASTURE AN' STOLE HIM OUT"

tors, chaw beefsteak two inches thick, an' buy me a derby hat an' a suit of clothes wid so many colors dat when I walks up Canal Street de white folks will think de lightning done struck de rainbow!"

"I'm going to buy a steamboat," Nuhut said musingly. "Thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, floating on top of the water like a cigar-box, propelled by a paddle-wheel about as big as a barrel, with a little donkey six-snort-power engine. It has a speed of six miles an hour down-stream, if the current is good. Going up-stream, it gets there when it can."

"Huh!" Skeeter grunted.

"It costs two hundred dollars," Nuhut continued. "I expect to live and die on that boat. I love to sit and think!"

When the midnight train arrived, Skeeter was on the platform, bidding good-by to Tickfall with a happy face.

The news of his sudden rise to prosperity had spread through the town with amazing rapidity. No one knew the details, but all heard that the horse Skeeter bought had won a fortune at the races. Nine men were sorely distressed that they had treated Skeeter so shabbily and had disposed of their shares of the horse.

Just as the train started, nine negroes

came running across the station platform. Pap Curtain was waving two boxes of cigars, Figger Bush was wildly gesticulating with the horn of his "grassyphome," and the others were holding out their hands with money.

Conko Mukes ran along the station platform, clinging to the steps of the moving train, waving a ten-dollar bill, and speaking in pleading tones.

"I wants to buy my share of dat hoss agin, Skeeter!"

Skeeter grasped the hand-rail on each

side of him and kicked out with all the strength of his body.

The toe of his boot struck Conko Mukes on the point of the chin. The man staggered, stumbled, and fell as a rotten log falls in the forest. Eight of his friends stubbed their toes on him, stepped on him, fell on him, then picked him up, brushed off his clothes, and led him away.

The train moved through the darkness like a long serpent with shining, jeweled sides. Skeeter entered the car and sat down, smiling.

New Problems of America's Foreign Commerce

OUR RECORD-BREAKING EXPORT TRADE, AND THE QUESTION WHETHER WE CAN MAINTAIN IT—A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE PRESENT DIFFICULTIES AND UNCERTAINTIES OF THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

By J. W. Alexander, United States Secretary of Commerce

THE future of American industry and commerce is largely dependent upon our more active participation in foreign business than ever before. This is a question appertaining not only to bankers and exporters, but to all classes of American industry and to all kinds of American labor. The products that enter into our export trade—foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods—come from every section of the United States, and the prosperity of the whole country demands that there should be an adequate outlet for our surplus production. Whatever may be our views and inclinations in favor of keeping out of foreign entanglements, we must recognize that we are committed to political and economic relations with other countries, from which we cannot to our profit or to our honor hold ourselves aloof.

Despite the large problems which confront us in respect to our international relations, I have confidence in saying to American business men that they should not relax their efforts to maintain and increase the foreign trade of the United

States. This is the attitude adopted by the Department of Commerce, which is committed to do everything possible to assist the country's export trade.

For the present I believe that the most important problems to be faced, beyond the political and financial ones, are those of shipping and of effective business organization. If the American people are to retain their present high position in world finance and trade, there must not be any slowdown in our industries, whether agriculture, mining, or manufacturing, and our annual surplus must find ready outlet to foreign markets. Hence the establishment and maintenance of trade routes to every part of the world should be one of our chief concerns. For this reason the Department of Commerce is assisting the United States Shipping Board in the way of pointing out the needs of American trade for improved service and increased activity on different trade routes—particularly to the east and west coasts of South America and to the Far East.

During the year 1919, American export-

ers faced severe difficulties in conducting their foreign trade, such as import restrictions, depreciation in exchange, and changes in industrial conditions abroad. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, figures prove that the past year was one of record-breaking prosperity, as measured by the volume of our shipments overseas. There have been fears in various quarters that the tide may turn, and that the favorable position secured by this country in the commerce of the world will in the near future be lost or much impaired. There is no ground for this fear, provided that a vigorous and constructive policy is followed in the maintenance and development of our export trade.

THE VAST EXPORT TRADE OF 1919

The statistics show that in 1919 there was a total gain of \$1,660,000,000 in the value of exports over the figures for 1918. Three-fourths of the increase occurred in our trade with Europe, in spite of a decrease in shipments to France and Italy, while there were also gratifying gains in our sales to South America and Asia.

Europe has always been our best customer, and last year she took more than one-half of our total exports. For the next few years her demands will be heaviest in the lines of raw materials and foodstuffs. If the present conditions of depreciated exchange rates for our dollar continue—which will probably be the case until the balance of trade is more normal—it is likely that Europe's purchases from us will be restricted to those necessities which cannot readily be obtained elsewhere. As soon as the highly developed industrial countries—England, France, Belgium, and possibly Germany—are again able to produce manufactured goods for export, they may be in a position to underbid us, so far as trade with European and adjacent countries is concerned.

One of the most encouraging features of our foreign commerce is the remarkable expansion of our export trade with South American, Far Eastern, and other countries whose manufacturing industries are not yet highly developed. Some of our most promising commercial possibilities seem to lie in these directions, and the exchange of our manufactures for their raw materials and tropical food products should result in lasting and profitable relations.

It is obvious that our heavy recent ship-

ments of raw materials and foodstuffs to Europe have not been due to superior salesmanship or special inducements in competition with other exporting countries, but are the result of the urgent demand for commodities indispensable for reconstruction work. These goods are obtainable in sufficient quantities only in America, and are bought where they can be had, the price being largely a secondary consideration, especially if satisfactory credit terms are made.

So far the expansion of our exports to Europe has been almost entirely in our trade with neutral and allied countries. From all reports the need of supplies is fully as pressing in the central countries, but owing to unsettled internal conditions it has taken longer to arrange for a reestablishment of business connections. As soon as peace formalities are completed, it may be expected that trade with these countries will expand rapidly. To some extent, at least, it will take the place of the traffic now going to neutral and allied countries, when their urgent needs shall have been supplied. This will help to maintain our exports at a high level, notwithstanding adverse exchange rates, especially if private firms can find the means of carrying long-time credits.

The market for foreign exchange, which has offered a serious problem for American exporters, should be eased by the increase of imports in recent months. For the year 1919 our imports were valued at nearly four billion dollars—an increase of twenty-five per cent over the year 1918. Although viewed with alarm in some quarters, larger imports, especially so far as they tend to relieve the foreign exchange situation, are likely to have a beneficial effect upon our foreign trade as a whole.

An analysis of the character of goods forming this increase shows that practically the entire gain has been in the imports of crude materials and foodstuffs. Imports of finished manufactures, which are regarded by our manufacturers as the most serious form of competition, increased by an amount practically offset in the class of partially manufactured articles.

OUR GREAT NEW MERCHANT FLEET

In connection with our foreign trade, the United States finds itself in a fortunate position so far as merchant ships are concerned. When the war broke out in

Europe, the entire overseas tonnage under the American flag was less than two million dead-weight tons. It is now something more than eight million dead-weight tons. Most of these ships are still in the possession and under the direction of the Shipping Board; but new legislation is needed to safeguard the interests of our merchant marine.

A bill now before Congress repeals all the legislation enacted during the war, which vested in the President very large powers with reference to the building of ships—powers which the President has delegated to the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. As in one instance the power will end six months after the proclamation of peace, and in other instances immediately upon the declaration of peace, it is important that we should at once have legislation under which some agency of the government shall take over and exercise these powers in time of peace. The pending bill, however, does not delegate to the Shipping Board any new powers.

GOVERNMENT OR PRIVATE OWNERSHIP?

One of the questions to be determined is whether our great new merchant fleet shall be permanently owned and operated by the government, or shall go into private ownership and operation. In the bill it is indicated to the Shipping Board that the policy of Congress looks toward the latter plan—in other words, that the future policy of the government shall be to develop the American merchant marine under private ownership.

Provision is also made that the Shipping Board shall not consider the war cost of these vessels as the price at which they shall be sold to private purchasers. They were constructed under war conditions and at a very high cost; but they must now be operated in competition with the merchant marine of other nations. If we hope to win our share of world trade, our ships must be able to meet foreign rivals on something like even terms.

Many of the smaller craft belonging to the government—ships of less than six thousand dead-weight tons—are more or less undesirable as part of a well-balanced government fleet. These vessels—wooden ships, steel ships of unusual types, composite ships, concrete boats, and others—can be sold, either to American citizens or to

aliens, for use in our overseas trade. Many of them are very desirable for certain trades, and will be readily purchased by shipping men.

I do not agree with the opinion expressed by some witnesses who appeared before the House Committee on Merchant Marine, of which I was a member until a short time ago, that vessels of less than six thousand tons will not be valuable for the development of the American merchant marine. It is well to keep in mind that the board will have a fleet of more than two thousand vessels to dispose of, that the public interest is paramount, and that while it is desirable to dispose of the vessels as soon as practicable, they should be kept in service not only to maintain established trade routes, but to open up and establish new routes for the development of our foreign commerce.

It seems to me that our policy in regard to the sale of the government's ships is a vital question, and has much to do with the upbuilding of our merchant marine. I would be delighted to know that the Shipping Board could sell them for what they cost; but to my mind that is impossible. Nor would it be desirable to do so, if we would promote and maintain a great American merchant marine to compete with the fleets of other nations. We may sell some of the vessels at the war cost, but we must face world conditions in undertaking to solve this grave problem.

MERCHANT TONNAGE OF THE WORLD

The world's merchant tonnage now afloat is greater than it ever was, according to Lloyd's figures. In June, 1914, the total steam tonnage was 45,403,877, and the sail tonnage 3,685,675. In June, 1919, the steam tonnage had increased to 47,897,407, while sail tonnage had decreased to 3,021,866, making a net addition of 1,829,721 tons. There has been a further increase in recent months, and more merchant vessels are now under construction than ever before. The Shipping Board alone has a larger tonnage under construction or contract at the present time than all the world had at any date before the war. Congress has voted or authorized more money for ship-building than the book value of all the world's merchant tonnage in 1914.

On the other hand, we must remember that the world's tonnage, while greater

than ever, is not so efficient as before the war. Two-thirds of the tonnage under foreign flags was built before 1914. Not only is it now six years older, but in the interim it has had the roughest treatment and inadequate repairs. Two-thirds of the American tonnage has been launched since 1914, but much of it was constructed under war conditions, when the aim was to build the largest tonnage in the shortest time; it was hurried work, done by raw or partly trained workmen, and needs more repairs. Vessels of only a few types were built, and as a result we have more of some types than we can use, and fewer of other types than we need.

It is also true that in spite of a large increase in value, the volume of the world's sea-borne commerce is less than in 1914, requiring less shipping space. The biggest article of ocean commerce is coal, and there has been a heavy decline in that traffic. Industrially devastated northern France has not yet begun to export. Belgium has not yet recovered from the ravages of war, and Russia is still in industrial and commercial chaos. The process of shifting from war industry back to peace industry is not anywhere complete. Industrial unrest, strikes, and other well-known causes the world over are keeping the output of goods below the normal production.

Freight-rates are high, not because there is not enough tonnage, but largely because Europe's production and export are much below normal—the rates of foreign exchange testify to this—and an outward cargo from America has to pay the expenses of the round voyage.

At the present time America has to supply Europe with grain and oil, which Russia—with a shorter voyage from her Black Sea ports—formerly supplied; with coal,

which Great Britain—again with a shorter voyage—used to furnish, and with many manufactures with which European countries normally supply one another. The longer haul from America temporarily makes an exceptionally heavy demand on our ships; but unless Europe is permanently crippled—which, fortunately, is not at all probable—all this cannot continue.

It is impossible to face the question of business relations with the rest of the world, of increased exports to South America, or of promising markets in the Far East, without bearing clearly in mind that the crux of the whole international situation is to-day in Europe. At this time, when various nations are so closely knit together in commerce and finance, serious difficulties in one vital part of the world affect other parts as well.

Europe's pressing need is a restoration of the normal output of industries whose productive power was temporarily curtailed or diverted on account of the war. While hostilities lasted there was no time to think of the appalling losses of property and of the disruption of ordinary production. When the armistice was signed, many imagined that it would be possible to turn immediately from war-time conditions to the normal status of peaceful industry and commerce. The months since the armistice have shown what difficulties lay in the way of any such swift and easy reorganization. Bitter experience has demonstrated that as a result of the war the world is short of the necessities of life, and that it is a very serious task to restore the normal standard of conditions.

There is no way of escaping economic facts. Nothing but steady hard work will bring a solution of the world's present difficulties.

WITHIN YOUR HEART

LET not the years make hard your heart

In any grim or golden race.

Keep it always as now—apart,

My well-belovèd dwelling-place.

For it would be my lot to share

Whatever frozen change was wrought;

Always to live imprisoned there,

Like some poor fly in amber caught!

Edna V. Trapnell

By Private Wire

BY RALPH E. MOONEY

Illustrated by William B. King

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for a young girl's hopes that day. In fact, it was most discouraging. The young girl in question, Miss Emily Keys, had the misfortune to be the only daughter—indeed, the only surviving relative—of a certain cantankerous and elderly electrical manufacturer, who, for good and sufficient reasons, had become popularly known as "old Pat Keys, the telegraph king."

At the moment under discussion, she was engaged in a spirited quarrel with her father. We do not mean to imply that a quarrel with Pat Keys was an unknown incident or a difficult thing to accomplish; but this was a special quarrel. It was a quarrel over a young man—a subject in which Pat was eminently able to uphold the negative. He was an ancient and moneyed autocrat who constantly gave interviews to the newspapers on the subject of the glaring faults of young men. Also, it was late in the afternoon, and old Pat's dyspepsia was in full swing, so that he was fuming like a reawakened volcano.

"A hundred million!" Pat roared. "A hundred million people in the country, and you select this one to marry!"

Daughter Emily directed a steady gaze upon her father as he paced the floor before her chair.

"Yes," she murmured, in faint defiance. "Yes—this one!"

She felt shivery, and her lips had a strange taut sensation, but she was resolved to stand her ground—for the first time in her life. It was a brave thing the small unfortunate had undertaken. Pat Keys had ruled all of her twenty-two years. Every lesson she had learned, everything she knew, everything about her, from Pat's aggressive and stubbly white mustache to the very room itself, urged the danger of resistance.

For the huge library where they were quarreling was as much Pat Keys as the man before her. Indeed, the whole house was as like him as a dog is like his master. The decorations were cold and glaring, and every room was dominated by a brassy, matter-of-fact telegraph-instrument set in some conspicuous place.

Pat, having started life as a telegraph-operator, had made his home a monument to his success and will-power, and it had been his whim that the house should be equipped with a complete internal telegraph system in place of telephones or electric buzzers. The house, we repeat, was Pat Keys, and Pat Keys was the house, and his daughter was more than brave to defy both house and man.

"A hundred million!" reiterated Pat, who had missed her previous answer. "A hundred million, and you pick this!"

"I do," she said, with love-honor-and-obey solemnity, her diminutive lips pursed.

Pat Keys flung wide his arms and shook his clenched fists at the ceiling.

"Percival!" he moaned. "A hundred million, and she takes a Percival! Percival Perry! Oh, my Heavens, why?"

"I—I love him!" announced Emily, surprising herself.

Strange how far one will go to gain a point in a quarrel!

Mr. Keys writhed and caused his features to express unspeakable disgust. He made it apparent that love was a hitherto unknown emotion, and something not to be considered as a fact of existence. He was rather inconsistent in this. Aside from the fact that he was known far and wide to have eloped at twenty-two with a girl of nineteen, he often said, in his voluminous interviews for the newspapers, that all young people should commit early marriage in order to live successful lives. According

to Pat Keys's published opinion, a young man needed nothing more than a bride and a knowledge of telegraphy to be assured of millions.

No, he was hardly consistent with Emily, but he was naturally the last person in the world to realize it.

"What? Are you engaged already?" he cried.

Emily shook her head.

"I haven't answered him yet, but to-night I will."

Somewhat relieved, Pat Keys grunted and set hastily about putting matters to rights.

"Look," he commanded, producing a folded paper from his pocket and waving it before Emily. "Look what you're proposing to bring into the family!"

Emily saw the paper with untroubled eyes, and waited patiently to be informed of its content, with her pretty little head cocked to a polite angle of interest. Pat observed her with increased exasperation. He jerked the document out of its folds, causing it to open with a menacing pop.

"This," he explained, "is a report on your young man. I've gone to the trouble to have a detective bureau investigate him to see if he's any good at all—with such a name!"

The girl's manner indicated that she would hear but not consider the agency's report. Pat's eyes gleamed, and his face turned the red of new bricks.

"Percival Perry!" He pronounced the hated name twice, each time with deeper disgust, and then went on to read aloud:

"PERCIVAL PERRY:—Age, twenty-three. Residence, 940 Park Drive. Present occupation, none. Recently received honorable discharge as first lieutenant, Aviation Corps, U. S. A. Occupation prior to war, none. Inherited estate from father and two uncles. Lives on income. Well-known motorist, polo-player, and amateur aviator. Prominent in society.—OPERATIVE 83."

When it was finished, Pat Keys glared from the writing to his daughter, somewhat hopefully.

"I could have told you all that," she informed him.

Her outraged parent threw the paper at the waste-basket.

"Of course you could," he accused; "but you didn't! You didn't dare!"

"I don't see anything shameful in it," Emily protested.

Pat Keys shrugged his shoulders wearily

and opened his lips with a clucking sound—all of which was done to inform his daughter that she was possessed of hopelessly numb faculties. The quarrel had reached a stage where it was necessary to say and do things that hurt because of the satisfaction it gave the originator of them.

"Nothing shameful?" he asked with cold politeness. "Nothing shameful? Oh, if your dear mother was only alive to know this! Here is a young man—born rich—who chooses to neglect all his opportunities and devote himself to polo and society and idleness—and my daughter sees nothing shameful in it!"

"He went to war as an aviator."

"True—and I admire such courage as he possesses; but why did he ever take up aviation? Why, except to win the admiration of society ladies? Why does any lounge lizard, parlor snake, and tea worm ever do anything except as a play to the gallery and to make fools of girls such as you? Why?"

"Percy didn't do it for that," she objected, still unruffled.

"Percy didn't, eh?"

"No."

"He's a lounge lizard!"

"He is not!"

"And a parlor snake!"

"He's not a snake!"

"And—"

"Don't say it," interrupted the daughter. "He hates tea!"

Pat laughed in hollow sarcasm.

"Can't you see what I mean?" he pleaded. "He may be perfectly nice, and wear a white collar, and brush his teeth, but is such an ambitionless creature the man for you? No!"

"Yes."

"No!"

"But, father! You said just the opposite things when that young foreman—"

"Different matter. That man was a fortune-hunter—after your money. This man has money, but no ambition."

Emily brushed away the explanation with a smile of pity for its childish logic.

"Then," she said, "the only way I could please you would be to find a man with no money and no ambition. You want me to marry a tramp?"

Her father uttered an incoherent medley of words. Such impudence was astounding in Emily. It made him appreciate, of a sudden, the real seriousness of the occasion.

His daughter was rebellious—downright rebellious and deliberately impertinent, not merely contrary.

"No man at all!" he howled, at his wit's end. "You're too young to marry!"

"Nevertheless," said Emily, staring up at him, "I'm going to marry Percival if he still wants me!"

II

PAT KEYS trembled. He saw defeat before him. After twenty-two years,

always had it. He had risen, as has been explained, from a telegraph-operator—and from an exceedingly unimportant telegraph-operator, too, at a three-star local stop for Chicago passengers only—to his present position, by just such methods. When he



"A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY!" PAT ROARED. "AND YOU SELECT THIS ONE TO MARRY!"

Emily had the ingratitude to defy him! She had turned against her own father. He was no longer a factor in her life, he decided promptly. Furthermore, now that he considered it, he was just a lonely, broken old man. Oppressed by this sudden onrush of gloomy thought, he manufactured a sob, flung himself in a chair, and buried his head in his arms.

That was Pat Keys. He would change front a hundred times, if necessary, but he would always have his own way. He had

couldn't scare people, he wheedled them; and if wheedling was ineffective, he worked on their sympathies. So it was that he made his fortune, built his mansion, put his telegraph-station in every room, and settled down to regulate the universe and be happy.

This last chameleonlike change—or better, perhaps, crocodilelike change—reversed the situation. Old Pat Keys won another victory and had his way again. For, if a woman's tears are the most effective weapon against man, a man's tears are no less effective against woman. If you can make a

woman pity you more than she pities herself, the argument is won.

Pat's near-sobs and shaky voice brought forth tears of repentance on the part of Emily. The old man took prompt advantage of them.

"Emily," he asked huskily, "am I not thinking for you, planning for you, protecting you? Don't you realize that when you oppose me in this way, you are breaking my heart? Emily, dear, I—I shall probably die—in a few years more!"

Not at all unlikely. Although barely fifty years of age, he had such a blood pressure, and was in bad order in so many places, that his doctors all said they couldn't tell what kept him so healthy unless it was his magnificent constitution—which, by the way, was not a bad thing for the doctors to say.

"I shall die," continued Pat. "I shall die angry at you and with you angry—angry at me!"

"I wouldn't have to leave you, father," sobbed Emily. "We would come and live with you!"

Pat Keys winced and upreared his frantic head.

"What? Bring that—bring him to live under my very nose? Emily—you are heartless! You want to kill me!"

"Oh, father!" wailed the remorseful girl. "No! No!"

Pat Keys sighed in forceful resignation.

"Emily," he said, with an impressive abandonment of emotion, "unless you send this young man away to-night—dispose of him entirely—break off with him—we can no longer be father and daughter. You must choose between us. Give him up or give up me. Stay here or go with him out of my house and—and out of my life!"

That settled it. Emily agreed to dispose of Percival Perry, and even came to feel so grand and martyrlike about it that her small being thrilled from top to toe. After all, it was simply a matter of habit. Emily had been ruled and overruled for years. She could not long resist her father's will, however rebellious her spirit. She was proletariat to Pat's autocracy—a submerged tenth which could not withstand the demands of the other nine-tenths of the household.

Pat left her with a solemn display of affection.

"Dear girl, I knew you would," he said. "I knew you would!"

Whereupon he stalked from the room and went up-stairs, blowing his nose forcefully to emphasize his present peace of mind and the disappearance of the last lingering vestiges of emotion. In the privacy of his own room, he restored his handkerchief to his pocket and soothed his shaken nerves with a cigar. After a little, feeling the need of further easement, he went to the telegraph and called Willis, the butler. Since there was no other means of communication, every one in the house—Emily and all the servants—knew telegraphy.

"Hbl," Pat ordered in the house code. "Scotch."

Meanwhile Emily went to her room. She was firm-lipped, long past tears, and supremely angry with herself. Why had she given way so easily? Why had she failed in her scheme to avoid this discussion until she was engaged to Percy? Now—now she had actually promised to dismiss Percy the moment he came—to please her unreasonable father. Come to think of it, it would be impossible!

Her first meeting with Perry had occurred after his return from military service, in midwinter. She was to have danced that evening until half past ten, so as to be at home and ready for bed at eleven; but she found more pleasure in sitting on a balcony and watching her new acquaintance talk—until half past eleven.

The days that followed, as she remembered them now, had grown more and more full of him, until each day had come to mean Perry—just Perry. During the last few weeks her whole time had been given to meeting him, to being with him, and to thinking of him afterward. It had all been thrilling and romantic.

What an empty thing life would be if she dismissed him! She knew—*knew*—and knew again that he loved her, and that separation would be agony for both. No, she wouldn't do it! It was too hard—too much to ask. No matter what she had promised, she could not send Percy away.

Her father? She trembled. The consequence of her selfishness might be, truly, the old man's death. Yet, even at that, her father was in the wrong! Oh, what a position to occupy—what a situation to meet!

The deadlock between what was wanted and what she felt must be left Emily's brain paralyzed, incapable of action. She began to grasp at straws, figuratively speak-

ing. She decided she wouldn't dismiss Percy immediately upon his arrival, as instructed. She would just let matters drift until a favorable opportunity came to discuss it calmly with him.

She also decided, of course, that at the ultimate last moment she must obey her father. Every girl must obey her father—no matter how unreasonable he may be. It is tradition.

"Perhaps Percy will know what to do," she told herself at last.

From this thought, strangely enough, the girl derived a vast comfort. Immediately upon its expression she was able to set about removing tear-traces from her countenance, while her mind quite automatically leaped to consideration of the all-important and entirely necessary subject of what frock to wear that evening.

When the evidences of emotion had been disposed of temporarily, she opened the door of her wardrobe and stood before it for a moment. Then, with a guilty look about her, she drew forth from the riot of dainty colors one certain evening gown of midnight blue. It was a souvenir of the night when he proposed, and of the dance that was to remain forever the dance of her life. This was Percy's favorite gown. If she wore it, and made herself as attractive to him as possible, she would be deliberately disregarding the spirit of her father's commands. She really ought to put it back if she intended to play fairly.

Nevertheless, she did not put it back. Instead, she held it up to her shoulders and stood before the mirror, noting with considerable pleasure how the blue quieted the red of her tear-marked eyes and, at the same time, called attention to the deep violet of the iris. She also remarked the favorable contrast of the crisp taffeta with her velvety skin.

"I will wear it," mused Emily with an affirmative nod, "unless I change my mind later."

This thought, too, was strangely satisfactory. After she had given her cheeks another close inspection, and had put the signs of grief to utter rout, Emily went calmly to the telegraph and summoned her maid. The servant came at once, and found her mistress ready to have her hair done, and looking the very picture of girlish cheerfulness. The coming crisis had been thrust into the background of Emily's mind. Pat Keys's daughter had reached

that convenient stage of indecision where she could begin to dress and cease to think—except of dress.

She did not change her mind about the gown.

III

WITHIN the hour, Pat Keys announced that he was ill. Whether this was to impress his daughter still further with the feebleness brought on by her conduct, or whether he wished to make access to himself impossible, in order to prevent a plea for leniency, or whether it was genuine and true, is not known. His published statement to the household simply proclaimed that sundry disorders incidental to increasing age and excitement necessitated confinement to his room, which would cause him to miss dinner and, subsequently, to remain above stairs.

Emily would have been greatly pleased at this turn of events had not her father felt compelled to transmit voluminous and complete final instructions to her by telegraph. It was very annoying at such a crucial time. They came at the dining-room station during the meal, and were subsequently continued in the library until she was nearly frantic.

However, as her replies indicated no change of heart, Pat at last described himself as satisfied with her, and said that he felt better already. Nevertheless, he informed Emily he would station himself by the table in his room, with the telegraph-key at hand, ready to give help when it was needed, and to keep track of things. It was a depressing announcement, but it was in line with Pat Keys's lifelong policy of detailing some one else to do the dirty work and then seeing that it was done.

Emily had a little time to herself after this last announcement; but, far too soon, as eight o'clock drew near, her call sounded again for another warning.

"EM? EM? EM?" said Pat.

He was answered by a dutiful "PA, PA," from the library.

"U hav on blu gwn. Why?" was his message, abbreviated according to house usage.

Yes, Pat even arranged for Emily's gowns. Until recently he had been able to insist on dark red, because he liked it, in spite of the fact that Emily knew lighter gowns to be much more suitable to her complexion and years.

"Is oldest," answered Emily, neglecting to mention other interesting facts in its history.

"OK," answered Pat Keys. "Don't frgt instrs. Gd nght!"

"Gd nght," answered Emily.

Eight o'clock sounded. Emily began to tremble. The door-bell rang. She heard Willis answer it; heard the murmur of Mr. Percival Perry's voice. Willis was taking the young man's coat.

With considerable effort, Emily collected her wits and contrived to appear demure and pinkly self-possessed when the doomed suitor entered the room. She succeeded a bit too well, perhaps. Percy smiled such delighted approval upon her that she began to tremble again.

He was a magnetic young man. His smile was vivacious. His eyes of light blue could not, apparently, absorb enough of Emily's pinkness. All of which tended to strain the atmosphere and further confuse Emily's mingled purposes.

Percy shook hands with the manner of one returning from a long journey.

"It's awfully good to see you again," he told her. "Did you get home all right this afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Emily, flushing now from her modest shoulders to the waving silk of her brown hair. "You—you came to the door with me, you know."

"Of course," he agreed, dropping her hand.

They seated themselves, and a long and unforeseen silence descended upon them. Instead of affording Emily an opportunity to bring up the necessary discussion, it only increased her indecision. With Percy before her, she couldn't recall how she had ever come to do such an abnormal thing as promise his immediate banishment.

Meanwhile, Mr. Perry was looking about the room in a nervous way, and giving indications of being none too well at ease himself. At last, for a stop-gap, he called attention to the dominating feature of the library decorations—a portrait of a stout, bristly haired man at a telegraph-key.

"How's your father?" he asked.

It was a most unfortunate mistake. Emily turned her eyes from him to the portrait, and sat shivering under the fascination of her father's cold eye. It was a long while before she could speak.

"He's not well this evening," she explained. "It's not serious, though."

"Too bad!" Percy murmured. "Sorry! Hope he gets better."

Some time passed, during which Emily shrank under the menace of the telegraph king's painted gaze.

Percy made another attempt.

"What a wonderful day it has been!" was his offering.

"Yes, I—I—noticed that this afternoon," she answered.

Of all impossible things in this world, the most impossible—for young people of opposite sex—is to talk commonplaces once the subject of love has been discussed between them. Another silence, and a more disconcerting one, followed Perry's expression of sympathy. Emily, always aware of the menace of the portrait, scrutinized the toes of her slippers and planned words of renunciation for an indefinite period. Finally she spoke.

"Thank you for the flowers," she palpitated, nodding toward a bowl of roses upon the table.

"You said you liked roses."

"Yes—and it's wonderful of you—to—to remember!"

"Not so very wonderful, is it, Emily?" he asked softly.

Whereupon facile little Emily, all her life at the beck and call of dominating males, fell into absolute panic. He was about to demand his answer.

She wanted to discuss her problem first; but oh, my goodness, she couldn't interrupt him at a time like this! That would be too brazen—and it was too wonderful to listen to his magnificent voice, toned as it was with sincerity and suppressed emotion. She wanted to hear him out, to answer at once, and to feel his arms close about her—but her father had said "No!" Oh, my goodness, how awful it was!

About to speak, she raised her eyes. Percy met the look and opened his lips, only to close them in panic equal to hers.

"Go—go ahead," he said.

In her turn she made an attempt at utterance, which failed. She gasped in despair, and strove furiously to bring her fluttering thoughts under the wing of her pulsing brain.

"EM, EM, EM!" crackled the sounder in sudden demand.

Emily jumped to her feet so suddenly that she felt faint.

"What on earth is that?" queried the young man, also arising.

"It's—it's father!" she quavered.

"Oh, yes—the telegraph."

He watched while Emily closed the circuit, answered "Ready," and waited, the flush of her cheek accentuated by a paleness which appeared about her lips.

Pat Keys's message cut the air with static fury.

"Hs the fool cm yet? Ws tht hm at door?"

Emily recoiled from the instrument. She glanced furtively at her father's portrait, under the impression that it had spoken aloud.

"What is the matter?" asked Perry.

"What does he want?"

"He is asking about—about the evening paper. It—it has been mislaid," was Emily's faint reply.

On the key she sounded:

"Yes, PA, Mr. Prry here!"

Her fingers trembled and made the key stutter. She knew that her father would notice the difference in her sending, and foresaw additional trouble from the fact.

"Bn too long now!" snapped the sounder. "Pt hm out at once!"

"Oh, my!" gasped Emily. "I can't," she telegraphed. "Havnt tld him."

"Wht mks u snd so fnny?" demanded her father.

"Fthr, its awfl!" she answered.

"Dont be nrvs. Pt him out!"

"I can't!"

"Dr grl," answered Pat, "my old frnd Jim Cameron, of U. St. L. and W., ws vry brght man." Of course, not all words were abbreviated in this code. The rule applied only to those which would be easy of translation. "Cameron alws said give young man money and he is sur to be fool. Yng Perry has alws had money and Cam was rght. Gt rid him for ur own good. S all for bst. Rush!"

"My goodness!" interjected Perry. "Is your father trying to send you the whole newspaper?"

"Oh, no! He's telling me—telling me to wish you good evening."

Again the portrait caught her eye, seeming to master her by its insistent dominance of the room.

"Will do as u say," she answered on the key.

"Fine! Do it quick! Hes N. G. Hs fthr ws big thief. Probly inherits dishnsty. Snd hm at once!"

"O. K.," she returned.

She moved away from the instrument, with a fleeting glance at Percy. She found him smiling cheerfully, as was his wont. He was attractive—so attractive—so splendid! Her vision became blurred by tears.

"Did you tell him good evening for me?" asked Percy, with polite concern.

Emily choked in surprise.

"Oh—oh, of course!" she told him.

"I think your father and I would get along pretty well, after we knew each other. You must take me up to see him to-night."

Pat Keys's daughter sat down suddenly.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"He's a little—rather abrupt and rough, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir!" trembled Emily, adding "sir" from long habit.

"I thought so, from what you've said of him. I like blunt men. They never conceal their feelings or deceive you about where they stand."

At this moment Emily was startled to observe something hitherto unnoticed in Mr. Perry's make-up—an aggressive, fighting, masterful chin. She was quite fascinated by the set of it.

"You—you mean you like to—to sort of face them—well, to face them down? Argue with them?" she asked in awesome admiration.

"Nothing suits me better than a good argument," laughed Percy. "I'm too fond of them, I guess."

"How—how wonderful!" murmured the girl.

Telegraph clatter filled the room.

"WLS, WLS, WLS," Emily heard it signal.

"Does he want you again?" questioned Percy.

"No—that's for the butler—you see, everybody has his special call."

"My word!" said Percy. "This is worse than a houseful of grandfather clocks. They only go off every quarter-hour."

He paused as WLS answered:

"Yes, sir?"

"Hbl," was the cryptic message.

"Scotch or bourbon, sir?" was Willis's reply.

Emily blushed, and spoke loudly to drown the answer, forgetting that she alone could understand it.

"He wants some medicine."

Percy nodded. He was eying her in that serious, flustery way which frightened her. Finally she gathered the remnant of her



"HIS FATHER WAS BIG THIEF," TELEGRAPHED HER FATHER. "HE PROBABLY INHERITS DISHONESTY. SEND HIM HOME AT ONCE!"

courage and made a feeble attempt to carry out her resolutions.

"He said a while ago that I need rest, and he wants me to go to bed early to-night. I—I must!"

"But, Emily, to my certain knowledge you've been going to bed at half past nine every night for four years. You've said so, and I know that you have only been at two of the younger-set parties since we met."

Something in the young man's cool attitude seemed to brace her. He was so inspiring, so much in command of himself, and she liked him so!

"I—I know," she said, grateful for his support of her. "But father thinks—thinks it's best."

"But—I mean no disrespect—but is he always right? Hasn't he made his own life a success by doing just what he pleased whenever he pleased?"

"Yes, you're right. He has."

"Naturally, being so successful, he thinks he can make other people's lives a success by thinking for them; but can he? Does it follow?"

"I don't know," she blushed, wavering. "Why? What—difference does it make?"

"Because," he returned softly, "I'm

hoping—you'll want to live your own life—soon!"

IV

PERCY's eyes were glinting with a determined light that reminded her of her father's forceful optics. They told plainly that Percy meant to have his own way, too—now and through life. This was an alarming state of affairs. The men were actually in open conflict, and she—poor little Emily—was the battleground! She looked from her lover to the portrait in terror.

"EM, EM, EM," said the insistent telegraph.

"Can't you cut that thing off?" protested Percy.

"It wouldn't do any good," she explained. "Father would send Willis to see what was the matter with it."

"Yes, PA."

"Come upstrs and read to me."

Emily stared at the instrument in wistful doubt. Now the issue was thrown squarely up to her. She must either abandon her old life and her father, or obey his wish, within a few moments.

She cut in to answer and stood for an agonized second, her right hand at the key, the fingers of her left pressed against her lips. A despairing glance at Percy found that young man unperturbed, inspiring, helpfully confident, as always. He was youth aiding her own youth in a contest with age.

With a gasp, she took herself firmly in hand. She looked only at her helper, refusing to heed the reproachful stare of the painting.

"I can't," Emily wired with a firm hand.

"Why?" was the instant demand.

"He's still here."

There followed some consonant abbreviations for words which Emily's father used rather frequently, and which he had found terrorizing to an untutored proletariat.

"Snd home, I tll you!" was Pat Keys's final injunction.

Emily, silent, and staring painfully at nothing, failed to answer.

Percy approached the table. She felt his eyes caressing her, and she was fleetingly

conscious of the pretty picture she must make with the soft library light shimmering on the blue silk of her gown, to accentuate the sparkling blue of her eyes and the embarrassed flush of her cheeks. She knew well enough what was coming. Percy couldn't possibly resist, she told herself with naive conceit; but—could she? And what a dire catastrophe was coming afterward—if she didn't resist!

"What's the matter?" asked Percy, with some hostility. "Is your father angry?"

"No, he's never really angry," she said.

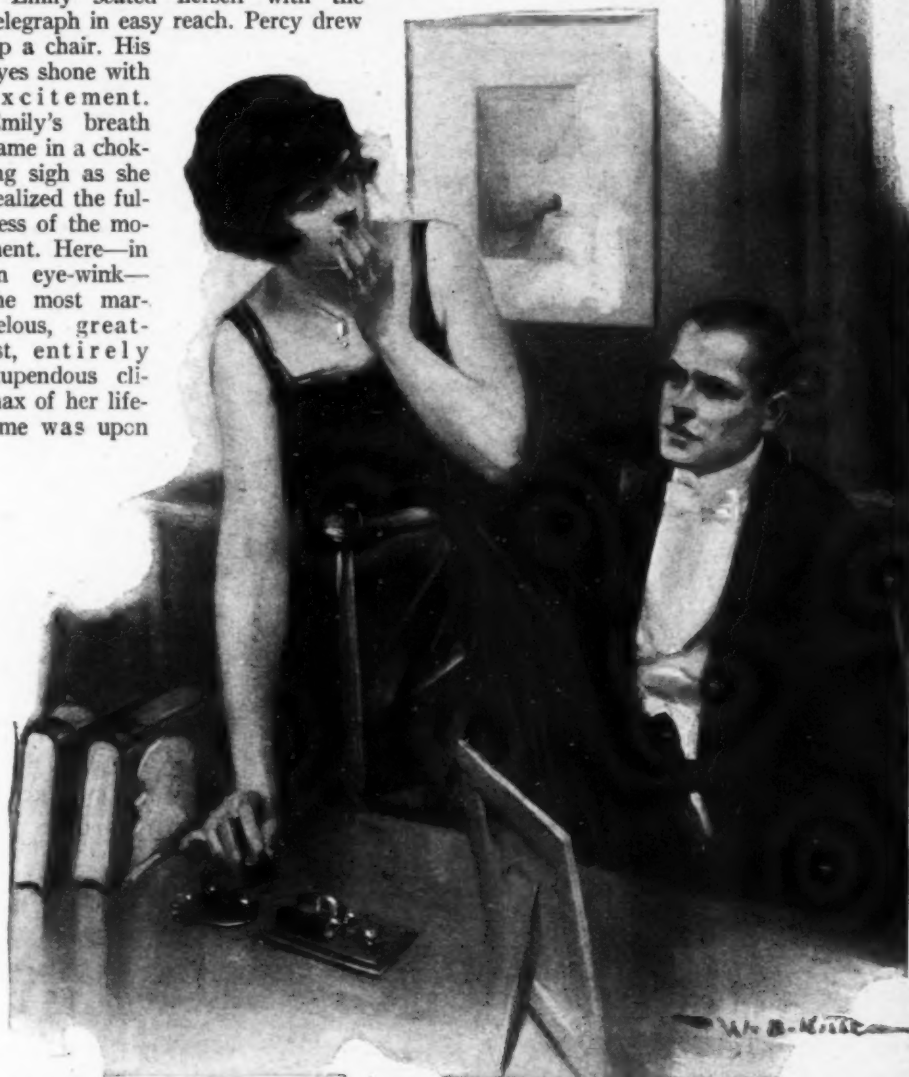
Emily seated herself with the telegraph in easy reach. Percy drew up a chair. His eyes shone with excitement. Emily's breath came in a choking sigh as she realized the fullness of the moment. Here—in an eye-wink—the most marvelous, greatest, entirely stupendous climax of her lifetime was upon

her. She was going to give her answer now for once and all, and she was compelled to refuse life's greatest gift!

With feminine desperation, she tried to defer the event.

"Oh, Percy—what—what is—"

"Emily, I've been waiting—you remember—your father is up-stairs!" began Percy, somewhat ambiguously. Emily, too, was waiting—her eyes averted, to hide the glorious joy she felt burning in them.



NOW THE ISSUE WAS THROWN SQUARELY UP TO HER. SHE MUST EITHER ABANDON HER OLD LIFE AND HER FATHER OR OBEY HIS WISH

"I want my answer," went on Percy, "and—and I've been waiting until I could see him with you. I—I can see him to-night, can't I?"

"Oh, yes—but you mustn't!" she cried shrilly.

"We'll come to that later. What I wanted to say was—it didn't seem fair to urge you too seriously while we were meeting outside so much, but now I—"

"EM, EM," clattered the telegraph.

Emily turned to it, answering in frantic confusion:

"Yes, PA!"

Percy made a gesture of disgust and poised himself on a chair edge to wait.

"EM, pls heed! Wouldn't mind hm if he amnted to a damn, bt he doesn't. Will bet he never saw tlgaph bfore in life except when wiring home for money. If I thght he had a bit of good in him, I'd let you marry hm, bt hes no good. Snd hm hme!"

"Father," she answered, "please wait until I talk to you again. You must change—"

"Snd hm hme!"

"Not yet!"

At this moment the impatient Percy took her left hand between his own firm palms and held it tightly.

"Emily, I love you!" he cried. "I won't wait any longer!"

"Tll hm to go at once!" wired pa.

"Oh!" gasped Emily.

"Do you love me?" demanded Perry. "Will you marry me? Please give me my answer now."

"Percy, I don't know if I can—"

"Is he going?" asked the telegraph.

Emily made a confused patter of dots and dashes in reply. Pat Keys repeated the question with vigor. The library rang with consonant profanity, while Emily trembled at the electric rendition of fury and stared wistfully at her lover.

"Shall I put him out, sir?" was the sudden cut-in of WLS, who had evidently been an interested listener.

"Get off the wire, you fool!" snapped Keys. "EM, make him go!"

Emily was past voluntary action or reasoning. Her decision was made outside her, apparently, for it came mysteriously out of the fog of conflict. She simply knew, of a sudden, what she was going to do, but she couldn't tell why or how.

The numb fingers of her right hand

sought the key, while she extended her left to Perry.

"Oh, Percy, you mustn't!" she murmured frantically.

"Yes, I love you," she telegraphed her father.

Percy took her in his arms, lifting her from the chair.

"Forget that telegraph," he pleaded.

"You love me, don't you? Forget everything but that!"

Held close against him, she returned his embrace.

"Percy!" she said happily. "Percy!"

A span of time afterward—perhaps an hour, perhaps a year—simply a long span of time—they realized not only that the telegraph-sounder was clattering furiously, but that it had been clattering in impotent wrath for a long while.

"EM, dm it, EM, wht in hll r u dng? EM, dm it, EM, EM!"

Emily turned pale and loosened her clasp of Percy. Her sending hand wavered toward the key. It was a dreadful thing that she must tell her father. How could she—

To her surprise, Percy pulled her away from the instrument and took tight hold of her waist with his left arm.

"Forget it!" he said. "Let me. It's my job now!"

Whereupon he extended his hand and tapped a viciously professional "send"—a marvelous, clean-cut send—a true telegrapher's send—to old Pat Keys. She watched and listened, amazed.

"New oprtr on duty here, Mr. Keys. Don't understand your message. Repeat!"

Emily all but fainted, so great was her relief at this unexpected, astonishing aid.

"Percy!" she gasped. "Did you understand what—"

"Everything," he answered.

She laughed in complete, restful content. Percy was already fighting her battles for her. What a husband he was going to be!

"And you—oh, you wonderful man! You *do* love me!"

Together they had defied the volcano; together they must accept its action. Yes, it was quite a strainful moment—quite a climax—but, like most human climaxes, it petered out miserably.

Unless they are most unnatural old men, fathers do not act in any other than a fatherly way. Pat Keys was, after all, a father, and his bluff was called. It was up to him to lay down his hand. The young

people, however, could not know this, and their anxiety increased as time went on. They shivered while the thunderstruck telegraph-instrument made three wavering beginnings. Then they heard it ask:

"Who's that?"

"Percival Perry."

"Where did you learn to send?"

"College. Took gold medal for thesis wireless telegraphy. Control half stock in

Trans-Ocean Company, using my own wireless inventions. Desire to cm upstrs immdtly imprtnt conference rgrdng Miss Emily. Answr rush!"

As much as five minutes later, the dazed instrument made a feeble puttering.

"God—"

They trembled.

"Bless you! You send like old Jim. Cm upstrs—rush!"

Beulah Land

BY CHESTER L. SAXBY

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

"ALL ha-a-and aho-o-oy!" Up through the scuttle swarmed the port watch, blinking and lurching in the bright sunlight, dazed with the sudden jerking out of sleep, half clothed, but ready to answer the first order of the mate at a run, mechanically, while their brains still reeled. A good watch, as a ship's watches go, although small enough—never a question of that! Seven men and a boy—not a single hand more; and the Harker lifting her three masts like all the rest—aye, and more, with Captain Flade in command of her—Killer Flade, who boasted that he had never yet met a wind that could make him heave to.

There were the owners, too—a grasping lot that worked a ship in and out of condition until it opened its seams for very weariness and took in half the sea. Captain Flade laughed at that, and silenced the grumbling with a quick hand and a heavy.

Captain Flade was part-owner himself, and took his chance along with the rest. He had courage, had Flade, and he liked courage in others—a compact man of looks and bearing, though he had neither enough pride for his mate nor enough humanity for his crew. But he sailed his ship, sailed it with a taut bowline right into the wind's eye, if need be. That meant driving his crew—meant getting the "knots out of her"—meant money. That it meant a possibility of something else as well would

not bother him. They said of him that his hip pocket bulged—and not with grog.

Captain Flade had come in "through the cabin window," more's the pity. That is to say, he was an officer without ever having been a man. He had never served a day in the fore-castle or pulled on a rope. He had got his sea-legs by hanging onto the taffrail; the crew spat as they told this. But he was a good sailor, for all that, piling on canvas when another would be taking it down. And he made no pretense of other matters. He wanted no respect—which made the job of the shipping-agent a hard one now and again.

Seven men and a boy in the port watch! And down swirled the yell of the mate. The vessel lay over on her beam, shipping huge seas. Spray filled the air with miniature rainbows, through which the starboard watch appeared like shadows in the rigging and on the yard-arms. A gorgeous sun and a gale off the bows!

The port watch shivered in its bare feet and jumped for the ropes to haul in. Seven men and a boy—and a heavy hand, the second mate's, came down on the boy's thinly garbed shoulder with a buffet as he stood gaping and clinging and trying to understand.

"Get aft there, you! Lay out on the weather cross-jack braces!"

The boy lurched and slid aft, and found his rope, under the very eye of the captain. His teeth chattered; his face held little

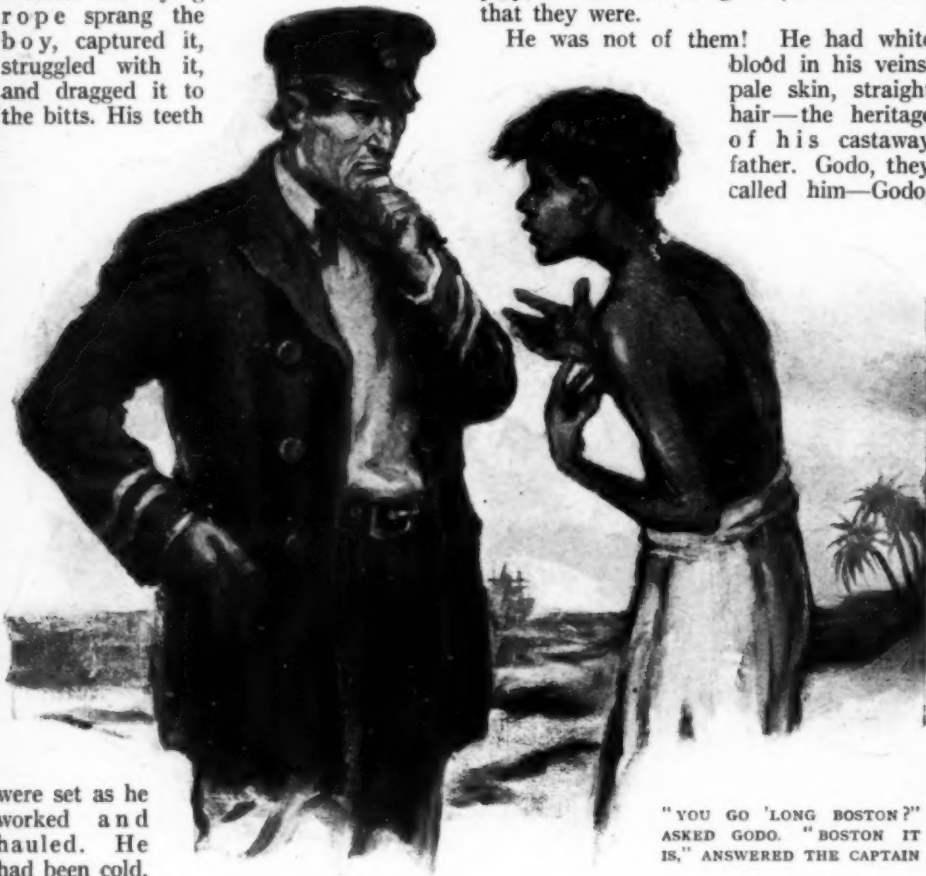
color, and that a pasty hue. He pulled with all his might—pulled out of time and in a sort of desperation.

The wind tore past laden with spume, half blinding him. The scream of it blotting out all sounds besides. The captain roared to no avail. Out ran the rope like a thing alive. The unleashed sail flung upward, came around, and—*boom, boom!*—it cannoned like the crack of doom.

After the flying rope sprang the boy, captured it, struggled with it, and dragged it to the bitts. His teeth

He was in his own land again, with the sea all blissful before him at the foot of the hill, and the conch-shells humming their mystery of the world beyond the hazy sky-line, and the scent of flowers and ripening fruit; with the lazy trade-wind blowing, and the old men sitting in the shade and watching his numerous little half-brothers, whom he despised for their swarthy skins and pig eyes—watching them play at their idiotic games, like animals that they were.

He was not of them! He had white blood in his veins, pale skin, straight hair—the heritage of his castaway father. Godo, they called him—Godo,



were set as he worked and hauled. He had been cold, but the perspiration beaded his forehead before he was done; the hectic color mantled his face. He panted and reeled, a little light-headed from the effort. Then, looking up, he saw the eyes of Captain Flade glaring at him. Surprised, he waited. The captain's fist caught him behind the ear.

"God's eye-teeth!" barked Captain Flade. "That for sojering!"

But the boy did not hear him. The storm fell away—the sea—the ship—

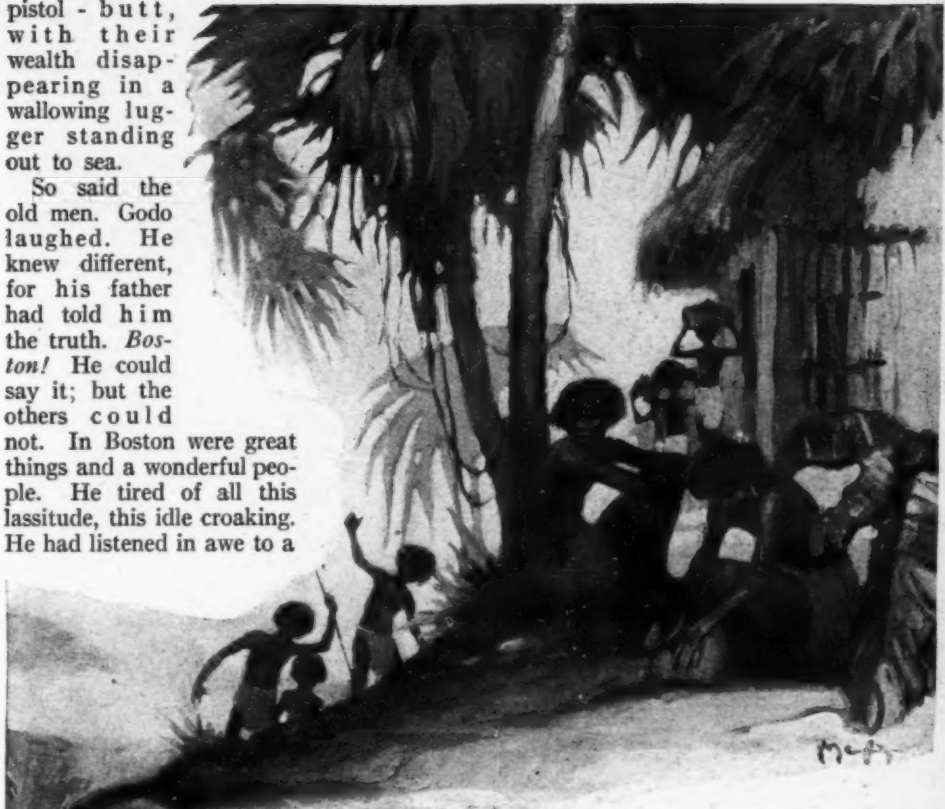
"YOU GO 'LONG BOSTON?"
ASKED GODO. "BOSTON IT
IS," ANSWERED THE CAPTAIN

for Gordon, which they could not pronounce. They shook their heads, these old men, at the half-caste Godo—but, faght, it was not the boy's fault; let him be!

These old men, squatting on their heels, had learned forbearance, if not Christianity; *that* they could not learn. An impossible thing to comprehend, this Christianity! Mild words and a smile and a pointing upward—and a sickness in the head from the Christian bottle, or the Christian

pistol - butt, with their wealth disappearing in a wallowing lugger standing out to sea.

So said the old men. Godo laughed. He knew different, for his father had told him the truth. *Boston!* He could say it; but the others could not. In Boston were great things and a wonderful people. He tired of all this lassitude, this idle croaking. He had listened in awe to a



lady missionary who kept school. She had taught him to desire the great land of the new religion, just as she had taught him somewhat of the language of that great land and of the tenets of that religion.

The things she had taught him, Godo knew, were true and real. Therefore, when Captain Flade swung ashore in the long-boat, his hard eyes glinting and falling upon Godo—the eighth man in the port watch had died uncannily the previous week—Godo was ready and eager to go.

"You go 'long Boston?" asked Godo, his heart knocking on his ribs, his slender, undersized frame trembling. "I know to sail! I know to sail!" And in the fashion of South Sea junks and luggers, he did know how to sail and make sail.

Captain Flade considered. He considered as captain, then as part-owner. The boy lacked physique and maturity, but possessed quickness. Being a heathen and

illiterate, he need not be paid wages. In the end the captain nodded.

"I guess you'll do. Come aboard in an hour!"

"You go 'long Boston?" Godo's breath caught in his throat.

"Yes, Boston it is," threw back the captain as he moved off up the beach.

II

IN a little while the boy stirred on the chill deck. The water washing over him brought him back to consciousness. Wondering, he opened his eyes.

It was even more of a mystery than he had been able to contemplate—the mystery of the ship with its many, many sails and ropes—brails, braces, gaskets, clew-lines, garnets—a jumble of miscellany that tried Godo's limited memory whenever an order was shouted from the quarter-deck and bawled from the waist; the mystery of sailing with the wind in one's face; the mystery of all mysteries—the captain, this

great man of a great people. Him there was no understanding, for to do as he commanded brought commendation of a very difficult sort—a crashing noise in one's ears and a hot pain through the head; then the beating ache throughout the day. The lady missionary had not led Godo to expect this.

The boy lifted himself upon his elbow, and thence, with a roll and a lurch, to his feet, and staggered forward. He had swallowed salt water—which made him sick; besides, his head pounded so that he steered badly. But he looked for no sympathy from any man; and this was wise, inasmuch as sympathy does not go aboard a brig at sea.

Among the crew emotionalism in any guise was laughed down or sneered at. True, they did their cursing, every man of them, when out of ear-shot of the captain, and they thought their thoughts and bided their time. Hard words and hard thoughts! No other kind were applicable; no other kind did they know. The fore-castle is the hardest training-ground the world knows. To Godo they growled out cheerily:

"Matter 'ith yuh? Can't yuh pull a rope in a capful o' wind?"

Godo grinned good-naturedly so that it hurt his cheek-bone. He always grinned. He grinned when they called him a "damned heathen"; it seemed the thing to do.

The mate strode up just then, and the men found something to occupy their attention, rather than be caught talking.

"Look alive, boy!" The mate addressed Godo in a low and not unkindly tone. "The captain's got an eye on you. 'Vast for breakers! Lay out on the martingale!"

He indicated the stay, and the boy leaped to reeve it as the ship wore about on the other tack; but then the mate had served before the mast.

The weather continued chill, the wind strong. It drove them east-northeast—which was not the course to Boston, but to Guinea. The crew knew this, and also knew Godo's unreasoning desire to reach Boston. They kept up the deception.

"Can't be but three days out," one would report with a wise look. "What yuh want in thet bad town, heathen? The ol' town 'll eat yuh up!"

"I got go! I find him—my fatheh! Thee-ree days? So, in great land of Christian will I find him!"

The light of a high quest challenged them.

"H-m! Maybe, an' maybe not. Cap'n 'll crack yuh like a egg afore thet time, I'm thinkin'. Ol' man ain't none too sweet to suit me, anyhow!"

A murmur of approval awoke at this. The watch swung their heels out of their berths, and the circle drew close. It was thus all councils were formed—a word of suggestion after a watch under the "old man."

"Slave work!" grumbled one from a dusky corner. "Hark to that now!"

Silence carried down to them the sounds from above—the breaking of the seas, the creak of cordage, the stamp of feet—four hours of it back and forth, up and down, aloft and aloft, with the captain's voice goading the watch at every step, and the mate singing out:

"With a will, boys! Yo—heave—ho! With a will, there! With a will!"

"Bah! Studdin's's them is! With a will, be damned! It's a blow on the scuttle next, an' tumble out the watch! Six hours on, two off, fer a bloated skike as loads 'er till she shakes. *There!* The fore-tops'l's tore to ribbons!"

Bang, bang, bang on the scuttle, and the mate calling all hands again. It was blowing a gale, and the galley had got adrift and gone to leeward, where it rested in the scuppers on its side, with the cook imprisoned in it. Sails were splitting in all directions and yards sprung in the slings. Disorder—chaos—a wild sea heaving down upon them, threatening to engulf the Harker mountains deep; a steady screaming aloft, a loosened hamper flailing horribly to jig-time.

But the roused watch, making for their places, gave these things little consideration outside the line of their duty. Eyes rested on Captain Flade, aft, warmly dressed and bundled in oilskins. These men hated him, hated him so that they forgot to shiver—all but Godo, who was not a man, and who never seemed to stop shivering. The goose-pimple^s stood out on his bare legs like a violent rash. Sumatra knew no chill weather.

In a week's time the Harker stood in for the coast town of Wari, where it was hot in spite of the trades blowing night and day; and the boy Godo knew that he had been fooled, and that this was not Boston. He said nothing, grinned perpetually, and



"NO! IT'S NOT BOSTON; IT'S CADIZ, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW; AND AFTER THAT IT'S THE HORN, PROBABLY!"

kept hard at work; but when the last load slid down the hatchway, he took his course straight to Captain Flade, standing at the companion, and asked hungrily:

"You go Boston now, sir? You go Boston, like you say?"

"What?" shouted that officer. "What is it now? Telling the captain, eh?" The man's face took fire in his wrath. "You dirty Chinees! No! It's not Boston; it's Cadiz, if you want to know; and after that it's the Horn, probably!"

Godo looked at him, stupefied, meeting his demon glance in the widest stare. And this rubbed the captain raw—to have one of the crew meet his eyes. He thought they should be afraid to do that; but Godo had not learned fear in such a sense. He simply stared, puzzled, trying to decide if this was a joke, striving to rouse his grin for the occasion; but he could not. His eyes faded; the luster went out of them, the dusky luster that made Godo such a handsome boy when he did not shiver with

the cold. The captain laughed after him, but he did not care for that.

That was it—he knew how to take his disappointments. He was of the race of his mother; he was a stoic. The captain had lied to him—this great man of a great people—therefore, it *was* a joke, and he must not complain. No one must see him complain, or hear him. These people of the ship were Christians, and had their own ways. He was not a Christian, and so had somewhat to learn of jokes.

It hurt him that it would be Cadiz and then Cape Horn. He thought his father might not know him when he reached Boston. There were other elements in his distress—the ship life took so much of his strength, gave him so little time for sleep; but the lady missionary's teaching, while not in the least anticipating all this, prepared him for it. Also, Godo came of a race that accepted fate passively, in superstitious silence.

The crew, on the other hand, did not. With them the idea of its being more blessed to give than to receive had to do solely with presentations of the doubled fist. They continually talked of "squaring up" with the old man, although not once was the terrible word "mutiny" spoken—possibly not even thought. But the fresh provisions had long since given out, and no more were taken aboard. Plum duff appeared on Sundays without molasses; and at Wari, where they had to run the boats up on the sand in a high surf and get them off again, Captain Flade had ordered boats back and forth at will and without reason, forcing men forty years old into water to their waists, with no chance to change clothes.

These were but the barest hint of the fore-castle's quarrel with the old man. Killer Flade—aye, that was his name! Killer Flade—aye!

III

At Cadiz the matter came to a head. The mail it was that did it. The boat went ashore for it, dancing over the waves like a butterfly.

"With a will, lads!" piped the second mate in the stern-sheets; and they bent their backs to it.

The crew left on deck had its work cut out putting the vessel into shape, tarring the standing rigging fore and aft, staying the masts, scraping the whole ship inside

and out, pounding rust, and the like. After that would come the unloading and the loading again; never a chance for shore leave—and this Sunday!

On every quarter reminders of the day were to be seen. In this Roman Catholic country men did not slave through the Sabbath. In clean, neat clothes they bowled ashore, howling their favorite choruses, on their way to church or the grog-shop—it mattered little which. The poor fellows of the Harker looked down at their own duck suits, sticky with tar; at the faces of their mates, smutted and sullen. Bungling purposely everything they did, they took out their spite against Killer Flade, and waited for the mail.

The mail—that was the thing! Long George had left a two-weeks wife. Barney Gant, the carpenter, spoke of an unborn babe—March, he had babbled, and this was April. Charley the Greek poked his head out of the steerage, "to get the turpentine out of his eyes," he said; but in reality to look for the boat with the mail. After nine months' imprisonment aboard ship, word from some one at home is relief untold.

Contrary to orders, they talked—though it was of nothing important they spoke; but just to be talking. Of the mail they said not a word; yet in the same moment nine pairs of eyes turned shoreward, and nine brushes dropped into buckets. The boat had pushed off from the wharf.

And now they were at the rail, peering, peering. Nearer came the boat. In the stern-sheets the second mate held something aloft—a packet. From the rail a cheer broke out; one man smote his neighbor. The secret was out at last, and no need to try to withhold their excitement.

They had hooks on the boat before ever she slued around, and up she came. A cheer for the second mate! Then he was off to the cabin with the packet, leaving the men jabbering.

They gathered at the mainmast. One said he guessed it was a good day to be alive, and tarring was better than scraping. They drifted nearer and nearer to the cabin. A song was struck up in an undertone, but not one could keep the key. Laughing, they gave it up. It would be only a minute now.

Godo stood to one side, unnoticed, on the hatch-cover, a hint of eagerness in his face also, one hand on the ring to strip the

hatchway in a trice and burrow down into the cargo. Mail he would get none; for how might his father know that his son was on the high seas bound for him? He was wishing the unloading would begin, and up sail and a quick passage around the Horn, and then—and then—

There might be another joke, of course; but this he had learned from the crew—that every jack of them had signed articles for two years and no more; that of that time only ten months were left. He put store by this and counted the days, just as the men clustered about the mast were now counting the seconds and shifting from one foot to the other as they counted, grinning their sickly, excited grins.

Ho! What was this coming?

Out of the cabin stepped the second mate. His hands were empty; he came on, sucking his lip. It was plain that he did not relish his task. Short before the crew he stopped, in a silence filled with the rasping of breath. He waved his arm and managed a brusque air.

"Into the rigging with them buckets! Time's precious, lads! No sojerin', now! Here, you heathen, polish up the bell an' 'vast heavin' on the hatch-ring!"

The men stood open-mouthed. For half a minute not one stirred. They possessed slow wits, to be sure; but one after another those countenances changed, grew square, stolid, hard. Then they went back to work. Well they knew who was to blame—the captain.

Never a word, never a sound but the screech of the scrapers and the rattling up of the rigging. Until eight bells a veritable death hush infolded the ship, thrusting off the echoes of released men ashore, darkening and deepening the harsh spirit of those who toiled.

At eight bells, or high noon, the two watches gathered forward for salt beef and duff. Long George spoke first, while everybody looked down at the boards and pretended not to be listening. Gant shook like a reed and croaked about a cold—said a cold was nothing to what women had to put up with.

The mate strode up with a fist full of letters and papers, and began to dole them around. One and all accepted them without comment, stuffed them into their shirts, and went on eating. Not until the watch had been sent below would a word of them be read.

Charley the Greek spoke after Long George, and said, with his face all aflush, that the mate would make a good captain. Then other tongues began to loosen, and more was said—much more. Barney Gant choked on his chunk of beef.

In five days the Harker cleared for Buenos Aires, with the carpenter sharpening tools and sawing off lengths of scantling. There was an oppressive atmosphere, which it took Godo some time to understand. A word passed from man to man. There was a gruff hint to the heathen to keep himself out of the way—and straightway Godo's head ached with another mystery of the Christians.

The crew paid no attention to him, answered his questions without thinking, reckoned him not at all in their plans—which were not mutiny—never that! The mate was willing to be captain; a man overboard told no tales.

To Godo the truth, seeping little by little into his consciousness, was horrifying. Day after day he had been learning an abhorrent thing—that the lessons of the lady missionary did not spring into life aboard the brig; that even Christians hated one another and plotted as did the men of Sumatra. Had Godo not had a firm belief in his father, he must have repudiated this so-called religion and admitted forlornly that the old men were right; and yet the lady missionary had done her work well, too well for even a brig's crew to undo. The joy of sacrifice, of service, of not hating one's enemies any longer than the sting of the blow lasted—these lessons stayed with him through everything.

Why? What does a heathen's mind contain? How should duty mean anything? The answer is that the lady missionary knew her work.

Before any one realized, Godo stood before Killer Flade, telling his story. Many times he had so stood, and well-nigh always it had ended in but one way—with the boy sprawled out on the deck and the ringing of hell's bells in his head. So it might end this time.

It did not, and yet Captain Flade's hand rose knotted, and his veins swelled at his temples. He said all manner of things to Godo—terrible things spoken in a frenzy. He was the killer again, skinning his man alive. Godo bobbed his head at each phrase, so little did it mean to him.

Then, driving the heathen before him,

this captain of courage strode into the fore-castle and demanded what was up, and who they thought they were, and which yard-arm they would pick to swing from. And before an hour had passed the mate, too, bore down upon them in no uncertain humor, hazing them without mercy. The next day the carpenter had used his scantling for a chicken-coop, and Long George was singing out, "Aye, aye, sir!" unreservedly, and the episode had blown over, except as far as Godo was concerned.

IV

FOR Godo the outlook grew bleak indeed. The crew spewed him forth at every opportunity, forced him into the steerage to sleep on a coil of rope with a tarpaulin over him, robbed him of the best pieces at meals, denied him the slight comradeship the lonely brig offered, refused him utterly. The captain, on the other hand, despised him just as thoroughly. For fear he should be adjudged in favor for his astonishing act, Flade worked him at every slightest pretext until, what with exposure and mistreatment one way and another, Godo developed coast fever.

It may have been something else than exposure and hard treatment that brought on fever; it may have been discouragement. It seemed to Godo that he would never reach Boston. There was a time when, heading north from Buenos Aires for Tampa, there was a possibility of making on straight for that desired port; but the Harker turned her bows south again, and the word spread that her destination was Callao, on the Pacific.

Sixteen days they were rounding the Horn, sixteen days of biting cold and terrible buffeting. When it was over—the last hour of terror, of excruciating pain in frost-nipped fingers, of aching numbness—they ran swiftly into warm weather, and it was then that Godo developed coast fever.

He lost flesh amazingly, lost the spring out of his step, lost his bright grin and burnished glance. He drooped at the shoulders, and dragged his feet.

Captain Flade was quick to observe the lagging. He told the mate:

"Put that Java heathen ashore at Callao. He's sick—he's no good."

"He shipped for Boston, sir. Aren't you letting him go in with you?"

Flade had not forgiven the sixteen days at the Horn; delay maddened him.

"Shipped for Boston—be damned! I'll carry no drones aboard my vessel!"

"A few days, sir, and the lad 'll be fit, I'm thinking."

"You're a stickler, Mr. Roker. Send the beggar to me!"

Godo came stumbling, but he held his head erect, as he always did, when he faced the great man. Captain Flade scrutinized disgustedly every meager outline.

"Sick, eh?" he barked. "I'll put you aboard a Sandwich Islander. You'll make back to your people in a month, and God's own luck that is, too!"

The boy fell upon his knees all in a moment, protesting:

"Oh, sir—you please not! I go 'long Boston like you say! Oh, sir!" The misery of his body centered in his eyes. "In Boston is my fatheh—you please!"

"What's this?" blustered the captain. "You're not fit for service."

"Yes, yes! I work! I pull! I show you! Oh, sir—you please!"

"You'll have to show me, all right. Well, then, get forward with you!"

"Ah!" The dusky smile thanked him overwhelmingly. "You so great man!"

Turning, Godo ran with new vigor back to his oakum-picking.

When the Harker put about from Callao, Godo was still aboard, and Captain Flade, swearing under his breath, parted with a few quinin pills.

Now the going tried men's souls, for it was June, when the Horn is at its worst, and the ice-floes drift north. At the taffrail the bundled figure of Killer Flade drove the vessel under studdingsails and skysails, with the daylight shortening to eight hours, to seven, to six; while in the foretop Godo stood lookout, hour after hour, for a glimpse of the flaring green and white islands of sheer ice, coming down too stiff to move a finger, and reeling to a rope to pull, pull, pull.

A measure of grog, an occasional cup of hot coffee, and the bitter cold held the fever down somehow, so that Godo stayed alive, to stare eternally into the antarctic haze, and quaver his warning, and watch the spray lift high over the vessel and freeze where it struck. To keep his heart beating he counted and measured the seas that came aboard, translated them into miles, and tried to pick out Boston on the port bow. The lady missionary had said that in Boston the streets had lights like

big stars glowing to show the way, and wagons with windows in them running on a track; and at the end of the track was a big stone house where many men occupied themselves, and in this house Godo's father might be found. He fancied he saw the lights, and smiled happily—then fought against sleepiness and managed to shout: "Ice! Ice on the sta'board bow!"

They came crippled into the Atlantic, their canvas depleted, rent, and tattered,

a growl and a curse; a rubbing elbow started a fight. Only Killer Flade held the men from murder, and Flade locked the cabin door at night.

In the midst of this—in it, but not of it—shuffled and stumbled Godo, singing. He sang because he was less cold; he sang be-



FOR HALF A MINUTE NO ONE STIRRED. THE MEN POSSESSED SLOW WITS, TO BE SURE; BUT ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEIR COUNTENANCES CHANGED, GREW SQUARE, STOLID, HARD

ratlines loose and sagging with the weight of ice they had supported, stays on the point of breaking, the carpenter on his back with the palsy, the captain snarling at men and ship and winds. A floating hell of corruption, foul of odor, loathsome with rancor and petty irritation; every man gaunt, haggard, and snarling at his neighbor, and the old trouble breaking out between crew and master. A glance drew

cause he was counting the days. "In fair weather or in storm the brig bore steadily on, making nothing—toward Boston—toward Boston!"

Two months remained of the two years. He saw the lights—aye, the lights of Boston streets! Emaciated, with the fever on him strongly once more, he counted; they were miles he counted. His voice was his companion; his spirit kept him company

when his mournful notes of optimism fell under the ship's hard rules.

In the horse-latitudes came a period of rest to him—tossing rest, when he burned up, when consciousness deserted him, and Boston lights twinkled all about. There, at last, was his father, who—oh, glory of glories!—recognized him and took his hand, Christian fashion. His journey was ended! He was at home among the great people!

Out of the tropics at last, and a close-hauled ship wearing before the trades; nerves wearing, too, and troubles multiplying. Off the Bahamas came on a blow and a fog, and Charley the Greek was laid in the scuppers by Killer Flade's twelve-knot fist.

Murder! The sound of the word whined in the rigging. Barney Gant whimpered in his leaky berth of the babe he would never see. Driving like the Flying Dutchman through a thick fog! Dead men all for the sake of a hard-bitted captain!

Murder! Long George whispered it to French Martin. Charley the Greek nursed his swollen jaw and whetted his knife. Killer Flade would never kill them! Damn that treacherous young heathen! Couldn't he shut his mouth?

V

OUT of the steerage crawled Godo at the summons of the watch. Bells rang in his ears that were never struck. Faces danced before him, misshapen, ghastly, cruel, unearthly. A boot drove at him with a malediction. He found his footing again; there had been no pain. He grinned, and his lips cracked. Men moved past him in the drifting curtain of mist; silent men on a deadly errand; weak men in the grip of terror, dreading the slight sound of their own footfalls. They were nearing the cabin, from which the captain had not come forth. In a few minutes he would step out on deck.

Godo leaned against the rail and watched them. He did not know what was in the air. These movements—they were strange. If one might think about them—but the dizziness, the whirring, crowded out thought, made reasoning impossible.

Perhaps it made no difference. They would drift on and on. He had forgotten how far it was to Boston now. If his father should not know him because of the time it had taken—ah, but the lady missionary's

letter pinned in his clothes—the wise missionary lady!

Lights burst inside his head. He could not stand. He eased down upon a coil of rope and closed his eyes. He seemed to dream, and the waves said:

"Boston! Boston!"

He should not be unhappy. All the jokes were over—those Christian jokes. If he opened his eyes after a while he would behold Boston—the lights, the wagons with windows, his father.

He mumbled a little, while those men crouched on either side of the cabin door—waiting, waiting. Then, quite naturally, though with some torture to his lungs and throat and lips, he began in a weak voice to sing—not the songs of his native land. He was not a native; he was of the great people, and a Christian song fluttered from him. Once more he stood in the mission beside the little organ.

"—Sweet Beulah Land,
Upon the highest mount I stand—"

"God! What's that?" came a startled undertone from out of the shadows.

In the tense moment the least sound penetrated to every ear. Long George breathed hard.

"And look away across the sea
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view—"

A man at French Martin's right hand groaned and hissed sibilantly:

"It's a sign—hark to that! It's a sign! Evil 'll come! I can't—"

"Shut yer mouth! The *heathen*—yuh damn fool!"

"Tain't no 'eathen song," another whined back. "It's church singin'."

The crowd of men eddied in the fog, gave back a step, wrung curses from those behind. Over the after deck and the waist floated hungrily:

"And view that shining, beauteous shore,
My heaven, my home—for evermore."

The ghostly echo swirled in again on the wings of the fog. There was no further sound, save as here and there a gray shape bulked out for a moment, listening at the waist, then retreating back to the fore-castle, superstition-ridden.

Without warning the captain stepped briskly out of the doorway, measured

glances with Long George, and, with an oath, asked him what he wanted. Long George cast a furtive look behind him, saw the immediate vicinity unpopulated, and muttered something incoherent. His hand still in his shirt-front, he moved sulkily away.

At the weather rail Godo drooped over the coil of rope, inert. The fever had laid hold in earnest. He lifted and fell with the vessel, a very part of it.

Out of the fog loomed a mountainous shape, bearing down like a huge, substantial ghost. Two helms went hard up barely in time. The vessels sheered off; a boom scraped the Harker's side. Flade sprang to the rail.

"Ahoy! Where are we?"

A voice floated back:

"George's Banks!"

A cheer went up from the brig. Men breathed deeply once more. George's Banks; and after George's Banks—

A rough voice mumbled to itself:

"And view that shining, beauteous shore—"

They found Godo and carried him below. The mate was called, and went down to see what was needed. He shook his head as he poured out a finger of grog and tossed in a drop or so of strychnin. It was wasting medicine, very probably.

When the starboard watch turned in,

there were some frowns and a little grumbling over the presence of the heathen; but this passed off, so full of satisfaction did they all feel with the word that had come out of the fog.

"Let 'im lay!" shouted one generously. "Who's a carin' now?"

And instead of sleeping, the whole watch sat up and talked and sang, laid out shore clothes, and roared over stale jokes.

Godo's eyes opened once, as if the speaking of a word had wakened him. It was in the middle of the night, while the men discussed home and a cruise ashore. In the boy's eyes a great wonder appeared to grow for the fleetest space of time. He had always wondered at everything; but now he had found something quite different to wonder about.

The mate dropped in at dawn and looked the boy over once more, felt his pulse, and fumbled for his heart. His failure to discover it drew a wag of the head and a clucking behind his teeth. He folded the cold, emaciated hands and went to report to the captain.

The fog had lifted. Some fishing-smacks passed them with a hearty hail. The mate peered landward with the others. There lay the low, humped spread of Cape Cod. He forgot his errand and beamed broadly.

"Good old Boston!" he mused aloud. "Ann Street by night! Home!"

THE QUEST FOR ARCADY

I, too, have longed to seek out Arcady,
And know for mine the bliss of perfect peace;
To reach the heights that love alone may climb,
And dwell forever there till time shall cease.

I used to sit alone upon a hill
And watch the landscape fading with the sun;
I used to listen with closed eyes to strains
Of music, when a weary day was done.

I lived a life apart, within myself,
And strove to banish care and worldly stress;
In distant lands I sought in vain to find
Such treasures as Arcadians might possess.

At last my winding course brought me back home,
Where first the golden dream had come to me;
And there, 'mid all that harassed and distressed,
I found sweet peace, and love, and Arcady!

Maude Burbank Harding

The Left-Handed Marriage

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrated by W. K. Starrett

THAT which is woman's whole existence may be of man's life a thing apart, but Robin Mackinstry wished that he might have some confirmation of the poet's theory. He was first assistant engineer in the McKey-Hartwell automobile factory, which is a whale of a good job for a man under thirty, as you know if you happen to be familiar with jobs in the manufacturing city of Roebuck, Michigan. But the mere fact that he received a lot of money for his time, and would not have done any other kind of work at twice the salary, did not loom very large on Robin's consciousness as he slipped into his work clothes in the office.

It looked like a bad night. He had to be on duty until seven the next morning, with nothing much to do but think of what had happened that day. There was a lot of food for thought in the events of the last twenty-four hours.

The night before, he, Robin Mackinstry, had been engaged to Laura Kemp. To-night he didn't believe he was—not if the fact that she had been married to some one else could be construed as a breach of contract. His own wedding to Laura had been set for the following month, or as soon as she had passed her twenty-first birthday. Laura would inherit a considerable sum of money—several hundred thousand dollars—if she were not married before she was twenty-one. Neither of them had set money above their happiness, but it had seemed wise not to throw away a competence which might be a mainstay for her if anything happened to him. They had discussed it quite frankly, and had arrived at the sensible conclusion together.

Laura had never intimated that there was any one else in her life. Robin had not been conscious of a rival. But then, he reflected bitterly, he had been working nights ever since he had known her, and

he could not tell how or with whom she spent the evenings. He had certainly never thought to spy upon her. That she had been carried away by a whirlwind of passion for some other man seemed incredible, but no alternative explanation accounted for the facts.

He had to face his own knowledge of Laura—which was that she was a rather timid sort of a girl, easily swayed by a person whom she loved. Her very childishness had doubly endeared her to him. Her dependence had fostered a tenderness in his heart that he could never feel toward any other woman.

Even now he kept thinking of her as a poor, helpless baby at the mercy of the complexities of the world. It seemed likely that she had been unable to tell him that she cared for some one else. Probably she would have gone on and married him anyway, rather than make the break, if some stronger will had not swept her off her feet.

Pitying her, however, did not make any less poignant his sense of loss. Laura was the heart of him, and the fact that he would never even see her again took the whole future tense out of his life.

As he went through the shops on his first tour of inspection, men whom he knew nodded to him without receiving his customary greeting in return. Lathes turned, drill-presses whirled and crashed, belts and pulleys clicked smoothly overhead, and conveyer trucks rattled on their endless way from department to department without registering anything but a subconscious background on Robin Mackinstry's mind.

If anything had been radically wrong he would doubtless have noticed, but the ordinary hum of a machine-shop was the major theme of his life melody, and he paid no attention to it. He did not even acknowledge its soothing influence; but as a matter of fact, if he had ever stopped to analyze

it, he always thought better and more clearly within sound of machinery. The distracting clatter only stimulated him to concentration.

But to-night even the power-plant, with its friendly hiss of steam, the click and tap of well-oiled valves, and the throb of swift-moving pistons, failed of its customary solace. Robin was alone with an unpleasant nightmare of thoughts. He rehearsed again and again the scene at Laura's home that day—his customary afternoon call to take her for a walk, the message delivered by the maid at the door, who did not invite him in, to the effect that Laura was not at home, and had left on her honeymoon that morning, and his dazed departure without even inquiring the name of the man she had married.

After that he had gone somewhere, he couldn't remember where, wandering the streets aimlessly, until habit and duty had finally led him supperless to the factory and the routine of responsibility.

II

THE evening went by somehow. Murray, the policeman on duty near the plant, dropped into the engine-room for his customary chat, but found Mackinstry singularly uncommunicative. Robin could not talk about anything but Laura, and to mention her under the circumstances would seem like a breach of good taste, as if he were complaining of his fate, welshing on the adverse decision of the gods.

So Murray smoked in silence. Men usually respect one another's moods. He had nothing to do until eleven o'clock, and it lacked half an hour of that time. He was still there when a messenger from the guarded gate of the factory grounds brought word that a lady wished to see Mr. Mackinstry.

Robin could not leave his post just then, so, in spite of the fact that he did not ordinarily receive visitors in the engine-room, he wonderingly directed that the lady should be brought in.

"I'll be going," suggested Murray, abandoning the comfortable burlaped seat that he had preempted.

"Not at all," Mackinstry objected. "I don't know who she is. I'm not expecting any one, and I'd rather have you stay."

Robin certainly was not expecting Laura, but his bruised heart gave a throb of recognition when she was ushered in.

How small she looked there in that gargantuan fabric of moving machinery, how frail by comparison with the ribbed steel, how powerless and defenseless in the presence of the benevolent giant, Steam, purring now in lazy contentment behind closed safety-valves!

"Laura!" he said, and she came toward him with a look of glad relief in her eyes.

"Take care of me," was all she said. She leaned against his arm as he reached out to support her. "There wasn't anybody in all the world I could come to but you."

"But you're married," Robin offered stupidly. "I have no right to—"

"But you must," she insisted. "I've reached the end of my strength. I don't understand anything. I can't find any familiar place to stand on. It's all dark, and I groped my way to you."

"You *are* married, aren't you?"

"I'm not sure. Uncle George says so."

"Great Scott, don't you know?" Robin demanded almost impatiently.

Officer Murray, thinking to slip out unobserved, had left his chair once more and was tiptoeing toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Bill," admonished Robin. "You're going to help me with this. Now, Laura, sit down in this chair which Mr. Murray so kindly offers you, and tell us what you mean by saying that you don't know whether you are married."

Glad to be bullied, Laura Kemp allowed herself to be forced into the comfortable chair. It was built for a man broad of beam like Murray, and she occupied only about one-third of it; but she leaned back against its padded back and stretched her tan-clad feet luxuriously before her. The rest of her was tan, too—coat, skirt, and hat, all of one tone, just a little lighter than her hair. She was an elf of the wood who had strayed into the stronghold of modern machinery.

"Begin at the beginning," commanded Mackinstry, standing in front of her, a towering giant. "How did it happen?"

III

"WELL, in the first place, you know you were never very popular with my Uncle George."

"I know," Robin admitted. "Uncle George is her guardian," he added in explanation to Officer Murray. "She lives with him."



"WHILE HE TURNED TO GIVE DIRECTIONS AND TIP THE PORTER, I OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED OUT ON THE FAR SIDE"

"I guess he didn't like you much because I found you myself. I think he would much rather have picked out a husband for me. I believe I told you that he wanted me to marry a protégé of his, Ralph Mallory, over a year ago; but I didn't like Ralph."

"Neither did I. You know Mallory, the lawyer?" Robin inquired of Murray.

"Yes, and he's a smart one," was Officer Murray's comment.

"Smart and unscrupulous," Mackinstry added. "Are you Mrs. Mallory now?" he demanded of Laura.

She nodded.

"Damn! Go on. How did it happen?"

"Mr. Mallory called last night after dinner. I had a headache, and didn't want to see him; but my uncle insisted. He had the maid bring me a powder for my head, and begged me to come down, if only for a few moments. I did, because I felt that I had to, although I knew in advance what he would have to say to me. Mr. Mallory has been proposing about once a month ever since I first met him.

Just as I had suspected, it was the same story all over again. I only laughed at him. It seemed sort of funny. I felt strange, anyway—light-headed and silly. I know I didn't talk intelligently, because I felt awfully tired, and wanted to get away and go to bed; but he kept on just the same, and after a while I did not seem to have strength enough to combat him. The last thing I remember he was still talking, telling me what a glorious time we would have on our honeymoon."

"The last thing you remember?" Robin echoed, picking on the most incomprehensible point in her story. "Why don't you remember any more?"

"I don't know. I just don't, that's all. It seems as if I fell asleep, but I'm not sure. Anyway, there's a part in there I don't remember at all, and then after that I recollect very clearly again. The way it seems to me is like this—Mr. Mallory was

talking, talking, talking, just as I said. Then something seemed to click in my brain, and I didn't notice him for a little while. Then I did notice him again, for I was in his arms and he was kissing me. I pushed him away, and cried with rage. I asked him what he meant by such conduct. He appeared to be bewildered, and my uncle, who was in the room, said quite casually:

"Why shouldn't your husband kiss you?"

"My husband?" I repeated.

"Yes. You were married an hour ago, weren't you?"

"I swore that I wasn't, but they seemed to think I had suddenly gone crazy, and they were apparently trying to be very patient with me. Mr. Mallory, when he saw that it was distasteful to me, released me from his arms, and has not attempted to touch me since. My uncle, just as kind, showed me what I suppose is a marriage certificate, all made out with my name and signed by a minister. He explained that I had decided to marry Mr. Mallory earlier in the evening, and that, in order to simplify matters, a minister had been invited in and the ceremony performed then and there. He seemed to think that it had all been in accordance with my wishes, and was terribly hurt because I was not pleased with it. That's all."

"That's enough!" growled Robin.

"Humph!" grunted Officer Murray, and added significantly: "Doped!"

"Of course," assented Robin. "In the headache medicine. But that would be hard to prove."

"What would be the idea in marrying the girl against her wishes?" debated the policeman.

"She has some money coming to her," Robin explained.

"And they say Mallory will do anything for money," Murray concurred.

"But I lose most of my inheritance by marrying before I'm twenty-one," Laura pointed out.

"You lose it," Mackinstry admitted, "but who gets it?"

"My uncle."

"There's your answer! He's a smooth fox, your uncle, and I never would have suspected him of it, but I'll bet he's been caught short on the market somewhere and simply has to have a couple of hundred thousand. What would be simpler than to

frame up this marriage on you with some unscrupulous chap like Mallory and divide up the proceeds? He probably hated to have to share with Mallory, but it was better than nothing. No doubt this has been in your uncle's mind ever since he first introduced Mallory to you. No wonder he hated me, especially when he found out we were going to wait until you were twenty-one before getting married!" He knit his brows thoughtfully. "But how did you manage to get away to come here?"

"We were on our way to the railroad-station. We had been at the Hotel Statler all day—Mr. Mallory and my uncle and I. They were quite kind, and reasoned with me patiently, trying to make me see that everything was all right. Finally—along about ten o'clock, I think—the porter called for our baggage, and Mr. Mallory took me down to the entrance. There was an automobile there, and he put me into it. While he turned to give directions and tip the porter, I opened the other door and stepped out on the far side. It was the first chance I'd had. It was dark, there was a traffic jam in the street, and I managed to get away; but I didn't have any place to go. You can see that home was impossible, and I haven't any friends whom I could ask to protect me from the man who is legally my husband. I don't know what you can do, Robin, but I had to see you—just had to, that's all there is about it!"

She paused for a moment to see how he was taking it.

"You'll take care of me, won't you?" pleaded Laura with childlike trust, mingled with the doubts and fears born of her recent experience.

"You don't love this—this husband of yours?" Robin countered.

"No."

"And you do love me?"

"Robin!" Her looks were his answer.

Officer Murray coughed his embarrassment, but nobody paid any attention to him, so he stepped outside—unnoticed this time.

The mere fact that Laura was presumably married to some one else made no difference in the thrill which the young engineer received at finding her in his arms once more. His arms! And he had been telling himself that it could never happen again!



"IF SHE WANTS TO RETURN,
I'LL TAKE HER MYSELF," SAID ROBIN

"I'll take care of you till hell freezes!" he vowed, forcefully if inelegantly. "You belong to me no matter what—"

"A gentleman to see you, Mac." The policeman stood at the door again. "He

was going to bust right in, but I stopped him."

"Who is it?"

"Mallory, I think."

Mackinstry reflected a moment.



"DON'T
YOU THINK
THAT IS USURP-
ING MY PLACE?"
MALLORY INQUIRED.
"AFTER ALL, I AM HER
HUSBAND, YOU KNOW"

"You'll have to let him in, I guess."
"Just as you say"—opening the door.
"Mr. Mackinstry says to come in."

IV

A TALL and rather thick-set young man stepped into the engine-room. He was a smooth-shaven individual, and when he removed his hat it was evident that his black hair was waging a losing fight with his

forehead, resisting rather stubbornly in the center, but falling back on both flanks.

"I hoped I might find you here, Laura," he said pleasantly. "Won't you introduce me to your friend?"

"I'll introduce myself, Mr. Mallory," declared Robin, somewhat roughly. "I'm Mackinstry."

"I've heard of you."

"I thought so."

The two men eyed each other warily. The newcomer was inclined to be good-humored about it, if possible, but Mackinstry was quite determined that it wasn't possible. He was still sore from yesterday's blow to his pride and self-esteem.

"If you have finished your chat, Laura, I'll take you back to the hotel," suggested the new husband amiably.

"She hadn't thought of going back," Robin answered for her, putting himself in front of Laura in a belligerent attitude. "If she wants to return, I'll take her myself."

"Don't you think that is usurping my place a little too much?" Mallory inquired, still mildly. "After all, I am her husband, you know."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"You are of a suspicious nature—too suspicious for your own good, I rather fancy. I do not happen to have our marriage certificate with me, but I will be very glad to show it to you any time you have any legal right to see it. Now I suggest that we terminate this interview, as it is rather late. If Mrs. Mallory will be so kind as to come with me—"

"She will not!"

Mackinstry took a step toward the attorney, as if he expected his statement to be the signal for a blow; but Mallory only laughed. He still had the mastery of his temper.

"She can't stay here all night," he pointed out, shrugging his shoulders. "Even you can see what a terrible scandal that would cause. Surely you would not want to ruin Mrs. Mallory's reputation by such a piece of folly!"

Robin had not thought of that. Mallory saw his indecision.

"She must go somewhere."

"I'll take her somewhere myself," growled Robin.

"Where?"

"Where she'll be safe and no one can talk. Is that satisfactory to you, Laura?"

"Yes," she faltered, trying to hold Robin's eyes with her own and gather strength from him. He could see that she was frightened half to death. His resolution—never to let her go back to this man—was strengthened to tensile steel.

"That's all there is to it," he declared to Mallory, with finality. "I will take care of her. Very probably she will serve you with suit for divorce or annulment in

a day or so, and thus relieve you from the sense of responsibility which at present seems to rest so heavily on your shoulders. Murray, show the gentleman out; and see if there is a taxicab waiting around anywhere near the gate, will you? If there is, it will save me a lot of time."

The attorney started to say something, but thought better of it. He laughed shortly, and left the power-house, escorted menacingly by the special policeman.

The girl was shivering like a leaf.

"Don't be frightened, kid," Robin told her.

"But he is my husband, and if he ever gets me back now he will punish me for running away! He keeps his temper beautifully, but oh, Robin, if he ever lets go, it will be terrible. He's cruel, really—can't you see that? His smile is only a mask, and I'm afraid I'll see him some day when he tears it off."

"There, there!" Robin had his arm around her and was patting her on the back. "There aren't any bears in the dark closet. There has been an awful mistake somewhere, but we'll straighten it all out. We've won the first round, anyway. He didn't take you away with him!"

He was still engaged in heartening her with soothing words when the telephone rang. It was an inter-department instrument, and the call proved to be from the office.

"Mr. Mackinstry," said the manager—a young man no older than Robin himself, but the son-in-law of the president of the McKey-Hartwell Company—"I understand that there is a woman in the power-house there with you. Is that so?"

"It is, sir."

"You realize, don't you, that such a thing is contrary to the rules of the company, and that unless you eject her immediately—"

"Wait a minute, sir!" Mackinstry was beginning to boil with rage, but he hung onto his temper for a minute longer. "I was just about to ask your permission to take her away. She is a very delicate girl, and she is already frightened."

The manager laughed.

"She's a married woman, Mackinstry. She's fooling you. Her husband is right here now."

"I don't give a damn who is there or what he says," Robin shot back. "Will you let me go or not?"

"I will not."

"Why? You know my assistant can take my place for an hour or so, don't you?"

"I could run your job myself, if I had to. There isn't anybody in this factory who can't be spared."

The manager was voicing a theory which he had absorbed from an efficiency magazine. Whether it was true or not he had no means of knowing, never having tried it out in practise.

"Then you can get along without me, but won't let me go?"

"Not for the reason you mention. This company does not countenance immoral conduct on the part—"

"Hell!" Robin cut in with disgust. "I herewith tender my resignation. You can accept it or not, just as you like. I'll be out of here in ten minutes, anyway, so you'd better have some one in to take my place. Good night!"

He hung up, minus his job, but feeling somewhat better for having blown off a little steam at somebody.

V

"Now, young lady, this is where we beat it out to my sister's house. I haven't any more job than a rabbit, myself, so I'll have plenty of time to look after you. You needn't be frightened any more, for your personal body-guard—that's me—will be underfoot all the time from now on until you're free from the persistent barnacle that seems to think he's your husband. Come on!"

Laura was visibly heartened by his confident manner, and managed to smile at his banter.

"But I wish I were married to you, Robin," she confessed shyly.

"You're apt to get your wish if you don't quit vamping me with your eyes like that."

Robin called his assistant in from the back room and gave him a few general instructions. Then he led the way through the shop to the engineer's office, where he got into his street clothes.

"All set!" he declared, and drew Laura's arm through his own.

They left the building and traversed the open space between the office and the gate. At the entrance to the works there was a crowd of men gathered, mostly in overalls, but even in the spattering light of the arc-

lamp directly over the gate, Mackinstry thought they did not look like employees of the factory.

"What's all this gang?" he asked of Niblo, the pensioned gate-keeper.

"Don't know, sir. They say they come from Chicago, from an employment agency that Mr. Hartwell sent to for extra hands. I didn't let 'em in, but sent a messenger over to the office."

"Quite right," commended Mackinstry, forgetting that it was no longer in his province to praise or blame. "Come on, Laura! There's a car waiting for us across the street."

He began to lead the way through the knot of men who were clustered about the gate. Quite unexpectedly, when they got about half-way through, he met with resistance. The men just in front of him did not give way. Robin used his elbow.

"Who you shovin'?" demanded some one truculently.

"Stand aside and let the lady pass," commanded Robin.

"What if we won't?" the man in front of him asked.

"Then I'll make you," Robin suggested pleasantly.

"You will?"

The question was the last thing Robin heard. Stars clustered round his brain in distracting constellations. Finally they ceased shooting, and absolute darkness settled in.

He came out of it with his head on Officer Murray's knee, and Niblo, the gate-keeper, sprinkling water on his face. There was no one else there.

"Where's Laura? Where's the girl?" Robin managed to ask faintly.

"Gone."

"Of course!" Impatience speeded returning consciousness. "Where? With whom?"

"With Mallory, in an automobile. Happened along just after you were knocked out by his gang." Officer Murray furnished the particulars.

"And you didn't stop him?"

"How could I? I didn't get to you until it was all over."

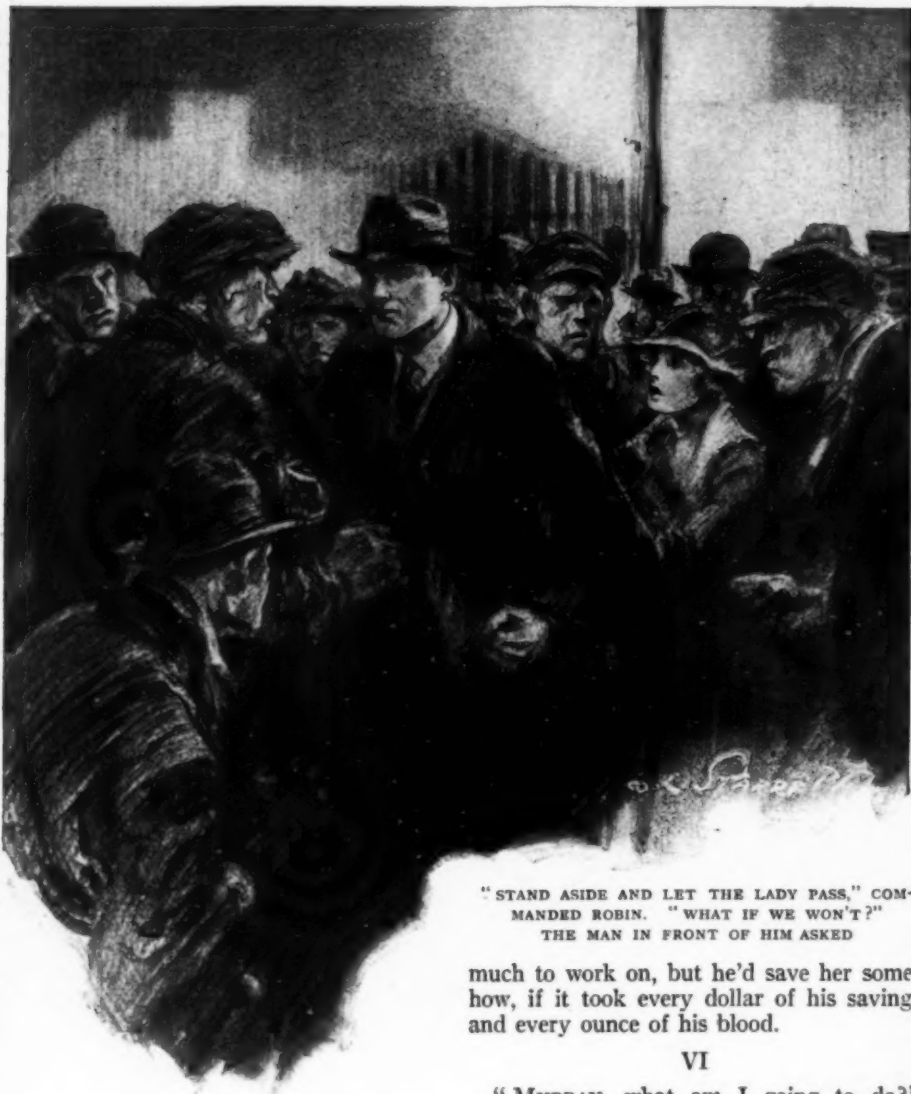
Robin sat up and rubbed his bruised head ruefully.

"Clever of him, wasn't it? First he made it impossible for Laura to stay in the factory, and then he laid for me outside. I ought to have thought of that!"

He was mad clear through, but, more than that, he was worried; for he knew that the girl he loved was in a desperate plight. She would not get another chance to escape, that was certain. So long as she had been free and able to appear in

And he knew that Laura was frightened. She had had one hope—himself—and he had failed to save her. By now she must be in the depths of despair.

Well, he wasn't dead yet, and until he was he wouldn't give up. There was not



"STAND ASIDE AND LET THE LADY PASS," COMMANDED ROBIN. "WHAT IF WE WON'T?"
THE MAN IN FRONT OF HIM ASKED

much to work on, but he'd save her somehow, if it took every dollar of his savings and every ounce of his blood.

VI

"MURRAY, what am I going to do?" Robin asked.

"I don't know, sir. Shall we take you back to the office?"

"No, I'm not going back there. I'll walk with you on your beat a while, if you don't mind. The air will do me good. I've got to think fast."

court it had seemed easy enough to start divorce or annulment proceedings; but he, Robin Mackinstry, by himself, would have no legal standing in the matter. Any judge would laugh at him as soon as he admitted that he was the defeated suitor.

"You ought to lie down for a bit," protested Niblo, solicitously. Every one around the factory liked the former assistant engineer.

"Couldn't do it—thanks!" Robin returned abstractedly. "Must keep going. Come on, Murray!"

He was a little unsteady on his feet for a few minutes, but that wore away, and left nothing to remind him of his knock-out except a throbbing in the machinery with which he was trying to think.

"The worst of it is they'll be leaving town by the first train, and if I lose track of her I can't help. If he can keep her prisoner long enough, he can frighten her into acknowledging the marriage and living with him. If I could only stop 'em, or at least trail 'em! When's the next train out of here for Chicago or New York?"

"Gee, I don't know. You could telephone the station."

"Sure! Here's a drug-store still open. I'll bet Mallory will go to one city or the other, and I've got to be on the same train."

Mackinstry, thinking out loud, dragged his official friend in with him while he telephoned the railway ticket-office. He found there that the first through train out of that station was bound for Chicago, and left in fifteen minutes.

"He'll take that train," decided Robin, emerging from the booth. "Where can I get a taxi?"

"I don't know. There's no stand around here."

"How far is it to the station?"

"About a mile and a half."

"I can't walk it. Where's the nearest fire department station?"

"What for?"

"Where is it? Don't waste time."

"In the next block," Murray pointed.

"Good! Wait a second."

Mackinstry dashed into the telephone-booth once more, and gave the number of fire department headquarters. According to regulation, the operator made the connection without delay and without asking for a nickel.

"Hello!" he called. "Fire department? Big fire at the Union Station. Coal-cars and oil-tankers burning to beat hell. Send help, quick!"

Robin hung up and looked at his watch nervously, a grim smile on his lips. He led the way to the street.

"I think I can make it. So-long, Murray! Thanks for helping."

Mackinstry was off at a lope in the opposite direction to that which he should have taken to go to the station.

"Hey!" shouted Murray. "You're going the wrong way!"

Robin appeared not to hear him. Probably the police officer's advice was drowned in the sound of clanging gongs which suddenly ripped open the evening quiet. The doors of the fire-house in the next block yawned, and a motor hook-and-ladder truck slipped down the runway and swung into the street with rapidly gathering momentum.

As it went by, Officer Murray was surprised to see his friend, Robin Mackinstry, hanging on underneath an extension ladder, and gradually working himself into a tenable position, while the truck careened in frenzied and noisy flight.

"Well, I'm damned!" thought Murray. "The nerve of him—calling out the fire department to help him catch a train!"

Then he chuckled. The idea of getting half a dozen fire companies out of bed rather pleased him. He had a cousin in the department who lorded it over him at times.

Robin Mackinstry swung from the truck as it passed the Union Station, and dashed through the doors. He had two minutes to spare.

He had one bit of good luck. His quarry was there—and late, too. As Mackinstry came in sight of the doors leading to the subway trottoir to all tracks, he saw Mallory standing in animated discussion with a woman.

The woman was not Laura—Robin was sure of that. She was about the same size, but the man who loved Laura was aware instantly that this was not the one woman.

Instinct, something, halted him far enough back in the hurrying crowd so as not to be easily seen.

The woman seemed to be clinging to Mallory, trying to detain him, and he was expostulating with her. Inside the doors, with a red-capped porter, was Laura, waiting, looking very forlorn and helpless. Robin wanted to dash to her side, but he restrained himself, fearing lest he should lose everything by betraying his presence at that moment.

Finally Mallory, looking at his watch,

terminated the interview by pushing the woman roughly aside and running down the incline. That was Mackinstry's cue for action, and he broke into a run himself.

But God denied to most railway officials a proper sense of romance. The gateman held him up by force.

"Where's your ticket?"

"Haven't got one, but I must catch that Chicago train!"

"Not without a ticket, young fellow. Sorry. Stand aside and let these passengers through."

VII

ARGUMENT was of no avail. The gatekeeper called the special policeman, and Mackinstry had to give up. He was brushed into a little eddy just on the wrong side of the doors. Several other people were there—among them the girl who had been talking to Mallory. She was crying, now, and mumbling incoherent phrases to a woman companion older than herself. Robin caught one or two fragments.

"He told me yesterday it was only a joke," was one of them. "He promised me he wasn't going to live with her," was another. "I could kill him!"

Robin, not being a fool, recognized that he was in the presence of a woman who was jealous of Mallory. That, of course, might not help him any. She probably would not know where Mallory had gone, but she might have information about him that would make it easier to trail him, or, later, to land him in the grasp of the law.

After brief deliberation, Robin addressed her.

"Pardon me, miss, but can I do anything to help you?"

She ceased crying and looked around at him wonderingly.

"Who are you?" she asked, frowning at first, but changing to an April smile when she had decided that he was good-looking.

Her eyes were a little hard—not crafty exactly, but suspicious. Perhaps her experience of life had not tended to soften her outlook. Mackinstry noted that they were dark blue, that her hair was chestnut, and that she was quite pretty.

His first impulse was to reply to her question as to his identity with a statement of the truth. Then a certain wariness born of the hardness in her eyes, and her evident appraisal of his own appearance, induced him to dissemble.

"I'm a stranger in Roebuck," he offered. "I came here to see a man, and found that he was leaving on the midnight train for Chicago. I came down to the station to meet him, but just missed him. He's a chap called Mallory."

Robin thought the girl started at the mention of the man with whom she had been talking a few minutes before, but she gave no formal sign of recognizing the name.

"I suppose Mallory couldn't be expected to have any time for my troubles to-night, though," he went on. "He has just been married, I understand, to a very wealthy young lady who is also one of the most beautiful girls in town."

"Huh!" the girl half sneered. "She ain't any whirlwind for looks, not if I'm a judge!"

"You know her?"

"I've seen her."

The engineer wondered under what circumstances two girls of such widely different types could have come into contact, but he forbore to question further, realizing intuitively that the girl to whom he was speaking had not intended to admit that she knew anybody.

"Well, Mallory is a fine fellow. No girl could be too beautiful for him. He knows how to pick 'em, too. I remember at school—but you're not interested unless you know him. I'll be going along—that is, unless I can have the pleasure of seeing you ladies home first."

"That will scarcely be necessary," the girl replied; "but if you're in town to-morrow evening, why—"

"Great!" Mackinstry embraced with open arms the opportunity of keeping an eye on her. "How can I find you?"

"My name is Cora Calvert," she told him, and gave him a street and number.

"Wait a minute till I get that down."

He took a note-book and pencil from his pocket, and entered the address. She watched him curiously.

"South-paw, aren't you?" she observed. "So am I. I've trained my right hand to do almost everything just as well as my left, though—all but writing. I can't do much with my right when there's a pen in it."

Robin put the two women on a street-car, having confessed to himself that he had not accomplished much. For some reason or other the younger girl did not

want to talk about Mallory, and was apparently trying to shield him. Why?

VIII

ROBIN could not spend much time puzzling out Miss Calvert's mental processes, however, because the problem of action which lay before him required too much attention. The facts in the case were that the girl he loved was being hurried away from him on a train bound for a great city. Once she arrived in Chicago, it would be easy for Mallory to hide her where it would be practically impossible to find her. For a few hours longer—until about nine o'clock the next

Of course, the best solution would be to arrive in Chicago first, meet them at the station, see where they went, and then, at the first opportunity, kidnap Laura. He considered the advisability of hiring some one to take him to Chicago in a fast air-



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morning, to be exact—Robin would know approximately where she was. After that it would be like searching for a needle in a bachelor's handy repair-kit.

What could he do before Mallory's train reached Chicago? His mind searched frantically for an expedient.

in Roebuck, and that by the time he found any one at that time of night it would doubtless be too late, even if an aviator could be induced to attempt a flight before daylight.

There was a possibility of aid from the police. A telegram from the police de-

plane; but he discarded that idea when he realized that he knew no one connected with the business of flying

partment of Roebuck to the police department of Chicago would detain Mallory under surveillance until Mackinstry could get there; but there would have to be a pretty strong case against the man in order to get the police to interfere.

It seemed ridiculous and unreal amid the safeguards and refinements of civilization, but it was obvious that whoever actually had possession of the girl was in a position to dictate terms. That Mallory knew this was proved by the fact that when Laura was under the physical protection of Mackinstry, he had not hesitated to use violence to shift the advantage to himself.

If Laura left Mallory now, an annulment on the grounds of fraud could be secured, and the marriage would have no force as a legal contract. If she remained with Mallory she could hope for nothing better than a divorce, and her marriage would stand even after that as something which had existed. Incidentally, she would lose her inheritance, or part of it.

Therefore, whatever was done must be accomplished before morning; and the only thing that would be of any use would be to secure the assistance of the police. To do that required that a criminal charge should be filed against Mallory.

Mackinstry had no evidence—nothing but the unsupported word of Laura herself to the effect that she remembered nothing of her marriage ceremony. Robin felt reasonably sure that she had been drugged; but how could he prove it with Laura going farther and farther away every minute?

Who else would know anything about it? Laura's uncle, probably; but as he was undoubtedly concerned in the plot, he would refuse to help. He was the one who had most to gain by the girl's marriage before her twenty-first birthday. Who, then, besides the bride and groom and her uncle?

Another witness and the minister. By the process of elimination, the choice narrowed down to those two. Robin also discarded the other witness as too difficult to find, and as a probable accomplice in the fraud. That left the officiating clergyman.

Mackinstry believed that the minister, if it was a real one who performed the ceremony, had acted in good faith. If he had, and was an honest man, he would have noticed that the bride was not in a normal condition. It was worth while to try to find out.

It was not an easy thing to do at that time of night, but the engineer set about it doggedly. The telephone company had a classified list of subscribers. Robin went directly to its office and laid his case briefly before the night manager. The latter, entering into the spirit of the game, put an operator at the young man's disposal, and Robin went at his task of calling up every clergyman in town, praying for luck.

Ministers are professionally cheerful and long-suffering. That is the only thing that saved Mackinstry from hearing their real opinion of him when they got up out of their comfortable beds to answer his question as to whether they had performed a marriage ceremony for Mr. Ralph Mallory and Miss Laura Kemp on the evening before. Even at that, he was able to gather from the tones of their voices that he would never win a popularity contest if he depended upon the ecclesiastical vote.

The twenty-seventh divine recognized the names, Mallory and Kemp, and admitted that he had tied the knot.

"Then I must see you at once," declared Mackinstry, his courage mounting at this slight evidence of fortune's favor. "I will be at your house in fifteen minutes."

He paid his telephone-bill and called a taxi. The Rev. Dr. Holben was dressed and ready for him when he arrived. He seemed to be a regular fellow, and Robin told him the story straight.

"I sympathize with you greatly," Dr. Holben told his visitor; "but I don't see how I can help you. Everything seemed perfectly regular. The girl did not, in my opinion, appear in the least to be under the influence of a drug. I am sure I would have noticed it if her replies had been uncertain or unwilling."

This was a staggering blow. Robin had been sure that the minister would be his principal witness in proving a fraud. Now that hope was shot to bits.

"I even have a record of the marriage, signed by both parties," the minister offered. "You may look at it, if you wish, and see if the signature is all right."

He produced the paper. There were the two names, and Laura's signature was her own, just as Robin knew it, with a funny little slant forward for the capitals and backward for the small letters.

"Can't you think of anything at all that struck you as peculiar in this affair?" Robin implored as he rose to go.



"YOU WILL REPEAT WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME IN COURT, IF NECESSARY?" ROBIN ASKED

"I honestly can't," Dr. Holben told him, after futilely racking his brain. "The girl seemed perfectly normal."

"Could you describe her?"

"Not very definitely. She was pretty, about medium size or rather below it, I should say, and moderately dark as to hair and eyes. She wore"—the clergyman paused with an effort at recollection—"I believe she wore a brownish suit."

The description, vague though it was,

tallied pretty closely with Laura as Robin had last seen her, even as to clothes.

"She seemed very fond of her husband," Dr. Holben went on. "A minister can tell. Her affection was unmistakable."

"You're quite sure on that point?" Robin questioned.

"Yes, I remember remarking it at the time. I told them always to remember how happy they were then, and advised them to think of that moment if there

should ever be any occasion to doubt each other."

"H-m!" Robin pondered this statement warily. It did not sound right. "Let me see that signature again," he requested.

The minister handed him the record. The engineer examined it carefully.

"Did she hesitate at all in writing this?"

"Perhaps. Really, I did not notice. The only thing I remarked at the time was that she was left-handed."

"Left-handed?"

"Yes. It always looks awkward for a person to write with the left hand. I spoke about it, and she laughed and said that she could do almost everything equally well with either hand, except write."

Robin looked at his watch. It was half past one o'clock.

"You will repeat what you have told me in court, if necessary?" he asked.

"Why, certainly; but I didn't notice anything peculiar or—"

"I'll explain later. Have to hurry now. But thanks awfully!"

The bewildered minister saw his visitor to the door and bade him good night.

IX

MACKINSTRY spent the next hour in argument with the acting chief of police, who took that length of time to become thoroughly waked up and interested in his business—which, he maintained, ought to be confined to daylight hours. Finally, however, the young man convinced him that youth and romance must be served even by the grizzled minions of the law.

The acting chief called up the prosecuting attorney and started the machinery which, at eight o'clock the next morning, resulted in an order for the arrest and return to Roebuck of Ralph Mallory and the woman accompanying him. Robin winced at this description of Laura, but it seemed the only way to get her back.

This order sizzled over a special police wire to Chicago, and two plain-clothes men were at the LaSalle Street station when the Michigan Central express pulled in.

It was the morning of the next day when all the *dramatis personæ* of Robin Mackinstry's love melodrama were assembled in and about the prosecuting attorney's office for an informal inquiry.

There was no one in the office proper except the attorney, his clerk, and Robin, when Mallory and Laura were brought in.

The man seemed amused, and the girl very forlorn. Her expression changed to hopeful surprise, however, when she saw Robin, and she would have gone to him at once had not the police officer restrained her.

"So it's you, as I suspected, who are responsible for this outrage!" said Mallory quietly. "Well, see if it gets you anything except a suit for false arrest!"

"Do you think you have been falsely arrested?" inquired the prosecutor.

"I certainly do. I had nothing whatever to do with the assault on this gentleman. I saw it happen, but I did not get to his assistance in time to save him."

"Were you assaulted, Mr. Mackinstry?" the prosecutor asked, in mild surprise.

Robin nodded.

"This is the first I had heard of it," the official continued. "No, Mr. Mallory, the charge against you is not assault."

"What is it, then?"

"Violation of the Mann Act, by taking this lady from one State to another."

"Mann Act, my eye! How can a man violate the Mann Act with his own wife?"

"He can't; but Mr. Mackinstry claims that the lady is not your wife."

Mallory snapped his fingers derisively.

"He'd have a fat chance proving that! However, to end this nonsense, will you telephone my office and ask Miss Calvert, my assistant, to bring over my marriage certificate, which is in the safe?"

"That will not be necessary," the prosecutor replied. "Miss Calvert is here, and has your marriage certificate with her."

Mallory seemed surprised and puzzled at this information, but suppressed the question which rose to his lips. There was something here that he did not understand and was not prepared for.

"Ask Miss Calvert to step in," the official told his clerk.

Miss Calvert was accordingly ushered into the private office. Like Mallory, she guessed that something was up, but, not knowing exactly what, she was not asking any questions.

"Mr. Mallory wants his marriage certificate," the prosecutor stated pleasantly. "I asked you to bring it over."

Miss Calvert produced a document from a leather portfolio which she had with her, and handed it to her employer, who, in turn, laid it on the attorney's desk.

"That is perfectly regular, I believe," he said triumphantly.

"It is," the attorney admitted casually, and then produced another paper, which he laid beside the certificate. "Miss Kemp, please see if this is your signature."

He pointed to her name as it appeared on the minister's record. She looked at it.

"It looks like it," she said, puzzled.

"So it does. Suppose you write your name here on a piece of paper for purposes of comparison."

Wondering, Laura did as requested.

"Now do it again with your left hand."

She could only make an illegible scrawl.

"I can't write with my left hand," she confessed finally.

"But this record was signed with the left hand of the woman whom Mr. Mallory married," he insisted blandly. "The minister states so most positively. If you can't write with your left hand, this signature must be a forgery. Evidently you were not there at all when the ceremony happened, but some one else took your place while you were sleeping soundly under the influence of a hypnotic drug—some other woman who does write with her left hand." He turned to Mallory. "You're an attorney yourself, Mr. Mallory. You can see that my reasoning is sound. Do you care to have me go further with the investigation, or would you prefer to admit the facts?"

X

MALLORY studied the floor. All his smooth suavity and assertive calm seemed to have deserted him. For a moment he was thinking wildly, hunting like a cornered rat for a hole through which to escape. At last he looked up, and his eyes were clear.

"If I take my medicine fair and without a whimper, will you let the girl in the case go, and not attempt to establish her identity?" he asked.

"Ralph!" cried Miss Calvert.

"Wait a minute, Cora," he halted her, and went on with his plea. "You may know already who she is, but she did it because she loved me, and the least I can do is to take her share of the punishment."

The prosecutor smiled.

"That would hardly be regular."

"I know," pleaded Mallory; "but you haven't established her identity yet, and I ask that you will not try to for at least twenty-four hours. At the end of that period I will confess the whole story. All

I ask now is that I may be permitted to give Miss Calvert a check for my rather inadequate bank balance, and to ask her to see that the girl in the case gets it to help keep her until I come out of the pen. Surely that isn't much!"

"Please let him," urged Laura, her ready woman's sympathy moved to participation in the plea of the man who had planned to wreck her life.

"What do you say, Mr. Mackinstry?" asked the prosecutor.

"Sure—let the girl go!"

"All right," sighed the attorney. "Write out your check, Mallory."

For a moment there was silence in the office, while the prospective prisoner made out a check, which he extended to Cora.

"Tell her," he said gently, "that she loves a very unworthy man. That's all, except to say good-by."

He did not offer Cora his hand, even when she took a step toward him. She bit her lip, and then, with eyes which for the first time appeared not to be hard and suspicious, questioned the attorney.

"There's nothing further," he told her. "You may go."

When the door had closed behind her, he cleared his throat and began to search on his desk for some papers.

"That's all for twenty-four hours, I guess," he declared. "Officer, bring your prisoner here at this time to-morrow. Mr. Mackinstry, I shall expect you to bring yours. Will you do it?"

"Depend on me. I'll scarcely let her out of my sight!"

Robin kissed his prisoner in the corridor outside the attorney's office.

"Let's go flat-hunting, Laura," he suggested. "We may not find anything we like, but it will be fun spending imaginary money furnishing our little home."

"It's much more important, I should think, that we should go job-hunting, and find something for you to do besides making love to nearly another man's wife," she suggested practically.

"But I've got a job. Forgot to tell you—old man Hartwell hunted me up yesterday and offered me my old position back. Raised my salary, too, and made the night manager apologize. Virtue triumphs in the last reel, the fellow gets the girl, and the final close-up shows them in a clinch—like this. Do your part—that's it! And the picture fades away."

Barber John's Boy*

A NEW HARDISTON NOVEL

By Ben Ames Williams.

Author of "The Great Accident," "The Sea Bride," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

AFTER eighteen years spent in prison for a crime committed under terrible provocation—a murderous assault upon a drunken doctor whose gross carelessness caused the death of the prisoner's passionately loved wife—John Bolton returns to the town of Hardiston and takes up his old trade as a barber. He is welcomed by all his relatives and friends, with the sole exception of his son, John Carmichael Bolton, who has grown up to be a bank clerk and is engaged to Emily Yates, the daughter of the bank president. Young Mike, as he is commonly called, is frankly ashamed of his father. He wishes to resign his position and leave town, but is urged to remain by both his fiancée and his employer.

Barber John, in a wistful tone, makes excuses for the unfilial conduct of his son, but his brother, Cal Bolton, a prosperous liveryman and horse-trader, says:

"He'd best take care he doesn't make you ashamed of him!"

V

IN New York, or in Boston, or in any city you may choose to mention, Sunday is chiefly notable as the day on which a man may lie abed; but it is not altogether so in Hardiston. The people of a small town, take them by and large, adhere to the old maxim that advises early bed and early rising. Whether they are healthier, wealthier, or wiser than those of other habits may be disputed, but the fact of the habit remains.

Thus, in Hardiston, most people rise as early on Sunday as on other days. At nine o'clock, or a little after, a fair proportion go to Sunday-school with their children; and they are home from church in time for midday dinner. By that time the Sunday papers have come from the cities, and they settle down to read.

If the day is fair, Cal Bolton's livery-stable does good business in rented carriages and buggies. Almost every one goes driving who can manage it. And in mid afternoon the men are apt to drift about, dropping in to smoke with one another for a while, and turning homeward when the sun begins to slide down the western sky.

On this Sunday more than one man

dropped in to see Barber John. They found him with Cal at the livery-stable. Cal liked to sit there, in the wide doorway, his chair tilted back against the wall, his nostrils filled with the smell of the horses and the rich fragrance of the barn. Those who came for teams stopped for a word with Cal and his brother; others came with no purpose save to greet Barber John.

The big man with the crooked back took their hands, smiled with pleasure at their having come, and told Cal, when the brothers were alone, that it was worth eighteen years of stone walls to come home to friends like these. Every one in Hardiston seemed to be glad to see him—that is to say, every one save Michael.

Michael had resolved to stick by his father; he intended to do so. Not by word or act would he be false to the big man; but his thoughts were beyond his control. He could not conquer the repugnance that possessed him; and this shrinking distaste was accentuated by what his father had told them at breakfast.

"What will you do with yourself, John?" Cal had asked. "No need to do anything but live here with me."

John had looked toward Michael.

"I couldn't manage that," he said,

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whimsically. "Not to sit idle. I'd as soon go back. No, I'll open up my shop again, I suppose."

Cal was surprised.

"I should think your hand would have forgot the trick of it, in these years," he said.

"No, I was prison barber," the other returned, shaking his head.

"Prison barber? I didn't know they had one. But of course they would. Who did you shave—the prisoners?"

Barber John hesitated for a little, and there were depths of sorrowful remembrance in his eyes. At length he said quietly:

"Yes, prisoners, and guards, and the like; and—the condemned men."

That hushed Cal Bolton for an instant with surprise.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Michael.

"The men who are about to be electrocuted," Barber John explained. "It is necessary to shave certain patches on their heads, so that the electrodes may be properly applied."

Michael's eyes were staring.

"You did that?"

Barber John felt the accusation in his son's tone. Not to justify himself, but to set the boy right, he said slowly:

"Their guards and their executioners refuse the men nothing in the last days. I could not very well be harder-hearted than their executioners. I could not refuse to do that much for them."

Michael flung back in his chair, and his face was white with horror. Cal spoke quickly, breaking into the silence.

"I saw a man hung once, John. He looked right happy, toward the end."

John nodded.

"There is a peace that comes to them—to most of them," he said. "It comes even to those with any spark of soul in them; and that spark is in most of them, Cal. There is no better way to learn respect for men than to watch them die. There's a nobility about them all—something that's worth respect."

Michael, his boyish imagination caught in spite of himself, asked huskily:

"Aren't they afraid?"

"Sometimes," said Barber John; "but it is the fear of children, who do not understand. It's a pitiful fear, but not an ugly one. For the most part, they are composed and calm."

The son shuddered, as if his father were

a monstrous thing. He got up and went away from the table.

"You've bothered him," Cal said, when he was gone.

Barber John nodded.

"But it's better that he should start by thinking badly of me, and end by thinking well—God willing!"

It was an hour after that when old friends began to come. Henry Canter was there most of the day, and Yates, and Charley Marsh, who owned the furnace, and Rip Hendry, Cal's ancient ally, and many others. Old Bildad hovered in the background, fetching and carrying when there was need. There were stories told, and Homeric laughter, and much talk of the old times. There was no spoken word of sympathy or comfort or cheer; but when they came, and when they went away, each man gripped Barber John's hand in a way that was like a pledge.

Barber John stayed in the house that day and the next. Then B. B. Beecham's paper, the *Journal*, came out, and Cal brought it home at night. The *Journal* was a country weekly; it was written for a strictly local audience. The death of any one out of babyhood was worth a two-column head on the front page, and an obituary inside after the funeral. Births, visitors, departures, and home-comings were next in importance. The assassination of a king four thousand miles away was worth three lines, or no notice at all.

Barber John picked up the paper; he read three or four head-lines:

HOMER JENKINS CROSSES THE RIVER
MRS. IRA BIERLY GOES TO HER REST

DAVID JONES FALLS ASLEEP

Barber John smiled at these euphemisms; then his smile passed as he saw, below:

JOHN BOLTON RETURNS

He read what B. B. had written with a wistful eagerness. B. B. told his readers:

Cal Bolton, the horseman, went to Columbus last week and brought home his brother, Barber John Bolton, who has been away for about eighteen years.

John Bolton was famous as the best barber in southern Ohio twenty years ago. Many old friends were at the train or went to the house to welcome him home again. Barber John's son is Michael Bolton, of the Citizens Bank. It is expected that Mr. Bolton will reopen his barber shop at once.

Among those who called to welcome Barber John home were President Eli Yates, of the Citi-

zens Bank; Henry Canter; Charles Marsh, of Crescent Furnace; Ripley Hendry, John Lloyd, Mayor Shumway, and Dr. Livingstone.

Barber John read this twice while Cal

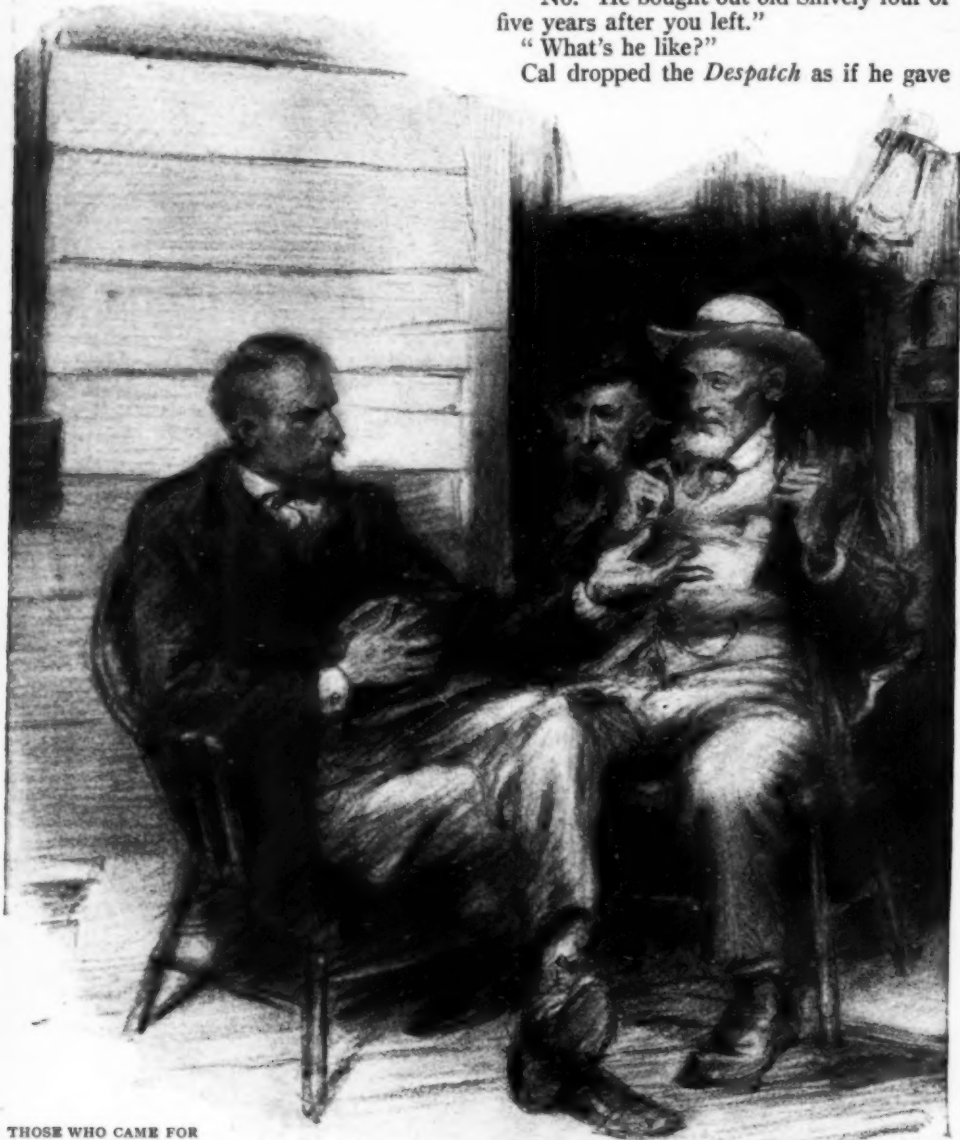
"Was he here in Hardiston when I went away?" John asked. "I don't think I remember him."

Cal shook his head.

"No. He bought out old Shively four or five years after you left."

"What's he like?"

Cal dropped the *Despatch* as if he gave



THOSE WHO CAME FOR
TEAMS STOPPED FOR A
WORD WITH CAL AND
HIS BROTHER

was absorbed in the *Despatch*. Then he asked:

"Who runs the *Journal* now, Cal?"

"B. B. Beecham," Cal replied. "He was at the post-office the night we got in."

up hope of being allowed to read the news undisturbed.

"Oh, he's a big man. More brains than any two men in town, I guess. He's a reader; and he's a great hand to get out in

the country. Knows all the birds, and all that. He's got the county so stirred up about birds that the farmers are all posting their land, and you can't get a day's shooting without driving fifty miles away. They send him in their big pumpkins, and their big tomatoes, and all that; and they bring him every curious hawk, or owl, and sometimes a big hornets' nest, and they tell him when the first

"Why do you call him that?"

"Oh, he's so darned sensible."

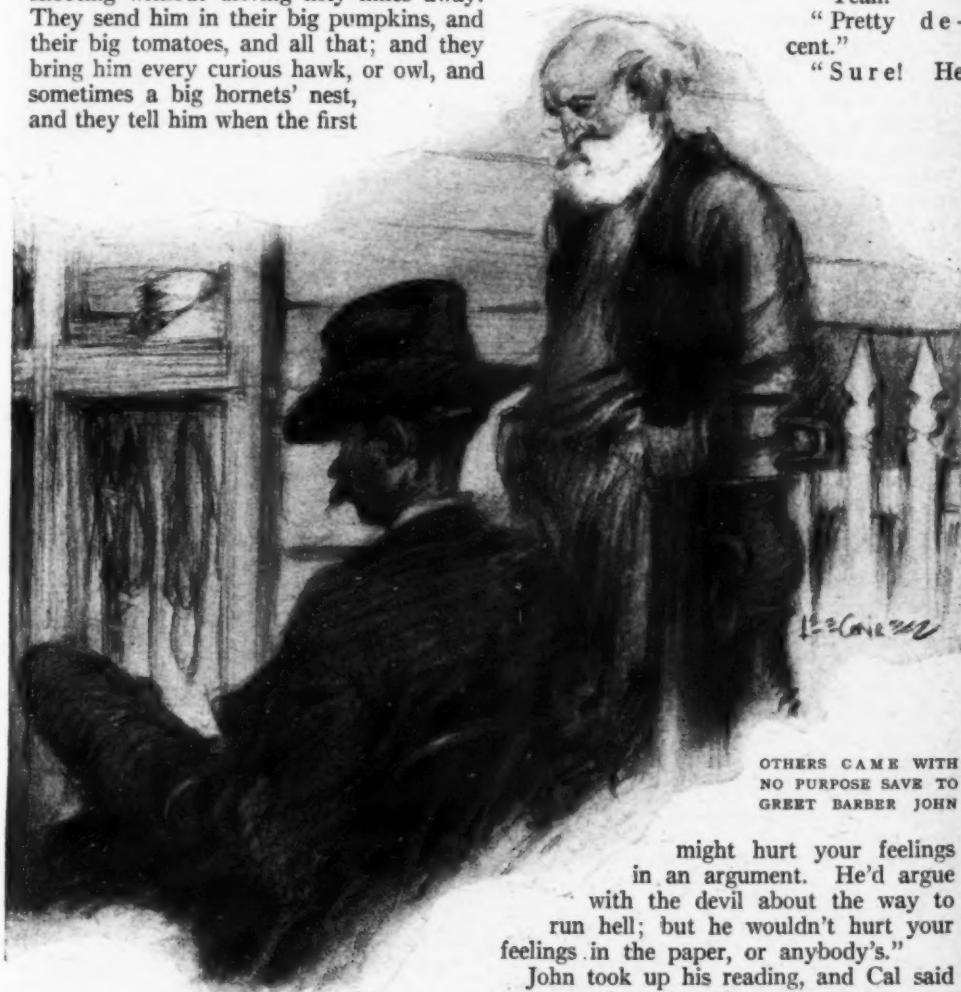
Barber John touched the paper in his lap.

"Did you read this?"

"Yeah."

"Pretty decent."

"Sure! He



OTHERS CAME WITH
NO PURPOSE SAVE TO
GREET BARBER JOHN

robin shows up in the spring. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody."

"In politics?" John asked.

"Some. He's too damned straight. They go out and knife him. If he was in a big town he'd be Governor, or President, or something, by this time; but not here."

"Why does he stay here?"

"Loves it," said Cal. "He thinks this county was made, personal, by the Lord, and handed down—the darned fool!"

John smiled.

might hurt your feelings in an argument. He'd argue with the devil about the way to run hell; but he wouldn't hurt your feelings in the paper, or anybody's."

John took up his reading, and Cal said no more; but when they went up-town together the next morning, Cal suggested that they stop in at the *Journal* office and get acquainted with B. B., and they did.

The editor was in the pressroom when they found him. In shirt-sleeves, he was lifting the forms from the press to be washed with gasoline and lye, and then to the stone, where the type would be prepared for redistribution. There was ink on his hands, and ink on his chin. He told his visitors to sit down in the office, and he'd be right in; and he joined them there five minutes later.

Barber John had used the interval to study the office. It was worth study. On a never-used iron safe in the corner were stowed a huge last year's hornets' nest, the wing of a great horned owl, a summer squash with strange markings, an ear of corn with over seven hundred grains, and a wishing-ball of hair caked in clay, found in the stomach of a slaughtered ox. Besides these there was a litter of books, ancient calendars, and newspapers. On the wall hung heads of grain. Above, there was a cartoon representing the winning boy in a corn-growing contest.

Over B. B.'s roll-top desk Lincoln's picture had the place of honor. The desk itself, inside and out, was draped and littered and piled and hung with books and letters and scraps of paper. There were two other desks in the office—one a high bookkeeper's stand, and the other one of those contrivances whose blank front lets down to form an unstable writing-board. Both, like the editor's roll-top, were a jumble of miscellaneous books and papers. Between them hung a calendar with a border of photographs of all the Governors of Ohio from the beginning.

In the middle of the room stood an old iron stove, bound with wire to keep it from falling apart, and with a yawning hole below the door through which you might have thrust your hand. Facing it at an angle, against the blank wall, were three chairs. And the wall above them was adorned with calendars supplied by powder companies. One showed a man and a woman, hunting, who had just shot a mountain-sheep. One showed a ring-neck pheasant and his bride; and one pictured the Chinese pheasant, "The Game Bird of the Future." Barber John noticed these incentives to slaughter.

"Curious that a man who loves birds should have those there," he said.

Cal laughed.

"I told him so one day," he said. "'Oh, but I have friends,' B. B. assured me. You can't corner the man, John."

"What did he mean?"

"Lord knows. Probably he didn't know hisself; but if I'd asked him, he'd have made up a meaning."

B. B. came in then from the pressroom and shook hands with Barber John.

"We're much obliged for the word in the paper," Cal remarked.

"Was it all right?" B. B. asked.

"Sure!"

"I wanted to put in a card about my barber shop," said Barber John. "I aim to open up right away."

"Will you write it?"

"Oh, no. Just say I'm opening next Monday, at the old place."

B. B. was at his desk with pen and pencil in readiness.

"Let's see—that's next door to the bank."

"Yes."

B. B. wrote, and Barber John said he also wanted some cards printed for distribution. When the matter was arranged, Barber John asked what was owing, and B. B. said:

"That's all right. I'll figure it up and send you a bill."

Cal laughed abruptly at that.

"Reminds me, B. B., did I ever tell you the time I sent Dave Stevens a bill?"

B. B. said he had never heard that tale, and Cal told it.

"I done him a favor once," he said. "He'd got stuck on a horse. It was a nice-looking bay gelding, but there was two or three little things the matter with it, like the heavens, and all. I told him I thought I could get rid of it for him on a man I knew; and I did. It wasn't no job. I told the man he didn't want the horse, but he would have it, and he got it. And when I give Dave the money, he says: 'What do I owe you, Cal?' I told him, like you told John just now, 'I'll send you a bill.' Never intended to, you know. That was just my way of saying he didn't owe me anything."

"But time come when I needed him. He had a mare that was all right, mostly; but he sold it cheap, for his own reasons, and it come to me. I kep' it in my stable. Then one day Bill Howe came by to get him a horse. He'd peeled me, once; and I knew he'd do it again if he could manage. Same time, I didn't like to lie to the man about this mare. He might not have believed me. I never like to tell a lie if a man ain't going to believe it. He wanted to know could this mare go, and I said I didn't know. I told him the last man that driv her was Dave. He said he guessed he'd go see Dave, and he started; so I telephoned Dave. 'You remember that gelding I sold for you?' I told him. 'Well, I'm sending you the bill.' 'How much is it?' he says; and I answers: 'Bill Howe.' I knowed he'd un-

derstand. He did, too. I never did know what Dave told Bill, but it was a plenty. Bill come back and give me a hundred and a half for the mare, like he was tickled at the chance."

Cal spat at the stove.

"On'y trouble with that mare, she was sprung," he said slowly. "Bill could have sold her any time, since—if he'd have took forty dollars or so. Don't speak to me now, he don't."

B. B. chuckled, and Barber John smiled at his brother.

"A horse trade is like a baby crying for the moon, Mr. Bolton," the editor said. "I don't suppose that ever occurred to you."

"I've heard it compared to other things," replied Cal.

"A man always wants what he can't get," B. B. explained. "Just like a baby. And he won't be happy till he gets it. I suppose one good horse is about as good as any other good horse; but the other fellow's horse always looks better than yours."

"When I've got a good horse," said Cal, "I don't trade. I sell—for cash. You can make sure cash ain't counterfeit."

"Everything is counterfeit in this world," said B. B. "Did you ever stop to think of that?"

Cal looked doubtful; then he grinned.

"I'll take my chance on a gold dollar," he said.

The editor shook his head.

"It's counterfeit, too," he said. "It's no good to you in itself. It's just a counterfeit bushel of dollar wheat, or a counterfeit dollar's worth of meat."

Cal nodded.

"But I guess the meat isn't counterfeit."

"Why, yes, it is. It's worth nothing to you till you eat it—convert it into strength, life."

"All right, go on," the horse-trader chuckled. "Ain't life genuine—this life that you get out of a dollar's worth of chuck steak?"

The editor waved his hands and explained blandly:

"No, of course not. Life is like money; it's no good till you spend it. It's counterfeit. You have to turn it into labor, or pleasure, or thought."

Cal was laughing.

"And your labor is just counterfeit for money, I guess you'd say."

"Certainly."

"There's a young scamp down at my stable," he said. "He don't do enough work to keep the flies off of him, but he gets paid just the same. Would you say he was passing counterfeit money?"

"Wouldn't you?"

Cal got up.

"Guess the mail's in, John. You're right, B. B. Coming along, John?"

B. B. opened the door for them.

"Come in again," he said, and they went out.

Cal looked at John.

"Well, what do you think of him?" he asked.

"He's an honest man," Barber John said.

"He's brainy, too," said Cal. "Now that foolishness about counterfeit. It was foolishness, sure; but there was just enough sense in it to start you thinking, wasn't there?"

Barber John said there was.

"That's B. B.," Cal told him. "He'll start you thinking, every time."

"If I were in trouble," said John, "I'd want him on my side."

"Me, too," agreed Cal Bolton.

Then they turned into the post-office.

VI

Two weeks after his return from the penitentiary, Barber John was a barber again, in his old shop next to the bank. Twenty years before, he had had as helper an aged colored man who shined shoes, brushed coats, swept out, and built fires. That old man was dead; but Cal gave Bildad to John in his place.

Bildad Moles was a dandy of distinction; he was a character, and the town was full of stories about him and his old dog. The origin of the alliance between Bildad and Cal was as typical as any of these.

In the days before the alliance, Bildad lived in a cabin down the creek, four miles below town. He was accustomed to come to town every Saturday with a push-cart for his week's provisions. One Saturday, going home with a load that ranged from flour and beans to a yeast-cake, he was pulling his cart instead of pushing, and the discerning eye might have discovered that Bildad was pretending he was a horse.

At the foot of a long hill he met a wagon full of picnickers; and as he passed them, a piece of paper fluttered beside the road. Bildad shied violently, jumped the fence,

overturned the cart, kicked himself free of the wreckage, and disappeared across the field, to the hoots and derisive laughter of the picnickers. Then they drove on; but Cal Bolton, who had been a hundred yards behind them in his buggy, with a led horse behind, stopped at the scene of the run-away, and tied his horse beside the road, and waited.

In the course of time Bildad came back; but he came back consistently. That is, he was still a horse, and a skittish one. At the same time, he was Bildad, leading this skittish horse, and the language that he addressed to the creature rent the air. He did not seem to see Cal. He pointed to a shattered flour-bag and bade the horse:

"Look a' that. Jes' tek a glintse at whut you gone an' done, you horn-headed catfish! See how you sp'ilt dat puffically good flour!"

He whaled the imaginary horse over its imaginary head, and Cal Bolton called from the fence:

"Hi, there, old man! Don't lick that horse."

Bildad looked around and asked dourly:

"Who you?"

"Cal Bolton. And I don't like to see a horse licked, like that."

Old Bildad chuckled.

"Rackon you never see a horse like dis here, suh."

"He looks like a good horse to me," Cal said seriously.

"He's all right, but he's a leetle wild—jes' a leetle mite, suh."

Cal pointed to the led horse at the back of his buggy—an unimportant creature of doubtful past and uncertain future.

"How'll you trade?" he asked.

Bildad's eyes stuck out, and he licked his lips and grinned humbly. This was too much for his imagination to handle.

"Huh!" he said.

Cal spat between the fence-rails.

"I liked that horse's action as he came down the hill," he said. "And I liked the way you handled him, all but the licking. Tell you what I'll do—you trade horses with me, and I'll board them both for you.

And you come in and do some driving for me. Know horses, don't you?"

Bildad scratched his head, and Cal put it in words of one syllable. In the end, the old darky giggled delightedly and accepted. He left his overturned push-cart where it lay, got in with Cal, and drove back to town, gravely leading his imaginary horse over the back of the seat all the way. A month or so later Cal sold the unimportant horse for forty-five dollars and gave Bildad the money, and Bildad had been his devoted slave ever since—twenty-five years or more.

But the old man was getting too rickety in the knees to handle skittish horses, and

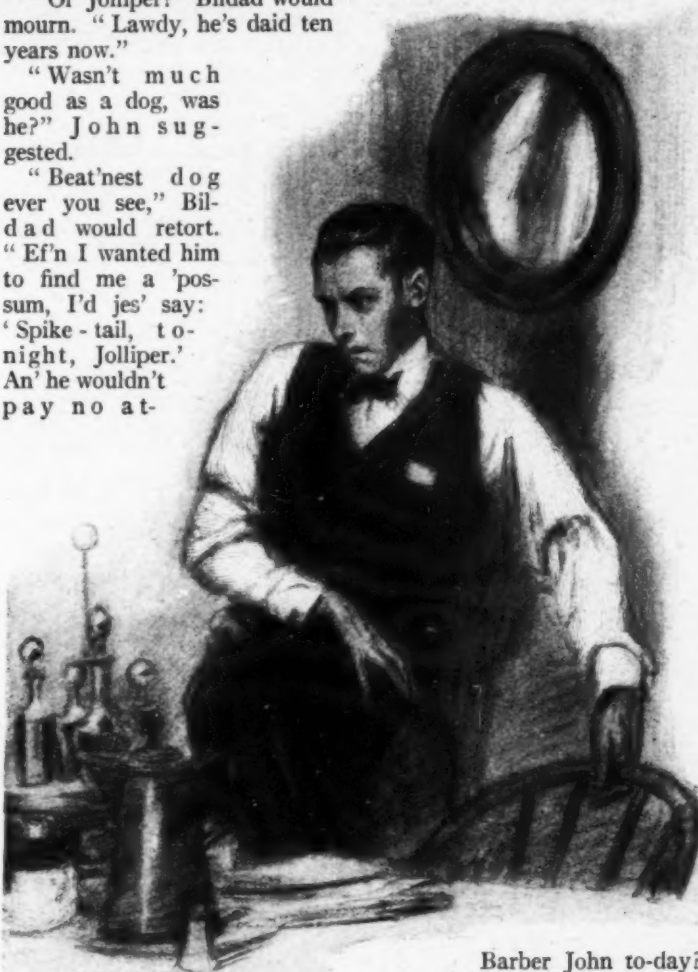


he was glad to stretch his allegiance so as to embrace John as well as Cal. He was an asset in the barber shop, because those who came to be shaved or snipped liked to get him started on his stories. It was only necessary, for instance, to ask him what had become of his old dog.

"Ol' Jolliper?" Bildad would mourn. "Lawdy, he's daid ten years now."

"Wasn't much good as a dog, was he?" John suggested.

"Beat'nest dog ever you see," Bildad would retort. "Ef'n I wanted him to find me a 'possum, I'd jes' say: 'Spike-tail, to-night, Jolliper.' An' he wouldn't pay no at-



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tention to anything but Mr. 'Possum. Or mebbe I'd say: 'Git me a ringtail, Jolliper,' an' bimeby I'd hear him barkin' whar he had a coon treed. An' he'd dig out any day an' git me a cottontail at de word. Las' year, not long befo' he died, I sez to him one day: 'Stick at home dis mornin', Jolliper. I'm gwine fishin' dis afternoon.' De nex' thing, I missed dat dog, an' when I went tuh look fer him, dar he wuz down in de gyarden-patch a diggin' worms for bait."

There was much more about Jolliper. Bildad was worth hearing, and Barber John knew his trade. The shop flourished.

Michael Bolton, for all his vow of loyalty, could never forget that his father had killed a man. The boy was sensitive and finely organized. He had learned pride, but he had not yet learned sympathy and understanding. When men asked after his father, Mike construed their words into a taunt, and shrank into himself. When people whom he passed on the street laughed or smiled as he went by, he thought they were laughing at him. When Vint Glade, who shared with Mike the actual daily work of the bank as receiving teller, asked every morning: "How's

Barber John to-day?" Mike was ready to jump at his throat.

Yet there was nothing offensive in Vint's word, and it was not even certain that there was offense in his tone.

Vint was a year or two older than Michael; and he was not a Hardiston boy. He had come from the city with his family when he was in his late teens, and had attracted some attention at the time by the brilliancy of his attire, the fashion of his shoes, and such small sophistications. He had gone to work soberly enough, however, after the first few months, and he was clever and assiduous, and old Eli Yates—this was what Vint called him, though Eli was no more than a year older than Barber John, for instance—old Eli thought well of him and trusted him. He was a young man of vast self-confidence; and Mike had

always thought there was patronage in his friendship.

Young Bolton resented now, more and more, the daily question as to his father; and yet he blamed himself bitterly for resenting it. He

not get the idea out of his head, though such a move was manifestly impossible.

It was impossible, for example, that he should go away and leave Emily; and it was equally impossible that he should take her with him. He lacked money for that. He had a few hundred dol-



"LIFE IS COUNTERFEIT," SAID BEECHAM. "IT'S NO GOOD TILL YOU SPEND IT. YOU HAVE TO TURN IT INTO LABOR OR PLEASURE OR THOUGHT"

cursed his own disloyalty, and revolt stirred in him. More than once, in the first weeks after Barber John's return, he thought how wise it would be for them to go away to another town, and make a new beginning where Barber John was unknown. He could

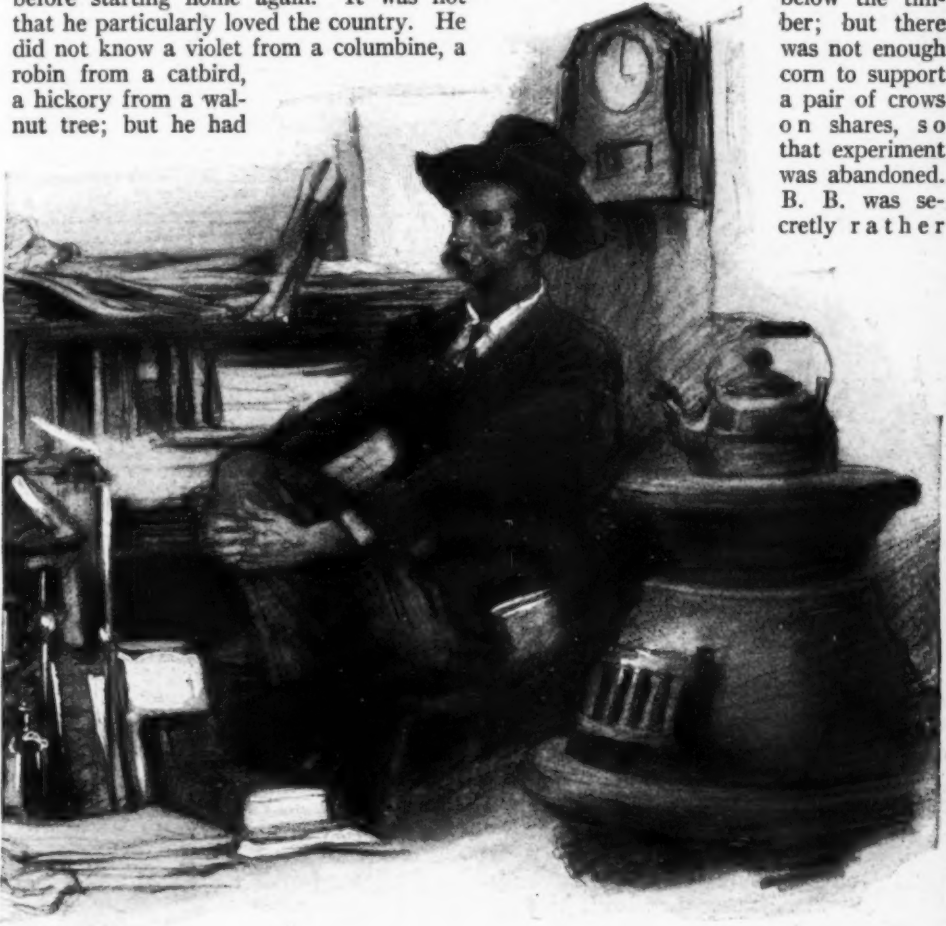
lars saved from his salary, but it would need thousands to offer Emily assurance of comfort in a new home. Without making any definite plan, he began to cut down his small spendings and save more ardently. The chance might come.

One Sunday he struck into the country for a walk. He had always like to do this—liked to pack a few slices of bacon and a few cold biscuits in his pocket, tramp off across the hills, cook his lunch at noon, and doze for a little, perhaps, beneath a tree before starting home again. It was not that he particularly loved the country. He did not know a violet from a columbine, a robin from a catbird, a hickory from a walnut tree; but he had

they called a farm, and which they used as an excuse for conversation about the joys of farming life. They were always planning to build a cabin on it.

They had persuaded a farmer to raise corn on shares in a patch of bottom-land

below the timber; but there was not enough corn to support a pair of crows on shares, so that experiment was abandoned. B. B. was secretly rather



"AND YOUR LABOR IS JUST COUNTERFEIT FOR MONEY, I GUESS YOU'D SAY." CAL WAS LAUGHING

always liked to be alone, and there is no place where a man may be so completely alone as upon a high hill with the world outspread below. Mike had discovered this.

More than once, in these tramps of his, he had encountered B. B. Beecham, for the editor was usually in the country on Sundays. B. B. and one of his cronies had bought an eighty-acre patch of scrub timber-land, four or five miles from town, which

glad of it. He liked to find the woods untouched, the bottom rank with elder and tall weeds. He knew every foot of the eighty acres.

He was accustomed to approach his so-called farm by a way that led through a pasture and over the bare hill called Round Top; and on the top of the hill, that Sunday, Mike Bolton came upon him. There was a lone tree atop the hill—a hickory, known for its nuts to every boy in town.

B. B. was sitting with his back against the tree when Mike came sweating up the steep slope. He hailed the boy, who returned his greeting, and sat down to rest on a convenient boulder that lay beside the tree. Sitting close together, the two looked out across the valley spread below them.

They were at an angle of the ancient glacial valley of Salt Creek. They could watch its wide meanderings for half a dozen miles in one direction; in the other it disappeared beyond the spur of higher land upon which stood the town. The town itself was below them, a murky blur, blemished in three places by the clouding smoke of the blast furnaces; an ugly spectacle, yet beautiful, too, when the sun touched it through the smoke. The valley and the nearer hills were clothed in green, while those more distant drew blue veils across their faces like the modest women of Eastern lands.

"Just out for a walk?" B. B. asked.

Mike nodded. The editor considered the young man, and understood at once that he was in trouble. If B. B. had been some one else, he might have asked questions; but he was B. B., and a man of understanding. So he pointed to a distant spot of blue and asked:

"See that hill, away off there above the white farm?"

Mike discovered it.

"That's away down in Liberty Township," said B. B. "It's beyond Big Rock. When you're at Big Rock, you seem to tower over everything around. From here you can see that that hill is higher."

"I've not been down to Big Rock since I was a kid, on a picnic," Mike said.

B. B. nodded.

"I suppose that hill we see is twenty miles away," he said. "It looks farther. There's always a smoky haze over the hills here. Now, I've been on a mountain in Maine, and I've seen Mount Washington, a hundred miles away, as plainly as I see that hill."

Mike made no comment; and B. B., with a glance at him, went on:

"You have to get that far away from Mount Washington to realize how high it is. When you're near it, you know it's big; but when you're far away, you see how much higher it is than the rest of the world. It's apt to be that way with men," he added thoughtfully. "When we're too close to them we can't always see how fine they

are. We have to stand some distance away from them to get the perspective. You know the French say no man is a hero to his valet."

Mike said nothing for a little; but B. B. had set him thinking. The editor had a way of making men think; often he spoke absurdities, simply to stimulate men to think of a way to prove them absurd. Mike was thinking now; he was groping for a handhold on the loyalty that was slipping from him. He knew B. B., and trusted him, and at last he said in an abrupt way:

"I wonder what men, not too close to him, think of my father!"

B. B. looked at the boy and smiled.

"What do you think of him, Mike?" he asked.

"I think he's fine!" Mike cried defiantly. "He's gentle and kind and wise, and he knows how to laugh, and he understands men; but, B. B., I'm damned if I can forget that he killed a man!"

B. B. cleared his throat and nodded. He was embarrassed; for there was always something awkwardly youthful about the editor.

"The law has forgotten it," he suggested after a while.

"Forgotten what?"

"That he killed a man."

Mike laughed bitterly.

"You think so? Suppose he were arrested for something else—killing, or stealing, or anything. Wouldn't the law remember, then? Wouldn't the whole wretched story be told?"

B. B. nodded.

"Probably; but as long as he behaves himself—"

Mike sealed his lips. The revolt was in him, too hot for words, shaming him; but he said no more. B. B. saw that he meant to keep silent on that subject, and spoke of other things.

They went on together after a while. They had dinner together by the spring on B. B.'s farm; and they came home to town together as the sun dropped toward the hills. There was no other word of Barber John—no direct word; yet through a comfortable sort of magic, which B. B. knew how to invoke, Mike found himself strengthened and heartened for the week that was ahead of him.

Yet he could not put out of his heart the shame that gnawed there. That dream of going elsewhere, of starting afresh, con-

tinued to possess him. With Emily one night he spoke of it; he said he could not bear the thought of living here forever, with every one knowing.

"But no one blames your father," Emily declared.

"They remember, just the same," said Mike.

Emily and Mike were on that familiar footing which is possible where children grow up together. He had always liked her best; she had liked him. When they were both invited anywhere, she went with him. No one ever trespassed, though Vint Glade had asked her, once or twice, to go with him. She told Vint, on these occasions, that Mike had already spoken to her; she knew Mike would do so, and he did. Not that she liked Vint less. He was a pleasant fellow; but there was more than liking for Mike.

When they were children, at parties, they had played what are called "kissing games" with the rest. After those games went out of fashion they pretended to be grown-ups; and save for that night of Barber John's return, when Emily kissed Mike, there had been nothing that went deeper than friendship between them. In the ordinary course of affairs, unless one or the other found some one else, they would one day become engaged, and Mike would buy her a ring and a little house, and they would be married. They both knew this. Now and then, in a spirit of make-believe, they spoke of the time when they would be married. Mike said now, half smiling:

"But I'd keep coming back to Hardiston as long as you were here; or I'd take you with me."

"I like this town," Emily said.

"But wouldn't you go somewhere else if you were in love with a man?" Mike asked, more seriously than seemed necessary.

"Of course, if I married a man, I'd go anywhere he said," Emily told him. "That's the way a woman does."

Mike leaned toward her.

"Would you go away with me, if I went?"

"If I loved you, I would," said Emily cheerfully.

She was so cheerful that it never occurred to him to ask whether the condition were possible of fulfilment. Besides, it was pleasant to speak thus of possibilities, to play with the thought of what the future might hold.

Nevertheless, when he had left her, Mike comforted himself with the memory of what she had said. If she loved him she would go with him. If she didn't love him he wouldn't want her to go.

But he couldn't ask her to go. He needed money for that. He needed thousands of dollars—four or five thousand, or perhaps ten, or more; and he had only six hundred and some, and there was no way to get more.

Then, four months after Barber John's return, there came his chance to get more—a familiar sort of chance. Mike had been to college at Athens; a college classmate came to town. This man was an enthusiast; he was full of projects. One of them he unfolded to Mike. It involved an investment of four thousand dollars, and promised a quick profit. It ought to net a hundred per cent in a few weeks, he said. It was a matter of buying a plot of land, not valuable now, but full of potential value. A trolley-line was to open up the suburb where it lay, and it could be divided into building lots.

Mike saw how his dreams might come true. He asked how much time he had in which to raise the money to go in on shares. The enthusiast said the chance would be gone in two weeks. He promised Mike to hold the opportunity open for that length of time.

Mike needed fourteen hundred dollars to make up the two thousand that would be his share. The next day, in the bank, he was conscious for the first time that the packets of currency which he handled were money, the thing that was necessary to his happiness—ready money under his hand. He had never thought of the bank's money in that way before.

VII

MIKE had two weeks to make up the two thousand dollars; and dollars by the thousand slipped under his fingers day by day. The crisp, new bills that he could not have mistaken, even in the darkness, for anything but what they were; the heavy little yellow pieces in their rack within reach of his hand.

Now and then, when his window was not busy, he took to handling the money under pretext of counting it. He would remove the band from a sheaf of bills and leaf them quickly through, dampening his finger expertly on the glass roller in its glass basin,

which was always just moist enough for his needs. He would pick a column of gold pieces from the rack and slide them along the palm of his hand, juggling them lightly to hear the pleasant clink and ring of the coins.

The thought of taking the money was not alive in his mind at first; but it was born there. On the third day, when it was necessary for him to leave the bank on an errand, he lifted two packets of bills, a thousand dollars in each, and slipped them into his pocket. He was away from the bank for an hour, pleasantly conscious during that time of the bulk of the currency in his pocket. When he returned to his post he restored the money with a feeling of reluctance.

It was so simple a thing as that to get two thousand dollars; but when the thought came to him in its naked reality, he shuddered, and thrust it aside. He was not a thief—not that!

He thrust the thought aside; but by and by it came slinking back, peering at him around a corner of his mind, as a whipped dog spies out the land before crawling back to try its master's welcome. It brought an ally—that false reasoning which would have had him believe that the transaction would merely be a loan; that he would return the money. But he flung the thought away—and fondled the gold pieces, and flipped the bills between finger and thumb, again and again.

The thought of borrowing the money from the bank without the bank's consent suggested to him that he might possibly be able to borrow it elsewhere. He considered ways and means. His father had nothing—no more than a living. Uncle Cal might—

He asked Cal Bolton, that night, privately, to lend him two thousand dollars.

"Two thousand?" Cal ejaculated. "That's pretty steep. What's it for, Mike?"

Michael Bolton shook his head.

"I'd rather not tell. It's a plan—I need it very much, Uncle Cal."

Cal grinned at the fire.

"Fur as that goes, so do I, Mike. So does anybody. But a bank don't lend money to a man without knowing what he's going to do with it, and neither do I. What's it for, Mike?"

"I can't tell you, Uncle Cal," the boy insisted stubbornly.

He knew that to tell Cal what he had in mind would be to ruin his own plan. Cal was not ashamed of Barber John, and never would be. Never would he understand the shame that mingled with Michael's unwilling love.

"I can't tell you," said the boy again, and Cal looked at him soberly.

"In trouble?" he asked.

"No."

"Needn't be afraid to tell me, if you are. I've been in trouble myself, and had to have help to get out of it, too. Trouble, is it?"

"No, no," said Mike wearily. "It's just that I need the money for something I want to do."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you."

Cal shook his head stubbornly.

"All right! Then find a banker that will lend blind. I won't."

Mike was forced to content himself with that refusal. He considered other possible sources of aid; but he had found no solution to his problem on the following Sunday, when he again encountered B. B. Beecham in the country. They went on their way together, talking casually of the things they saw; and it was without preamble that Mike blurted out, on the way home, his blunt question.

"B. B., can you lend me two thousand dollars?" he asked.

B. B. looked at the boy in astonishment.

"Two thousand dollars?" he repeated.

"Yes," said Mike.

The editor shook his head, smiling a little at himself.

"No, no, Mike; I never lend money."

"I don't believe you've got it to lend," Mike said, half laughing.

B. B. did not laugh.

"I wouldn't lend it if I had it," he said; "so there's no use discussing that. 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be.' " B. B. did not like to discuss his personal affairs with any man; and he hated to talk about money. He told Mike so now. "It's the source of all the trouble in the world," he said. "You never saw a rich man who was happy."

Mike laughed, and said he would be willing to risk happiness.

"Far as that goes," he added, "you never saw a poor man who was happy."

"I've seen millions of them," said B. B. seriously.



"MY FATHER IS
GENTLE AND KIND AND
WISE, AND HE KNOWS HOW TO
LAUGH; BUT I'M DAMNED IF I CAN
FORGET THAT HE KILLED A MAN!"

Mike laughed again, and told B. B. that he had never seen a million men, rich or poor; but he understood that there could be no help for him from B. B. in this speculative deal, and they spoke no more of the matter.

It was a day or two later that he first thought of trying Vint Glade. Glade had worked in the bank longer than Mike, and he always seemed to have plenty of money. He might have two thousand dollars to

lend; or at least the fourteen hundred, which would suffice. Mike studied Glade sidewise all morning, with this thought in his mind.

In mid morning, Rip Hendry came in and made a deposit of twenty-two hundred, cash, at Vint's window. Mike thought, with a vague sort of revolt, that it was unfair one man should have the money that he coveted, while it still remained beyond his own reach.

He went to Glade that afternoon, when the bank was closed.

"I say, Vint," he began, "I want to borrow some money for a little while. Can you lend it to me?"

Glade reached for his pocket amiably.

"Sure! How much? Will twenty do you any good?"

Mike flushed, and said huskily:

"Why, I want two thousand."

Glade took his hand out of his pocket, looked at Mike, and whistled.

"I say!" he said slowly. "You're flying high. What's the big idea?"

"Just—I need it," said Mike.

Glade grinned.

"Some girl got her hooks into you?"

"No, no; of course not. I've a chance at an investment—"

"I might take a piece of it with you."

"I'd be glad to pay you—ten per cent for a three months' loan."

Glade chuckled, and shook his head.

"Thanks for the compliment. I never saw two thousand—or one. Besides, ten per cent's illegal."

Mike gave up despairingly. Glade tried to question him, but Mike would say no more than he had said.

Glade watched Mike with a curiously intent eye the next day, and the days thereafter. Their cages adjoined, with only a grille between; they were not four feet apart while they worked. What was Mike up to, Vint wondered? What was the boy figuring on?

He saw, once or twice, that Mike handled the money which passed through his hands with a sort of jealousy, as if reluctant to see it leave his window. One day he saw Mike lay two thousand-dollar packets of bills within reach of his hand, and touch them wistfully when no one was near. At the sight he grinned with faint amusement, but pretended not to see.

"How's Barber John?" he asked one morning, too amiably.

"All right," said Mike sulkily.

"How's the barber business?"

"Good, I suppose."

Glade nodded. His very nod was insulting, so that Mike felt the old surge of revolt more strong than ever in his heart. He could never bear these taunts through the endless years ahead!

On the tenth day of Mike's two weeks of grace, a letter from his friend asked whether he would take a share in the deal.

It spurred him, jangled his nerves, made him irritable and uneasy.

Emily happened to come to the bank that day. Glade's window was nearest the door, and Glade spoke to her first.

"Good morning," he called to her.

"Hello, Vint!" she replied.

But she did not stop at his window; she passed it, and came to Mike's, and rested her elbows on the marble slab before his wicket.

"Hello, Mike!" she said. "Listen—"

She had some little matter of small importance to discuss with him. It concerned their plans for a dance that was to be held the next night but one. Nevertheless, she was not anxious for Vint to hear, so she talked softly, and Mike answered her in undertones. Vint tried to hear and could not; and anger stewed in him.

When she turned away from Mike, Vint spoke to her again; but she waved her hand and called:

"Sorry—I have to hurry!"

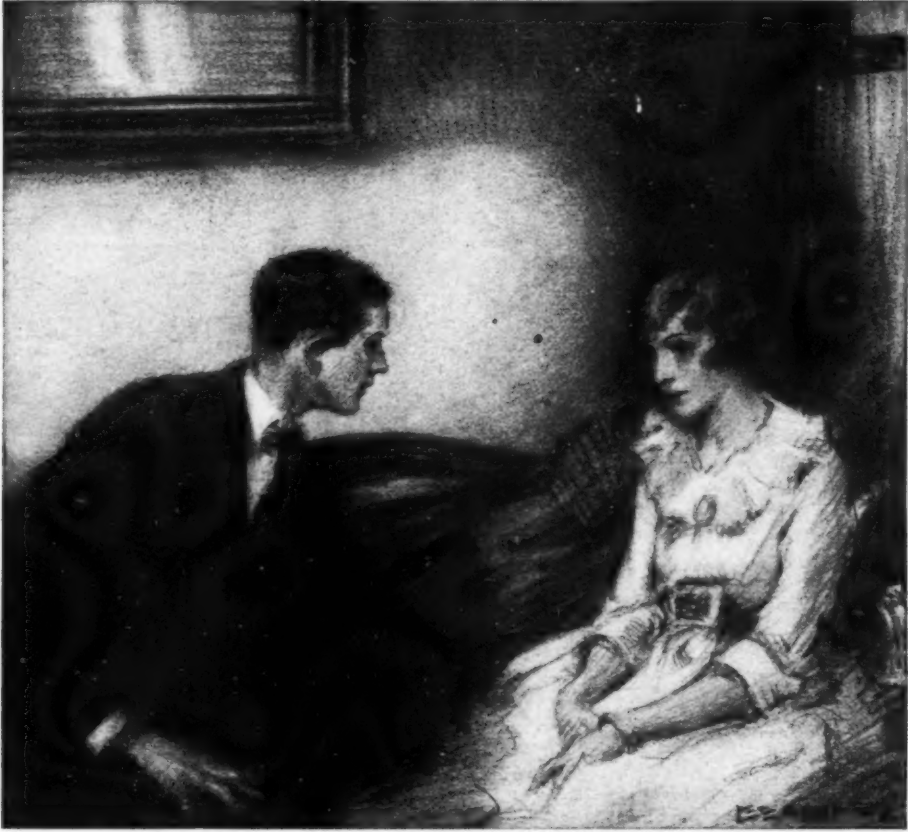
She was gone, Mike sulkily attending to his work behind the grille, Vint smiling with hard eyes.

Next day was pay-day at the furnaces and the factories of the town, and much money went out across Mike's counter. He was busy with the pay-checks all morning; but his mind was far away, trying to find some way out of the dilemma that harassed him. Two days remained to him.

He handled the money automatically that day; his fingers flipped the bills, counting as if they were endowed with brains. He noted the incoming checks, recording them as they were cashed. He fretted at the interruptions that came.

People dropped in for change. B. B. was one of these; he came with two twenty-dollar bills, and had to have so many dollars and so much silver and so many pennies to fill the pay envelopes of his force of three girl typesetters and a boy who acted as his printer's devil. Mike attended to him resentfully; he was resentful toward the world that day, because it encroached upon the time he wished to devote to his own problems. The bank would close promptly at noon; and Mike watched the slow hands of the clock crawl toward that hour.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when Barber John came in. He had come from his shop next door; he wore no hat, and the



"WOULD YOU GO AWAY WITH ME IF I WENT?" MIKE ASKED

white, washable coat, which was his shop garb, accentuated the malformation of his big back. He was smoking a long stogy, with a half-inch of ash on the end.

There were two people at Mike's window when he entered. They spoke to him, and he said something, smilingly, and waited till they had finished their business. Vint Glade was not busy at the moment; he was working on his running record, with his back toward Mike's cage.

When the other two were satisfied and had departed, Barber John remained the only man in the bank except Mike and Vint. The two girls who worked on the books were out of sight in the rear. Barber John laid his stogy on the marble slab, slipped a twenty-dollar bill through the wicket, and asked for change. He wanted a dollar in silver.

Mike counted out the bills, then pressed the change machine; but the silver in it had been exhausted by the last customer.

"I'll have to get it from the vault," he said. "Just a minute."

"Don't bother," said Barber John.

But Mike had already gone out through the door in the back of his cage.

"My stogy's there on the floor, at your feet," Barber John said, when his son came back. "It rolled across this slab. I tried to grab it, but I was too late."

Mike looked down and saw it on the floor. He picked it up and handed it to his father. Barber John flipped it through the open door to the street; then he took his money and went out.

Glade turned around from his books.

"It was funny when he dropped the stogy," he said. "I heard him cuss, and looked around. I thought he was coming right through the wicket after it. His arm was through, to the shoulder."

Mike said nothing; he was thinking of other things.

Abruptly, noon struck on the court-house

clock, a block away, and Vint went out and shut and locked the door. The bank was closed for the day.

Mike began, absently, the task of balancing his books.

There is a certain magic in figures. Set in long columns, one above the other, they

tician there is no poem so beautiful as this simple hieroglyph:

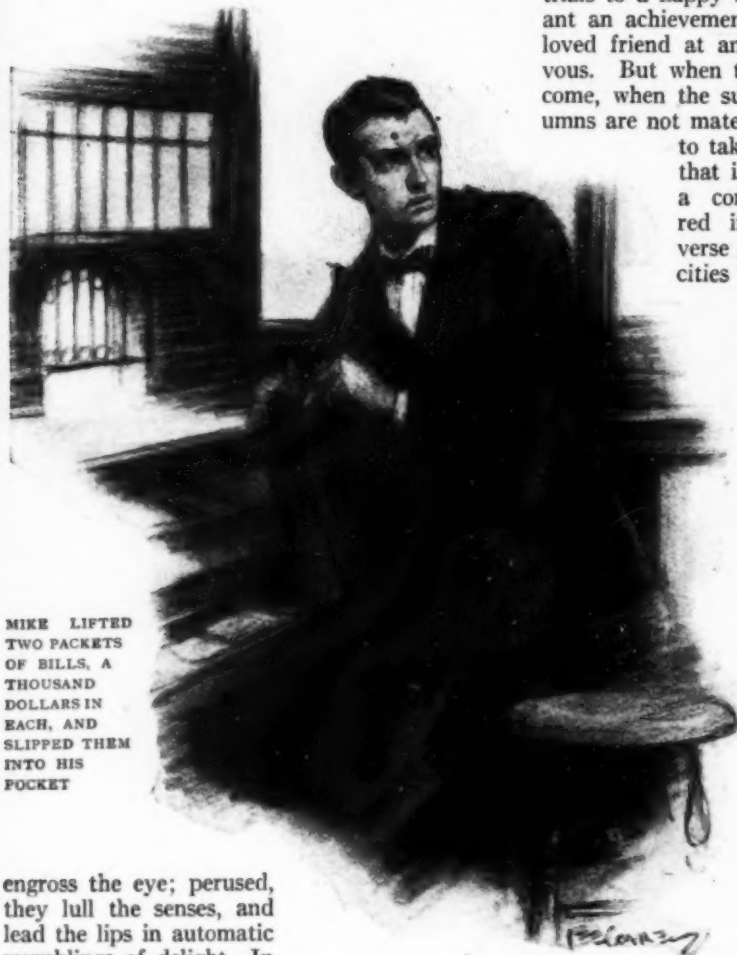
$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

To take a column of debits and a column of credits, and lead them through many trials to a happy balance, is as pleasant an achievement as to meet a beloved friend at an appointed rendezvous. But when the balance will not come, when the sums of the two columns are not mates, when they refuse to take the marriage vow that is happily sealed by a confirmatory line of red ink, then the universe rocks, and great cities crash in ruin.

Mike went at his figures that afternoon with half a mind. His thoughts were elsewhere. It is quite possible to perform mathematical calculations and think of a thousand other things at the same time, and Mike did so. He glanced at his memorandum of cash as of that morning; he added to the sum those other amounts which he had fetched from the vault during the morning. The result he set down and laid aside.

Then the checks that he had cashed. He ran them through, copying the amounts into the pages of his ledger. He worked swiftly, his pen flying.

Vint Glade, four feet away, was busy with his similar task. Neither man spoke. Outside the bank, the footsteps of an occasional pedestrian passed by. Vint had drawn the curtain on the door when he closed it; nevertheless, a late-comer or two rattled at the door-handle, beseeching admittance. But the bank was closed, irre-



MIKE LIFTED TWO PACKETS OF BILLS, A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN EACH, AND SLIPPED THEM INTO HIS POCKET

engross the eye; perused, they lull the senses, and lead the lips in automatic mumblings of delight. In their crisp precision there is a beauty possessed by no other creation of man; in their exact combinations, in the unchanging verities they visibly embody, there is pure poetry.

It is true that this magic of figures is hid from some unlucky mortals, for magic is only for chosen eyes. It takes a Celt to visualize a fairy, a darky to see a ghost. It takes a mathematician to read the beauty of the digits that he scrawls in rows and columns; but to your true mathema-

vocably, for that day. Vint and Mike kept to their tasks.

When the amounts of the checks were transcribed, Mike began to tally the columns, carrying forward the sum from page to page. He added in pencil, as his custom was, ten figures at a time, setting the total in tiny annotation between the inked amounts. Thus, like a man descending a ladder, he came nimbly down one column and another, until at length he reached the last of all.

He set the sum below the statement of his original cash, subtracted, and wrote the result unthinkingly. Then he began to tally the cash that remained to him.

His fingers flew; he wet them again and again on the ground-glass surface of the roller. The bundles of bills enclosed in bands he did not count; the amount of each bundle was stamped upon the band. When the paper money was counted, he took the gold; and when that was done, the silver. He set the totals of paper, of gold, and of silver one below the other, added them swiftly, and glanced at the amount. It should equal the result of the subtraction he had made.

But even before he made the comparison, he had a sense of wrongness—the mathematician's sense of discord in his composition. When he compared the cash on hand with the result of his subtraction, his fears were realized.

His cash was short. It was short exactly two thousand dollars!

VIII

MIKE stared at the figures unbelievably for a moment. Such a thing had never happened to him before; it was hardly credible now. Then he frowned and told himself harshly:

"You were thinking 'two thousand,' 'two thousand,' as you worked. You've unconsciously stuck it in somewhere. Come back to earth, Mike Bolton! Come back to earth!"

He set to work to find the mistake, his nerves jarring at the mismated balances. He checked up his original cash on hand, and found no error in his figures there; he counted the cash remaining, and got the same result. So he sighed and went at the task of totaling the morning's checks once more.

In his first reckoning, he had added them from top to bottom. He knew that an

original error will often persist in a man's subconscious mind, deceiving him again and again; and to avoid this he added now from bottom to top, comparing each page's total as he went along.

Page by page was correct till only two remained, till only one was left to be added. He bent to this last page with every sense acute. Here must the error lie! He was burning with concentration.

He reached the bottom of the page, made his last comparison—and the boy's cheeks paled. His figures were right; his cash was two thousand dollars short.

Was it possible, he asked himself desperately, that he had unthinkingly slipped that sum into one of his pockets? He searched them. There was only the small change he was accustomed to carry.

Had he dropped the money between his cage and his vault? He scanned every inch of the dozen paces of the way, and found nothing.

He had forgotten Vint Glade. The other man was not so swift a calculator as Mike; he had just finished balancing his books as Mike confirmed his shortage. Vint now saw Mike rummage through his pockets and search the bank floor.

"I say, what's wrong, old man?" he asked cheerfully.

Mike hesitated; then he said softly, lest the girl bookkeepers should hear:

"I wish you'd run through my figures. They won't come right. I'm afraid I'm not seeing straight. Do you mind?"

Vint came around into Mike's cage. Mike had helped him out before this.

"Of course not," he said. "Glad to."

Mike picked up the loose bits of paper on which he had made his memoranda.

"I'll get this out of the way," he said. "You make your own totals."

Glade nodded and bent to the work. Mike stood in the back of the cage, watching, saying nothing. He tried to think, tried to find an explanation for this thing that had come upon him. It was serious; he did not try to deceive himself as to the seriousness of it.

His thoughts ranged back over the past days. Strange that the amount of the shortage should be exactly the amount he had coveted! Was it possible that he had taken the money that morning, hidden it away somewhere, and forgotten it already, in his obsession? Would it come to light to damn him?

He had little hope that Glade would find an error. He was sure of his figures; they had not betrayed him. But if they had not betrayed him, then the two thousand dollars was gone.

Gone where? He began to think back over the morning, groping for any hint that would explain the mystery. He began to sweat with sudden panic. He was remembering his efforts to borrow this sum during the past two weeks. If the shortage were made known, these efforts of his would be reported.

"He wanted two thousand," people would say. "He's two thousand short. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

He could hear them saying it. It would be enough to damn him forever; it might be enough to send him to prison.

Prison? He thought of his father. Barber John had been in the bank that morning. The boy's eyes widened with recollection. Vint had seen Barber John reaching through the wicket. For the stogy? Perhaps; but when he missed the stogy, might he not have caught up something else? Might he not—

Mike would not believe that—not even of this man who had killed a man. He had killed; yes, but that did not make him a thief. Yet, when Vint Glade told how Barber John had thrust his arm through the wicket, where the money-drawer stood open, would people believe? Or would they accuse?

Mike was sweating coldly; he wiped his hand across his forehead. He could not think; there was not time to think. If there were only a little time! When he

should be accused of theft, or when Barber John should be accused of theft, it would be too late to think. Time—if he could only have time!

It was almost a prayer; and it was like the answering of prayer when Vint Glade called to him:

"Mike, is this a 3 or a 5?"

He crossed to Vint's side and looked where Vint pointed. Vint was pointing to the entry of Charley Marsh's check, cashed that morning, for the furnace pay-roll. Usually, the furnace check was near the five-thousand mark; it was entered here as three thousand and some odd dollars. Mike remembered thinking, when the check was presented, that it was smaller than usual; and when he looked at the entry in the book, he saw that the 3 he had written in the thousand column might almost as well be a 5.

His thoughts were racing. If he said that the doubtful figure was a 5, Vint would accept his word. That was the usual amount. And if it were counted as 5 instead of 3, his books would balance; the deficit would be wiped out.

Of course, the thing would be discovered in due course—at the end of the month, for instance; but that was almost three weeks away. Much might happen in the interval. He would have time to solve the mystery, time to restore the money, time—

Time! That was what he needed; and here time was offered to him—offered to him in return for a single word.

He took his pencil and wrote, above the doubtful digit, a small 5.

"I meant that for a five," he said.

(To be continued in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE INVINCIBLE POWER

WHAT is the power that holds the heart,
And floods the soul with light,
Defeating the somber hosts of hate
As daybreak conquers night?

What is soft as a zephyr's breath,
Yet strong as the ocean tide,
Alive through sorrow and sin and pain—
By time uncrucified?

What is it soars with an eagle's wing,
Or woos like a mating dove?
The power supreme from age to age—
By men called love!

William H. Hayne

The Man-Tamer

BY EMMET F. HARTE

Illustrated by Paul Stahr

A SERIES of disquieting noises roused Joan Lamar from dreamless slumber. Her eyes, heavy with drowsiness, blinked open. After the first moment of waking bewilderment, her senses were fully alert. She knew that it was nearing daybreak outside, by reason of the pale, grayish light that straggled through the one small window of her bedroom; but this impression was in a way subconscious, for her attention was principally directed to the clamor which had awakened her.

The sounds came from the room immediately underneath the bare attic chamber in which she lay. She could hear a thrashing about, attended by the crash of breaking crockery, the sound of ripping cloth, and a bumping clatter as if heavy articles of furniture were being overturned. These sounds were accompanied by a sort of rumbling growl of spoken words, rising now and then to blatant blasts of profanity.

She was very well aware of the cause of the disturbance. Her father was in one of his frequent tantrums of anger—"crazy mad fits," as his daughter secretly characterized them.

Boone Lamar had something of a reputation throughout the length and breadth of Hogback Mountain, due to his berserker outbursts of evil temper. There were many who deemed him a dangerous man to cross when angry. This acted as a tonic rather than a febrifuge to his habit of giving way to anger over trifles. Since nobody saw fit to test the merit of his mettle, he knew of no reason for self-control, and consequently gave his emotions a free rein.

Joan shivered as the noises seemed to grow more violent. Then she understood, with a little sense of shock, that her father had opened the door at the foot of the narrow stairway leading to her sleeping-room, and that he was speaking her name loudly and insistently.

"You, Joan! Git up out o' that there bed!" His voice detonated hoarsely in the chute of the stairway and boomed in her ears like an explosion. "D'you hear me? D'you want me to come douse you with a pail o' cold water?"

"I—I'm up already, pa," she shrilled in a frightened voice, tumbling out of bed and clutching frantically at her garments.

"Let me see you down here mighty quick, then!" she heard him say.

The girl thrust herself into her clothes, enveloping her lithe body in the first thing that came to her hand. In her haste she could not find a dress, or even a waist and skirt; only a gaudy-colored kimono, which was a sort of joint possession worn in turn by her mother and herself. Having wriggled into its voluminous sleeves, she whisked the floating folds of it about her and went tremblingly down the stairway.

The living-room, or "sitting-room," as members of the family were accustomed to call it, seemed strangely unfamiliar to her eyes. It was in a grotesque and incongruous state of havoc and ruin. Fragments of plaster of Paris and bits of broken pottery strewn the floor; smashed pictures, mirrors, blooming flowers torn from their earth-filled cans; lace curtains from the windows, various bits of embroidered linen—doilies, chair-tidies, the result of many days of painstaking work—all were jumbled together in a chaos of wreckage and disorder around the room. In the midst of it her father stood scowling at her from beneath his heavy brows, his face suffused with the purple flush of anger.

"So there you come, a wearin' some more o' them fine-haired s'ciety clo'es, as usual!" he snarled. "You're a purty thing, now, ain't you? I'll just fix that thing, too, while I'm fixin' the rest!"

In two tigerlike strides he reached the shrinking girl and proceeded to rend the

kimono into ribbons. The offending garment torn into a mass of bright-colored tatters, he roughly stripped it from her body and threw it into a far corner of the room. She cowered before him, bare-armed, clad in a coarse bodice and short skirt which came only to her knees. She shielded her face with an upraised arm, shrinking against the wall.

"Now," he growled, "don't let me catch you in no sich clo'es again. They's goin' to be a new way o' doin' in this here house after to-day. They ain't a goin' to be no more foolishness o' flowers an' fancy fiddlediddles an' purties stuck all over ever'thing. Hereafter this is goin' to be a man's house. You hear?"

"Yes, pa," she answered meekly; then, in a frightened voice: "Where is mother?"

He burst out with a bitter oath.

"I don't know, an' I keer a whole lot less. You git to work an' cook breakfast right now, an' stop askin' me questions!"

II

JOAN obeyed—after she had found an old wrapper of her mother's and put it on. She had never dreamed of disobeying her father's commands hitherto, nor did she think of such a thing now; but this day seemed somehow different from other days when he had been possessed of one

of his frenzies of rage. He had not been quite so furiously destructive on previous occasions. Judging from the appearance of things in the sitting-room, he had raged back and forth in an unrestrained ecstasy of passion. Joan felt a little thrill of horror.

A dead weight of anxiety troubled her, too. What had become of her mother? What had happened before the noise of her father's final mad fit in the sitting-room



DOONE LANAR'S HARSH VOICE RECALLED HER TO WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS. HE WAS STANDING BESIDE THE BED IN THE DIM, GRAY LIGHT OF THE DAWN

had awakened her? She hadn't the temerity to ask him.

He ate in grim silence the food she set out for him on the small kitchen table. Then, without a word, he took his hat and coat and went outside. Watching circum-spectly at one of the windows, she saw him shoulder his ax and stride off up the hill-side. Apparently he was going to engage in his work of cutting timber, as usual.

Her timid, girlish breast heavy with ap-

prehension, Joan went into the wrecked living-room. Almost the first object her eyes picked out from the jumble of torn and broken household furnishings was a crumpled ball of paper lying in the middle of the floor. She picked it up at once, smoothed it out, and saw that it was a penciled note in her mother's handwriting.

"I am going to live with Seth," Joan read. "You said you couldn't stand the sight of me any longer, and you get worse every day I stay.

I simply will not go on being mis-treated by you like I have been, Boone Lamar. So, good-by, forever."

Joan stared at the wall in front of her. So that was what had happened! Her mother had gone to live with Seth.

The girl's mind, like a picture-projecting machine, threw in swift succession a series of stereoscopically lifelike images on the mirror of her consciousness. She visualized Seth, both as a child and as a young man. Seth, her brother—he was two years younger than herself—had always been their mother's favorite. Their father, in whose eyes any form of physical weakness was despicable, often declared that the boy was "tied to his mammy's apron-strings," and would never be worth the powder and lead it would take to blow him to perdition. Seth Lamar



"IT'S TIME TO GIT UP," HE GROWLED. "HERE'S SOME CLO'ES YOU KIN PUT ON. I'M A RECKONIN' FOR YOU TO HELP ME IN THE CLEARIN' TO-DAY"

was a source of perpetual irritation to his father.

In the space of a minute Joan reviewed the larger events in her brother's seventeen years of life. She recalled vividly the day when he was first dressed in the habiliments of a boy. Then there was the day when his long, yellow curls were sacrificed, and his mother's immoderate grief over the fact. Countless scenes flitted through her mind of Seth's and her own school-days, when they had walked two miles to and from the schoolhouse on the far side of the mountain. She remembered that sometimes she had helped him to fight his boyish battles with other boys who were given to "picking on him."

His later life was mostly a sequence of colorless monotypes. He was a gangling youth, who spent hours poring over a book, or mooning under a tree, trying to scrape harmonies out of an old violin. Joan remembered that she had secretly agreed with her father's contention that Seth was lazy, selfish, and ungrateful; for, like most boys, he seemed to think it his logical right to have his mother and sister wait on him.

Then came the final emotional climax, when Seth was a man grown, or very near it, in years and outward appearance. His father had whipped him with the black-snake whip, a formidable instrument of punishment in the hands of an angry man; and that night Joan's brother ran away from home.

This had happened some six months previously, and Seth had not returned. Now her mother had run away also. The girl suddenly felt that she had been left unsupported, and abandoned to whatever fate lay in wait for her. She realized her inability physically to oppose any one who tried to tyrannize over her. At the same time, she understood that the only tyrant she knew was her own father.

Her father had not whipped her since she was a small child, but she knew that he was capable of doing it if sufficiently provoked. Boone Lamar was a hard, merciless, cold-hearted man. Normally he was sullen, gruff, not given to even transient moods of gaiety. The times when he laughed were few indeed. When stirred to anger—and the merest trifle might be an inciting cause—he became a veritable beast, lusting to tear and trample everything within reach.

Yet there was something about his outbursts that appealed to an elemental sense

in Joan. His rages were terrific and appalling to her, but she found something in them of the force and majesty of a wind-storm, or the crash of a thunderbolt. While her father never by word or action displayed the slightest evidence of affection toward her, she often felt a certain vague unity of sympathy, which she fancied was common to them both, if only they had been able to define and encourage it. But she had no thought of loving her father. He wasn't lovable at all.

Joan went out on the little side porch. Chickens and ducks were scattered about the yard in search of edible fractions of vegetable or animal life. The girl saw lying on the ground a screen of wire netting that her mother and herself had contrived for the protection of a well-beloved flower-bed at the side of the house. She instantly thought of her pansies, which were in colorful splendor of blooming for all that the summer was now rapidly waning. The chickens would be at them, of course. She ran to see.

Then she stopped short at sight of the flower-bed. Alas, neither fowl nor predatory insect could harm her pansies more. Their bright faces would never again greet the benignant sun; for the flower-bed had been uprooted, devastated, trampled into utter ruin. It was her father's handiwork, for there lay the hoe that he had used to accomplish the deed.

Tearfully she knelt down to see if a single one of her cherished pansies had escaped destruction under the onslaught of hoe and boot. Not one was left, not one. She hid her face with a forearm and wept.

Soon bitter resentment flamed up in her heart. Her mother's oft-reiterated assertion was true—Boone Lamar was a deliberately cruel and vicious brute. He was wholly bad.

She regained her feet and went into the house. Climbing the narrow stairway to her attic room, she set quickly to work to pack her few personal trinkets and necessary articles of clothing into a bundle, which she wrapped in an undershirt. This accomplished, she stumbled down-stairs and out of the house, and, hugging the bundle closely to her bosom, she hastened along the woods road that afforded an outlet to the main highway farther down the mountainside.

She had gone only a little way into the leafy screen of trees and thickets when the

crackling of twigs and the sound of her own name spoken guardedly made her pause. A moment later her mother joined her. She clutched Joan's arm with an air of avid eagerness.

"I've been a tryin' to attract yore attention for a long time, honey," she said. "I was afeared to show myself, for there's no tellin' what he'd do. I heard him a ragin' an' a cussin' in there. I wanted you to come, too. I would 'a' told you last night, but I couldn't git to. I'm so glad you did come. Yore pa is a devil, Joan. He's gittin' wuss all the time!"

"He tore up the house somethin' frightful," the girl said. "He even went out an' ruined our pansy-bed with the hoe—"

"He's a crazy, wild brute when he has them spells," her mother said wearily. "I don't never want to see him again, if I can help it. Seth sent me word jist yestiddy that he's got a good place in the town where he went to. He's a playin' the fiddle in a band, an' he wants us both to come an' live with him."

Joan's shoulders sagged with the weight of the bundle clasped in her arms.

"It was just dirty meanness that made him tear up the pansy-bed," she cried. "He ought to be licked for doin' it. I wish I was a man! I'd—I'd show him—"

"You can't cure a mad dog, Joan. Let him live alone. He can't treat nobody decent. Let him root for himself."

The girl looked back along the leaf-strewn road toward the house. Her anger died out as quickly as it had flared up.

"Sometimes I feel sorry for poor pa," she murmured. "He ain't never happy like other people. He works till he has to do something different or—he'd bust to pieces, I reckon. I wonder if he'll miss us both?"

"I hope so. Come on, chile!" her mother urged. "My satchel is hid further down the hill. We'd best be travelin'. We got a good ways to go."

"Ma, I believe I'd better go back home," Joan said abruptly. "Pa can't cook to do no good. I don't feel like I ought to leave him this way."

"You're mighty foolish, Joan. He'll whip you like he did Seth. You come on!"

"No." The girl shook her head. "I don't reckon he'll whip me. I'm goin' back. Good-by, ma. You take good care o' yourself, and send me word when you can."

Her mother continued to plead for a

time, but Joan remained firm. She kissed her mother's tear-wet cheek and turned away.

Mrs. Lamar stood still until the tall form of the girl reached a bend in the leafy tunnel. There Joan paused and waved one hand. Her mother waved in answer, and then hastened down the woodland trail.

III

BOONE LAMAR's heavy tread sounded on the porch. His glance swept about the room as he entered the house. The disorder of the early morning had been neatly cleared away. The sitting-room was swept and dusted and the furniture replaced.

Hearing some one moving around in the kitchen, he stepped to the door. It was Joan.

"Dinner is just about ready, pa," she said quietly.

He stared at her with coldly hostile eyes. Then he went to the bench by the door and proceeded to wash his face and hands. Presently he spoke harshly.

"I 'lowed you'd skip out to-day, like the rest," he said. "Why didn't you?"

"I was goin' to," she answered simply, "but I changed my mind."

She had put a white table-cloth on the table and placed the dishes for their meal. He noted the cloth with a frown. Then he strode forward, growling out a string of oaths, and jerked cloth and dishes to the floor. Joan watched the act stonily, her body lax in a kind of dull apathy.

"Didn't I tell you they warn't goin' to be no purty fixin's in this house?" he railed at her. "I said it an' I meant it. Put the eatables on the table, so's we kin eat without primpin'. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, pa," she murmured.

She swept up the broken fragments of dishes, picking up such as were intact, removed the cloth out of sight, and placed the dinner on the bare table without attempt at orderly arrangement. Her father drew up his chair and ate. The girl made no pretense of eating.

Boone Lamar sopped the last of the bacon grease from the meat-platter with a morsel of bread, finished his cup of coffee, and stood upon his feet.

"The pigs ain't been slopped," he snapped out briefly.

"I'll 'tend to it," Joan said.

He tramped on out, and up the hillside path to his work.

Joan washed the dishes, fed the pigs, and carried water from the spring to scrub the kitchen and sitting-room floors. Once or twice during the afternoon a feeling of utter loneliness oppressed her. The feeling was one of physical rather than spiritual desolation, however. It wasn't that she missed her mother's heartening presence, as a sort of fount from which she could draw renewed stamina and determination; for that was not the case. She merely felt bereft of human companionship. It was lonely not to hear the sound of a voice.

Joan Lamar was not quite twenty years of age. Sturdy of body and somewhat taller than medium height, she was not unlike her father in physical build. Her face was dark and plain-featured; but she wasn't uncomely. In fact, she was healthily attractive; and she really was stronger than she appeared to be at first sight.

As a matter of fact, her development into the full-curved perfection of buxom and robust young womanhood had merely been deferred, not definitely arrested. She possessed a fair measure of courage, too, for a girl. Her father's grim moodiness awed but did not intimidate her. His paroxysms of fury did not inspire in her the emotion described as panic fear. Her mental attitude toward him was dutiful, but never servile. When she obeyed his commands in seeming humility, her soul was not fettered with bonds of craven submission.

The supper was all ready and waiting on the bare-topped table when Boone Lamar returned in the evening. He uttered no comment of any kind, critical or complimentary. Having eaten his supper, he took down the milk-pail from the porch shelf where it was kept for airing, and started toward the barn, as was his nightly habit. Joan followed him.

"You go back in the house and rest yourself, pa," she said. "I'll do the milkin' to-night."

He eyed her glumly.

"You think you kin milk both them cows, an' do it right?"

"I aim to," she replied. "It's time I was learnin', anyhow."

He surrendered the bucket without further speech.

The milking proved a tedious task to Joan's unaccustomed fingers. She accomplished it in time, disposed of the milk in the spring-house, returned to the kitchen, and washed the dishes.

It was late when her tasks were finished. She found her father gone to bed, the front rooms dark. Carrying the lamp, she crossed the bare, desolate sitting-room, bleak and strangely unfamiliar. With a timid glance around at the shadows which seemed to follow close behind, as if to pounce upon her unawares, she hurried up the stairs. She was very tired, and sleep was not long coming.

Boone Lamar's harsh voice recalled her to waking consciousness. He was standing beside the bed in the dim, gray light of the dawn. In his hand he held something wadded and shadowy of aspect in the partial darkness.

"It's time to git up," he growled. "Here's some clo'es you kin put on. I'm a reckonin' for you to help me in the clearin' to-day."

He threw the garments on the bed and clumped down the narrow stairway. Then Joan saw that the clothes he meant her to don were a corduroy coat and trousers which had been Seth's—man's clothes!

She lay for a moment shocked and horrified. For a girl to appear openly dressed in male attire was, viewed by the strict moral rules of her bringing up, the brazen evidence of wantonness. A girl in trousers was lost to all modesty.

Boone Lamar had evidently waited at the foot of the stairway.

"Well," he growled up at her, "air you a goin' to do what I told you?"

"Yes, pa," she answered breathlessly.

IV

AFTER the first five-minute ordeal of shame and embarrassment, Joan's painfully poignant self-consciousness became less unbearable. She knew that there wasn't much likelihood of anybody seeing her in her brother's clothes except her father, and his scrutiny had been comprehended in a single, coldly unemotional glance to make sure that she had obeyed his mandate.

She discovered presently that masculine apparel possessed advantages over the garb of her sex in that it gave one greater freedom of limb. There awoke in her breast that latent spirit of adventurous daring which exists in the heart of youth, the female no less than the male, and she actually found herself aglow with a kind of mild recklessness. If her father wanted her to be a boy, she would do her best to be one.

The few negligible tasks in the house,



THE ENSUING FOUR OR FIVE DAYS SEEMED TO JOAN A SORT OF WAKING NIGHTMARE
OF MISERY

after breakfast, were speedily attended to. Her father waited on the porch while Joan secured a faded stocking cap, a relic of her school-days, which she pulled down over her coiled tresses of brown hair. Two axes stood on the porch. Boone Lamar picked up one of them, and with a jerk of the arm indicated that Joan should take the other. He strode off along the path. She followed, a silent, brown figure, with eyes downcast and cheeks rosy red with blushes, trudging obediently behind.

Arrived at the clearing, her father put aside his coat, and without further preliminary save spitting on his hands, set to work upon the trunk of a big oak. His ax rose and fell with steady, rhythmic precision, the chips detaching themselves and dropping down with each stroke. A wedgelike incision chopped on one side of the tree, he moved to the other side and cut a second notch. Joan, standing near, heard the popping crackle of inner fibers and saw the tree sway, slowly at first, then faster, in a far-swinging arc which ended in a downward rush and the final whistling crash. It was an impressive sight—the majesty of strength; strength mortally stricken and helpless, clean and splendid and unafraid even at the instant of dissolution.

She was recalled from her musings by a rough voice.

"Well, don't stand there a gawkin' an' doin' nothin'," was her father's peremptory command. "Git to work! You kin hack off them little limbs, cain't you?"

She obeyed his command at once in dutiful silence. It was awkward and discouraging work for her untrained hands. Her blows with the ax were clumsily directed and feeble. She marveled at the swift, certain efficiency of her father's strokes. It looked simple and easy enough to see him strip off and thrust aside the tangled branches; but for her it was back-breaking, arm-wrenching, skin-prickling toil and trouble.

At a gruff order she put down her ax and set to work piling the detached brush in a rude heap for burning. That was hard work, too; but no thought entered her mind except to keep on trying to accomplish whatever task her father assigned her.

In an hour or two she learned something of the manner of swinging an ax. She discovered that the force expended in a blow was not all. There was a trick about directing one's efforts, too.

When a tree had been felled and stripped of its smaller branches, her father proceeded to cut the trunk into shorter lengths for cordwood. The larger of these he then split into sections with an iron wedge and a maul. Joan piled the finished sticks in a long rick. That task was easier than the others.

They went to the house at noon, and Joan prepared their dinner. She was ravenously hungry when they sat down to eat—so hungry, indeed, that she presently cooked herself another plate of corn cakes. The two returned to the clearing for their afternoon's exertions.

When evening came, Joan was stiff with fatigue. Every muscle in her tender body ached with weariness. Nevertheless, she drove herself to cook their suppers and to milk the two cows; still later she washed the dishes and brought wood and kindling for the breakfast fire; and finally she dragged herself to her bed and slept the dead sleep of exhaustion.

The ensuing four or five days seemed to Joan a sort of waking nightmare of misery. Her body, racked by the travail of physical readjustment, was one universal, throbbing bundle of sore spots. She was convinced that even her bones ached. For nearly a week her mind seemed to be dulled and benumbed. She gave up trying to think connectedly about anything. She merely limped to the clearing, worked in a dazed fashion, and stumbled back to the house at her father's heels. At night she slept dreamlessly, to awaken stiffer and more weary than when she had lain down; but she did not shirk or complain.

Then one day her brain cleared. She was conscious of a tingling warmth that glowed throughout her being to the very tips of her fingers. She straightened her shoulders, threw back her head, and filled her lungs with the sweet, cool, mountain air. Her soreness and stiffness were lessened magically in a night's time. It was a privilege, a wondrous thing, merely to be alive!

Little by little, after that, she acquired the knack of handling her ax. She was able now to cut away the smaller limbs of a felled tree with the swift, clean, deft strokes she had marveled at in her father. She had cut down her first tree, all by herself—not exactly a towering monarch of the forest, but a real tree just the same. The long day's work no longer left her

weary and aching when night came. And her appetite for food—how good everything tasted!

There were whole days when her father and herself did not exchange a word of speech. Boone Lamar was a morose man; he had no gift of words beyond his occasional rough commands. Nor was Joan given to needless garrulity. When her father said bitter or unprovokedly cruel things, she kept silent. A quarrel dies out quickly, like a fire, when no fuel is added to the first flaming up.

Autumn came. There were bleak days now and then; days when the rain dripped drearily from the eaves of the house in a melancholy monotony like the tears of some empyreal grief. Joan found household tasks to keep her employed. There were many things to be done—fruit-canning, sweets-making, mending.

Her father had his own tasks to busy him, too—harness-mending, corn-husking, tool-sharpening. At other times he sat glum and silent in some corner. Once or twice he indulged in mild outbursts of temper. A pig gone amiss, or even a chicken, was sufficient to cause a paroxysm of ill-humor.

Indian summer—mild, beautiful days when the air was heady like wine and the purple dusk hung over distant valleys. Joan, tall, straight, round-limbed, agile with healthy youth, walked with springing tread. Her cheeks glowed with a ruddy bloom. Her brother's coat and trousers did not sag in loose folds about her chest and hips, as at first. They fitted her snugly; she had grown heavier by many pounds, and her muscles were firm and full. Meanwhile the fall merged into winter.

For Joan the weeks went by on dancing feet. Each day was a step forward in the swinging rhythm of progress—a progress which was not only physical growth and development, but something of soul expansion as well. She attained certainty of mental poise, assurance of her own strength, calm confidence in her own efficiency—in a word, courage—the courage that knows its own power.

Physically, Joan Lamar was a splendid specimen of muscular strength when spring came once more to breathe new life into the stark-limbed trees and brown slopes of the mountain. Rounded curves replaced the lines and angles of her girlish figure. She was deep-chested, round-armed, broad

of shoulder and hip; but she was graceful and light of movement, too, and her body was steel-hard, tireless. She was in full possession of youth—youth with its capacity for growth, its singing vigor, its prodigal wastes of energy, but its still more lavish stores of reserve force.

V

THE timber clearing had been completed. Boone Lamar was planning to plow the new ground and plant it in corn when the season was further advanced. Joan had put off her male attire for woman's dress. She found occupation in remodeling the garments she had worn the year before. They were too small for her now, in the shoulders and waist.

Late one afternoon there rode up to the house a small boy from the lower reaches of the mountain. Joan knew the urchin by name. She was alone, her father having gone in quest of the cows, which had strayed into some remote hollow among the hills. The boy brought Joan a letter from her mother.

"Hit's been down to the post-office fer two er three days, now," he explained in his condescending manner of a superior male creature. "Ol' man Simms, he 'lowed I better fetch hit up, seein's you-all don't come to town extry often."

"You're the nicest boy I know," Joan told him.

With the naive lack of haste which is characteristic of most little boys, he lingered until she had read the letter. Her mother wrote that she was unhappy. It appeared that Seth, with the hot-headedness of callow youth, had married a girl of the town, slightly older, but no less arrogantly silly and independent than himself. Martha Lamar's account was lacking of pedantic effect, but it conveyed her thought succinctly:

Seth is stuck up, and his wife is, too. I can see I ain't wanted here. Oh, Joan, I would give anything to see you and be with you again! I am so hungry like for a sight of the mountains. I hope you and your pa are both well.

Joan turned to the boy.

"Sammy," she said, "if you'll wait till I write a letter, and then take it to the post-office for me, I'll give you a nickel."

"Shore," he replied with curt chivalry.

She wrote to her mother briefly:

Come home right away, ma. Everything's all right here. The redbud and dogwood trees are

starting to bloom. I am going to look for you next Saturday, sure.

The urchin received the letter and clucked to his horse. Joan watched until his small figure vanished beyond a bend in the trail.

Not for weeks had Boone Lamar indulged in a temperamental outburst, and Joan felt hopeful that he had learned the virtue of patience. She was self-deceived, as a matter of fact. Her father could learn his lesson of humility only in one way; but the day of his enlightenment was at hand.

It was Thursday when the boy brought the letter from her mother. Joan looked forward to the second day following with a fond glow of happiness, for not the slightest doubt entered her mind but that her mother would come home.

Joan made joyful plans for the homecoming. There must be special preparations for such an event. The house should be spick and span; a feast must needs be made ready; it would be a celebration indeed, an occasion for rejoicing.

In all this she forgot her father. In her excitement of planning, he faded into the dim background of her mind. Her mother was in the spotlight for the time being.

On Saturday morning her father was absent on some errand or other having to do with pig or calf. Joan worked with loving zeal to brighten and beautify the rooms. From some obscure chest or drawer she had unearthed muslin curtains for the sitting-room windows; these she hung and arranged. She brought out pieces of linen; a cover for the bureau; chair ties; some bright pictures. Then there were a few bits of ornament, china and metal, which her mother had always treasured, and which had thus far escaped Boone Lamar's wrathful attentions. Joan plucked a great bouquet of sweet-williams and johnny-jump-ups in the near-by woods; this she placed in a pitcher of water on the mantelshelf.

She surveyed her work at last, and saw that it was good. The room had its ancient air of homelike cheeriness. How glad her mother would be to see it again! Each trinket, each well-remembered chair and piece of furniture, had been hers and held something of herself in its faded being. And then Joan heard a step on the porch floor.

Her father paused in the doorway and stood staring into the room, a slowly

mounting flush of anger purpling his cheeks. He bared his teeth in a snarl of rage as his glaring eyes met Joan's level glance.

"So!" he blurted out, with an oath to emphasize the word. "You've went to work an' primped things up agin, have you? I thought I'd learned you some sense, but it seems it warn't enough. Well, I'll fix it this time so's they won't be nothin' to primp with!"

He lurched menacingly into the room.

"Stop!" Joan commanded in a new voice. "Don't touch anything, pa!"

She was not on the defensive. She glided forward with a swift, catlike grace, to meet him before he could come farther.

"Don't tech anything!" he mimicked. "Who's a goin' to stop me?"

"I'm goin' to," she told him with cold earnestness, and leaped straight at his throat.

Her onslaught took him partly by surprise, and she had rushed him out through the open doorway to the porch before he could recover his balance. That, doubtless, was her intent. She meant to fight, but she didn't want the room upset after she had labored to arrange it in the way she felt her mother would like.

In the trial of sheer physical strength which followed, Joan proved herself more than her father's match. His was the lumbering might of an awkward man in anger, hers the supple, adroit, elusive power of the panther. Half-strangled in the murderous grip of her fingers at his throat, he shook and beat her loose, only to find her arms hugging him like iron hoops about his ribs. An instant later she flung him crashing against the house wall; and even at the moment of impact it seemed that she was at his throat again, following him like a flash of light, gripping him with those relentless talons of steel.

He broke away from her again, puffing and grunting, his eyes rolling in a kind of maniac frenzy. He struck at her face and body with his fists, but such blows as reached her went unheeded. He shouted maudlin curses and hoarse threats, while essaying to pinion her arms.

Once he caught her wrists fairly, but he might as well have tried to hold the paws of a charging tigress. Again she wound her grappling arms about his body, and then thrust him suddenly headlong to the solid ground beyond the porch-edge. He fell



"STOP!" JOAN COMMANDED IN A NEW VOICE. "DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, PA!"

sprawling, and his head struck with a violence which dazed him for an instant.

Meanwhile she had planted a vicious knee in the pit of his stomach, and her hands were at his throat in that pitiless, tearing, choking grip.

"Joan! Air you a tryin' to kill me?" he managed to gurgle before the blue of the sky overhead turned to whirling blackness.

She was sitting, chin in hand, regarding him with a calm, passionless stare when he raised himself to a sitting posture. Her thin dress, torn completely from one shoulder and arm, revealed the milky whiteness of her skin, the smooth, sweeping curve of her throat, and the swelling contour of her young bosom below.

His berserker rage had passed, leaving him weak and shaken.

"Joan," he said foolishly, "I—I never meant to hurt you!"

"You didn't hurt me," she replied in even tones. "I don't much reckon you're liable to hurt me, either. You ain't man enough to, pa."

"I wuz mad—like I git, gal. I've got sich a terrible temper—"

"Yes, I know you've always took pride in your temper, pa. It's about time you found out them crazy, mad fits of yours don't help things any. I don't believe, if I was you, I'd have any more of 'em here at the house; because I tell you now I'm goin' to give you a real good lickin' the next time you try it. I can do it, and I promise you I will!"

He scrambled clumsily to his feet. She rose lightly as he did so, and stood there poised, lithe, alert, her eyes meeting his with the steady flame of unmistakable purpose. Hers was the debonair pose of the confident swordsman, keen-set, sure of victory, with

rapier ready at point. If she held no gleaming blade in her hand, there was the flash of steel in her glance, which met his and held it as blade holds blade. His gaze wavered and fell.

"When I fixed up the house, in there," she said, with a backward nod of her head, "I had a special reason. It was on ma's account. I'm lookin' for ma to come home 'most any time to-day, and I wanted to have everything ready and lookin' nice for her sake. And I don't aim to have a thing bothered."

"Yore mammy's a comin' home?" he repeated. "You say she's a comin' home to-day?"

"Yes—and more than that. Beginnin' to-day things is goin' to be difierent here, pa. You've had your way a good many years. Now I'm goin' to have some say. When the wood's sold, we're goin' to buy ma and me a lot of things—clothes, and new things for the house. And we're goin' to have company come to see us—young people, girls and boys, and other folks, too. And ma and me are goin' to 'tend meetin' and act like white people instid of a passel of wild hawks. Them's some of the things we're goin' to do, whether you want us to or not. Do you understand what I'm a sayin' to you, pa?"

"Yes, I hear you," he said dully. "I won't contrary you, Joan. You've worked, an' I guess you've earned what you want. An' yore mammy—I reckon she'll be glad to git back home. I hope she'll not commence fussin' at me the minute she comes. I wisht you'd kind o' take her in hand, Joan, if she should have one o' her aggravatin' spells."

"I will, pa," said Joan, with the air of one making a solemn promise.

CARRYING THE TORCH

MORNING'S an eager child with outstretched hands,
A happy heart, and deep, far-seeing eyes
Already visioning the promised lands
Whose lure within him lies.

Noon is a strong man set to run a race,
Sandaled with flame—life's prize is to the strong—
Bearing the joy of battle in his face,
And on his lips a song.

Night is a mother woman, on whose breast
Their weary heads earth's wayworn children lay,
Drawing from her exhaustless font of rest
Strength for another day.

Mazie V. Caruthers



A QUIET VALLEY AMONG THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF THE WASATCH NATIONAL FOREST, IN NORTHERN UTAH

A Vacation with Uncle Sam

TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS THE SPLENDID NATIONAL FORESTS OF THE UNITED STATES OFFER THE PLEASURES OF INTERESTING TRAVEL AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE AND SPORT

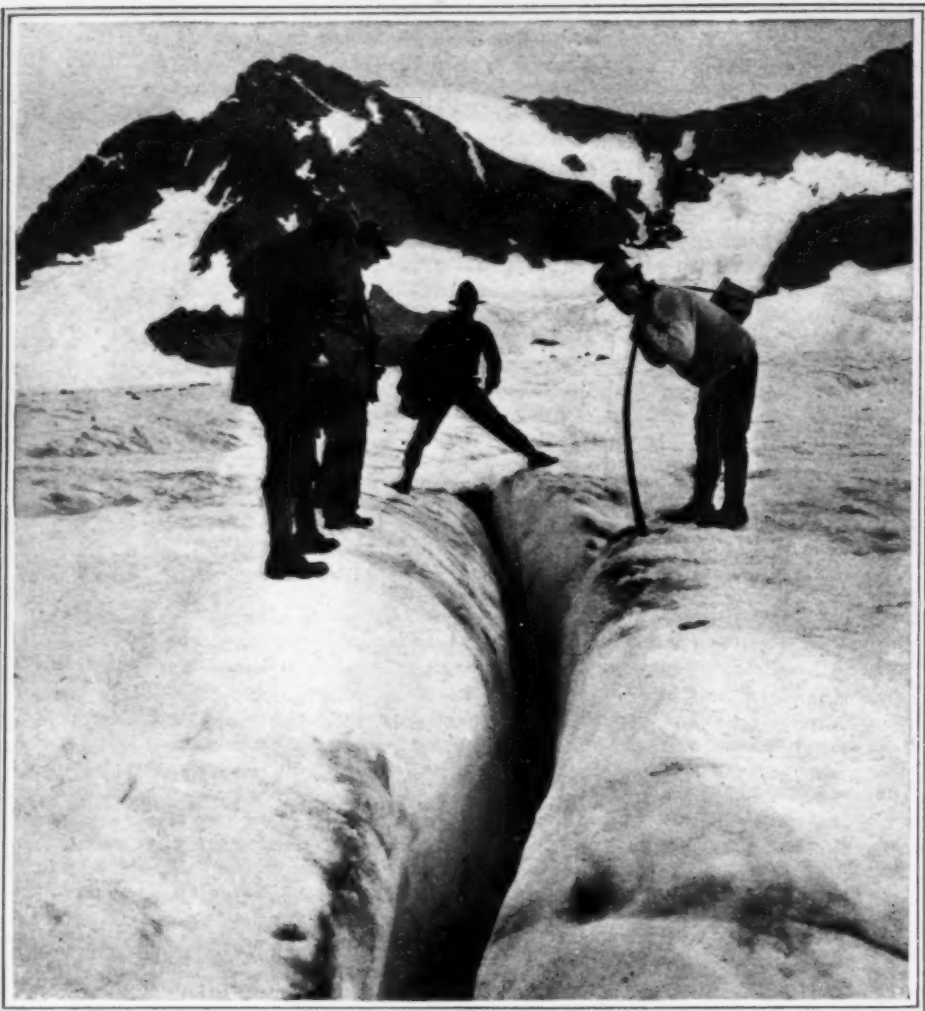
By Arthur L. Dahl

WHAT parks are to a great city our National Forests are to the whole United States. They are breathing-spots where we can go, when tired, to rest on nature's green carpets, with sweet-smelling flowers and tall trees around us, and where we can meet the dwellers of the furred and feathered kingdoms.

Uncle Sam, in administering the National Forests, has taken a broad-minded view and laid far-sighted plans. It is his desire and intention not only to utilize the material resources within their boundaries, such as timber, grazing, and water-power, but also to place these splendid tracts at the disposal of all the people as camping-

places or recreation-grounds. To that end millions of dollars have been expended in the building of good roads, in the construction of telephone-lines, in the making of surveys and maps, in the selection and improvement of desirable camp-sites, and in other methods of rendering the National Forests accessible to visitors.

With the wonderful development of the motor-car, which has enabled the average family to take long trips independent of the railroads, the use of the public lands of the United States for recreation purposes has steadily increased. With a portable camp outfit strapped upon an automobile, it is now possible to go into the wildest



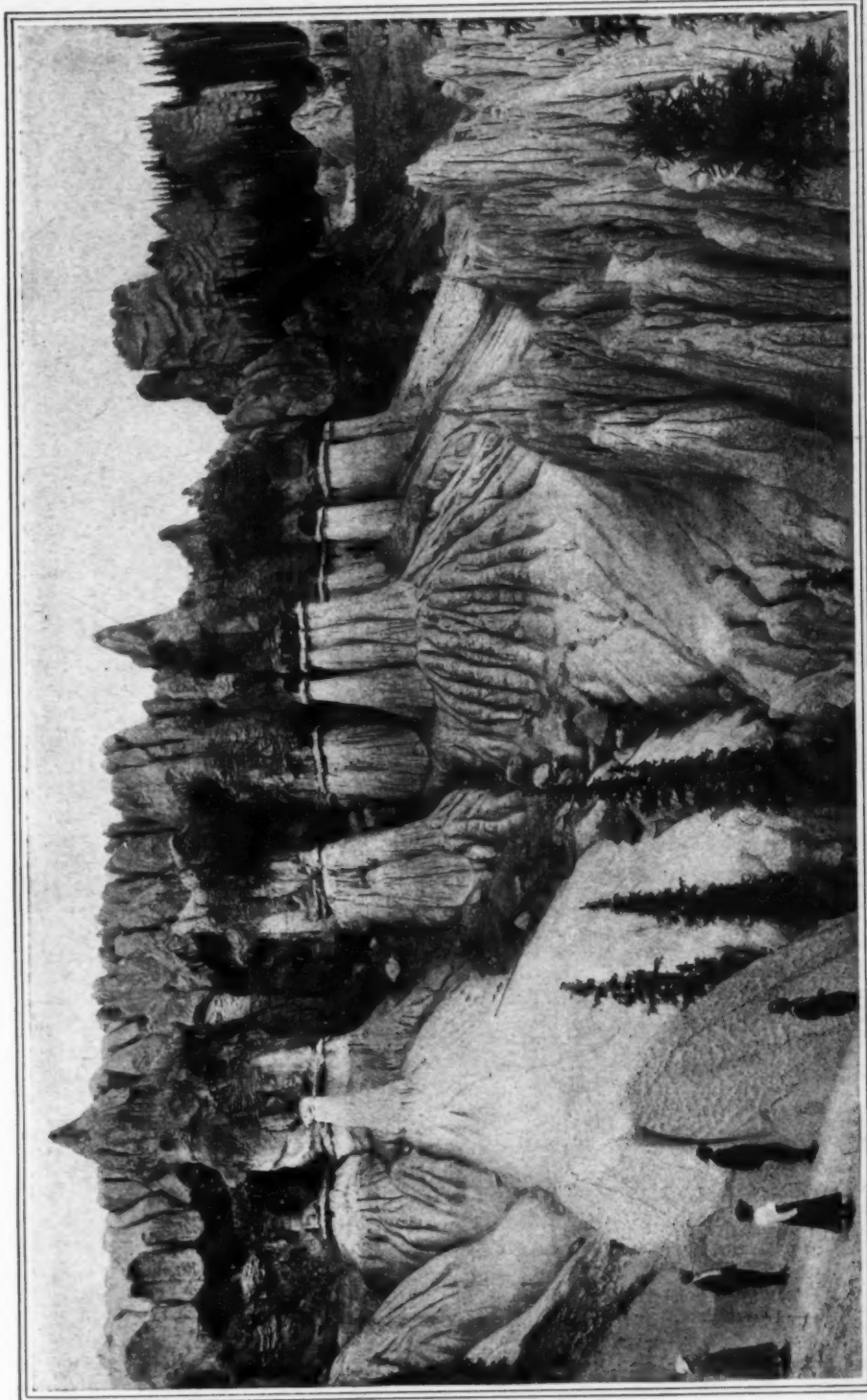
A CREVASSE IN THE LYMAN GLACIER, CHELAN NATIONAL FOREST—IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO GO TO SWITZERLAND TO FIND ALPINE SCENERY, FOR THE CHELAN FOREST ALONE HAS MORE THAN SIXTY GLACIERS

kind of country and remain there for weeks in comfort.

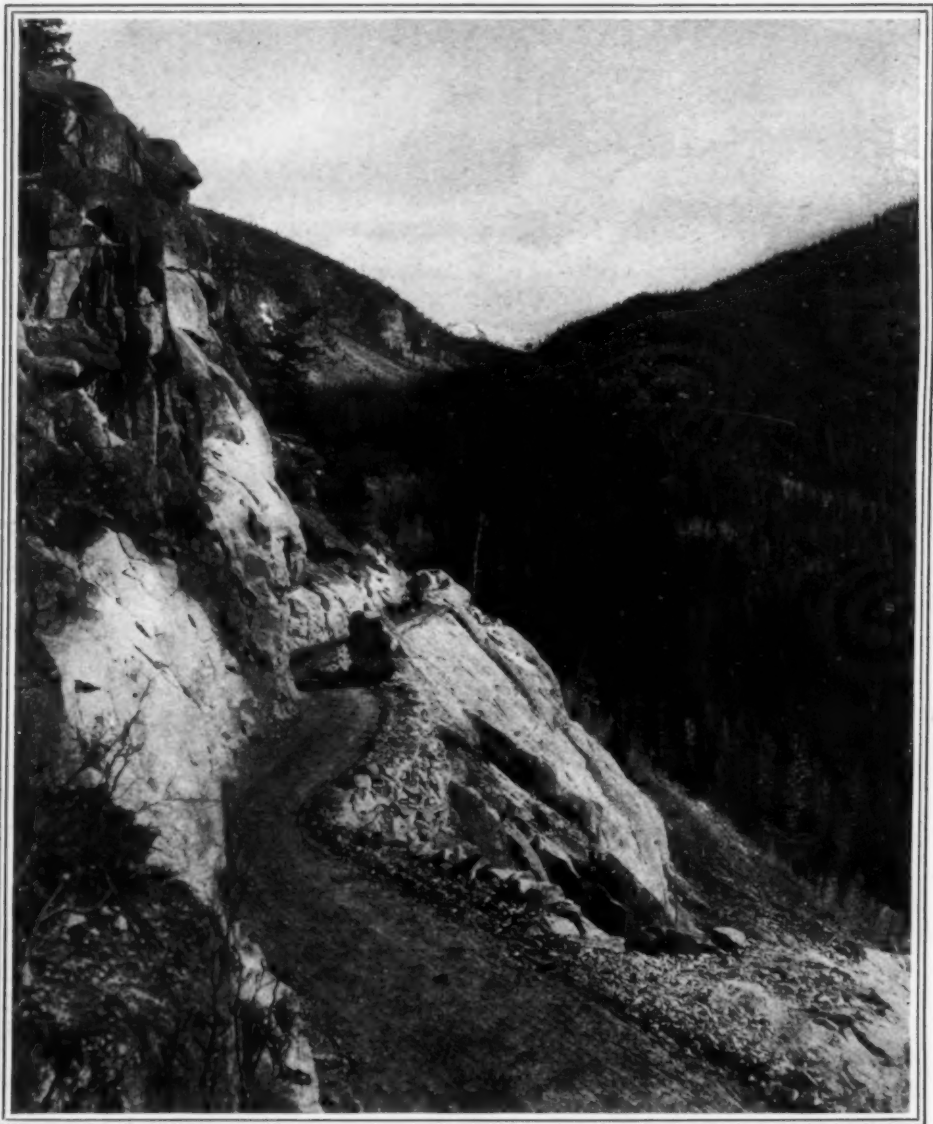
The most famous scenic spots of our country, such as the Yellowstone, the Grand Cañon, and the Yosemite, have been made into National Parks, and it is now possible to visit these places and find hotel accommodations similar to those of our large cities. But to get the full measure of enjoyment out of a camping trip one must take part in the work incident to the making and maintenance of a camp—the gathering of wood for the fire, the pitching of tents, and the foraging for food. No

breakfast will smell so savory or taste so sweet as bacon fried in the open; and the sleep that comes to one in the deep woods, or in the open fields with the stars overhead, is the most refreshing slumber of all.

So varied are the National Forests that one can find almost any kind of scenery. One can choose between rugged mountains and level meadows, or between dense forest and open prairie. The streams flowing from the hills abound with fish, and birds and beasts await the zealous hunter. With a small supply of the essential foods, such as salt, coffee, and flour, one can live for



THE WHEELER NATIONAL MONUMENT, IN THE RIO GRANDE NATIONAL FOREST, COLORADO—A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF CLIFFS CARVED INTO GROTESQUE SHAPES
BY THE ACTION OF RAIN



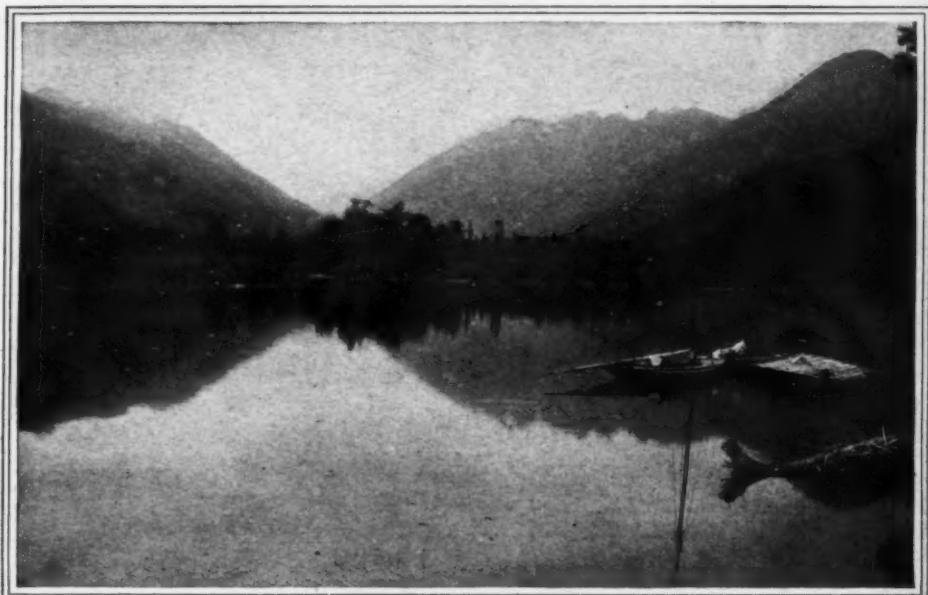
A PICTURESQUE ROAD IN THE SOPRIS NATIONAL FOREST, COLORADO—THIS IS A TYPICAL NATIONAL FOREST TRAIL, WINDING FOR MILES THROUGH DEEP RAVINES AND ALONG THE GREAT MOUNTAIN SLOPES OF THE ROCKIES

weeks on the fish and game found near at hand; or, if the camper does not desire to depend upon his own prowess, the prospector's rations of a side of bacon and a package of pancake flour will suffice.

The keen air of the open, coupled with the bodily exercise obtained in mountain-climbing, creates an appetite that needs no city delicacies to tempt it. In the National Forests grow many varieties of delicious

berries and fruits, which add zest and flavor to the camp meal, and almost everywhere there are settlers who have fresh eggs and butter for sale.

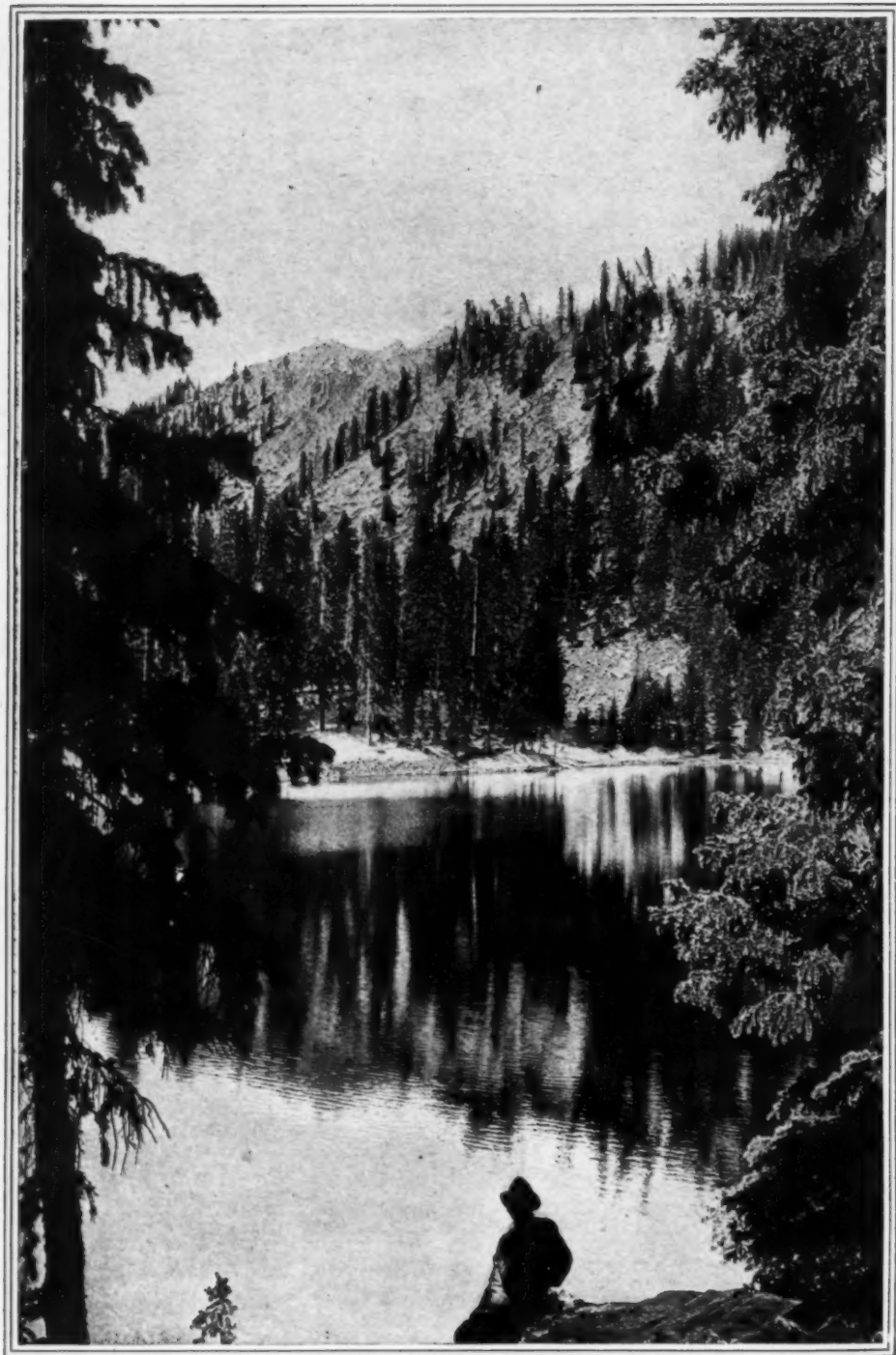
The government is doing all that it can to encourage the use of the National Forests for recreation purposes. Thousands of miles of roads and trails have been built, and in these days of the automobile one can drive into the very heart of the moun-



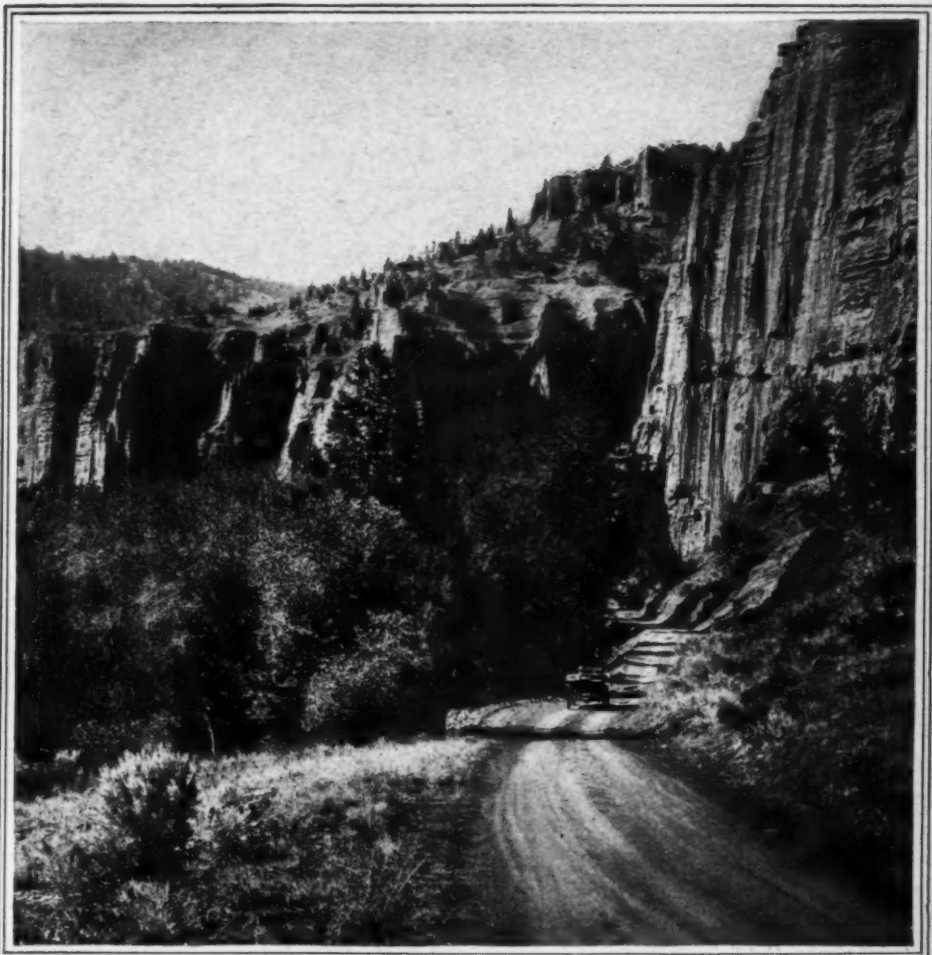
LAKE CHELAN, CHELAN NATIONAL FOREST—THE FOREST SERVICE OFFERS SITES FOR SUMMER CAMPS ALONG THE SHORES OF THIS FINE SHEET OF WATER, WHICH WINDS FOR FIFTY MILES AMONG THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS OF THE CASCADE RANGE IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON



CAMPERS REGISTERING AT A FOREST SERVICE STATION ON THE SUNSET HIGHWAY IN THE WENATCHEE NATIONAL FOREST, WASHINGTON—THIS SYSTEM KEEPS CAMPERS IN TOUCH WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD, ENABLING THE RANGERS TO REACH THEM WITH IMPORTANT MESSAGES



ONE OF THE BEAUTY-SPOTS OF THE SOUTHWEST—SPIRIT LAKE, IN THE SANTA FE NATIONAL FOREST



THE ROAD UNDER THE PALISADES, SHOSHONE NATIONAL FOREST, WYOMING—THE FOREST SERVICE SPENDS ABOUT THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR IN ROAD-BUILDING, AND MAINTAINS THOUSANDS OF MILES OF TRAILS SIMILAR TO THIS AMID THE FINE SCENERY OF THE NATIONAL FORESTS

tains. The government trails are built on a grade easily traversed by horses or burros, and an ordinary camp outfit can be carried on the back of a horse almost anywhere.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT AIDS CAMPERS

The National Forests are laid off into districts, and in each district a forest ranger is stationed. During the summer months he rides through his domain, watching for forest fires, and he is always ready to advise campers. He tells them which are the best camp-sites, where to find springs or running water, where the best fishing is to be had, and where it is

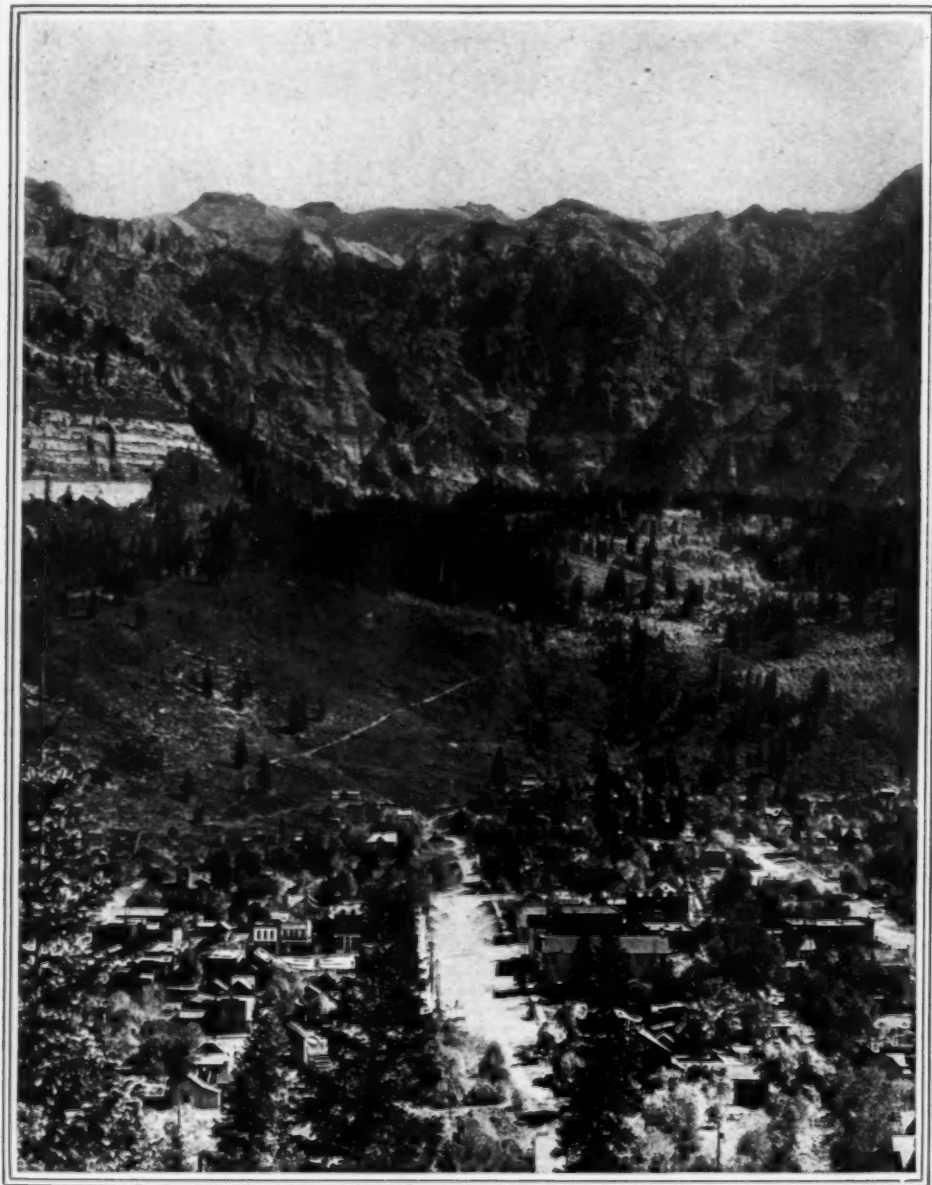
possible to obtain food supplies. As the ranger knows his own district thoroughly, while the campers are probably strangers, his advice is frequently of great assistance. All the rangers are trained woodsmen, who can show the tourist from the city how to arrange his camp, how and where to build his camp-fire, and many other things worth knowing and only to be learned through experience.

To enable campers to become familiar with a given locality, the United States Forest Service has issued detailed maps of the various National Forests, on which are shown the topography of the region, with its roads and trails, its mountains and val-

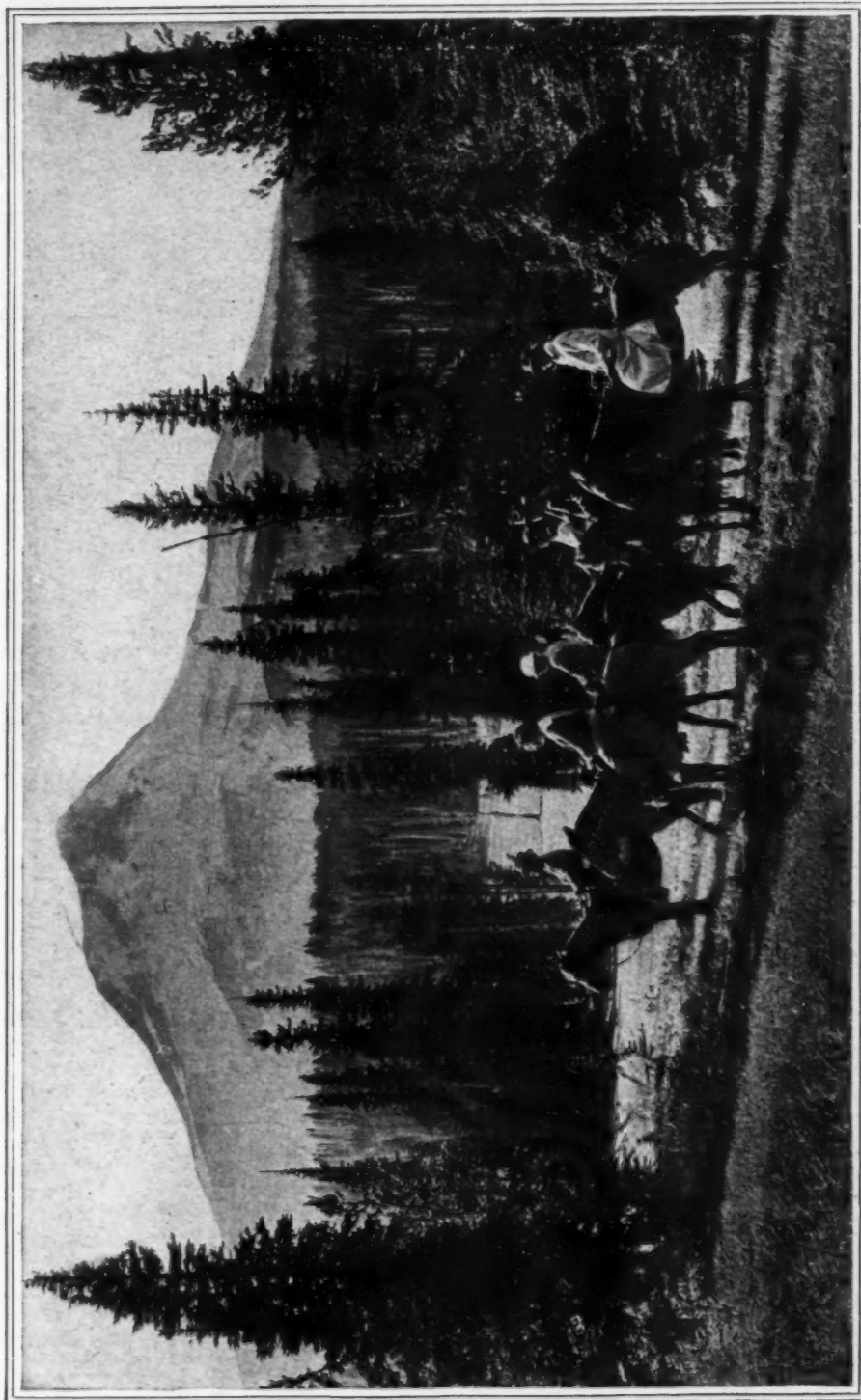
leys, its lakes, streams, and forests. The maps show the location of towns and cross-road stores where groceries and other supplies can be purchased. They also contain useful information regarding hunting and fishing. For instance, a certain district will be indicated as containing deer, or trout, or bears, and sportsmen can select

their camping-sites so as to be near the game they want to find.

In many parts of the National Forests conditions are ideal for camping purposes, and some of these are set aside by the government as summer resort camps. Perhaps there is a beautiful lake, the banks of which are shaded by fine trees, and where



THE TOWN OF OURAY, COLORADO, SURROUNDED BY THE MOUNTAINS OF THE UNCOMPAHGRE NATIONAL FOREST—THIS IS AN OUTFITTING POINT FOR MANY TRIPS INTO THE WILDS OF WESTERN COLORADO



A TOURIST PARTY IN A TIMBERED PARK OF THE OREGON NATIONAL FOREST, NOT FAR FROM PORTLAND, OREGON—IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE GREAT PEAK OF MOUNT HOOD

near-by springs supply pure water for domestic purposes. At such a place it is possible for a family to lease a small area of the land adjacent to the lake, and on this tract a cottage or cabin is built, to be occupied by the family for certain periods during each year. The rental charged by the government is merely nominal—as low as ten dollars a year in some instances—the principal purpose being to retain control over the land so that necessary precautions may be taken to prevent the spread of destructive fires or the abuse of the privileges of others.

In several districts in California there are thriving summer colonies of this kind. Business men from near-by cities come to them with their families, to enjoy the delights of a life in the woods, and yet to be surrounded by comforts which can only be secured by having a permanent establishment. There are such colonies in Bear Valley, at Huntington Lake in the high Sierras, and at other points in the National Forests.

The Forest Service has constructed thousands of miles of private telephone-lines, bringing almost all portions of the National Forests within easy talking distance of the outside world. When a business man goes into one of these districts on a hunting or camping trip, he need not feel that he is out of touch with his fellow men. He can always reach a ranger station within a few hours, if it should be necessary to communicate with his family or his business associates. Some of the busiest captains of industry and professional men of our Western cities make a practise of going into one or other of the National Forests now and then, in order to secure a day or two of rest and freedom from business cares. They become known to the rangers, and by keeping in contact with them they need never be out of touch with their homes and offices, while at the same time they can enjoy all the benefits of the wild outdoor life surrounding them.

Some of the National Forests are within easy reach of large cities, and these offer ideal picnic-grounds for a day's outing in the fresh air. One such spot is thus described in an interesting booklet issued by the Forest Service:

Probably the most notable example of this form of recreation is found at Eagle Creek, in the Oregon Forest, on the Columbia River Highway. Here the mountains open to the picturesque

Eagle Creek gorge, through which a beautiful mountain stream flows down from the snows of Mount Hood. At the mouth of the stream, where it is crossed by the Columbia River Highway, the cañon widens into a small natural park surrounded by big trees. This spot is approximately forty miles east of Portland, just the convenient distance to make an acceptable stopping-place for automobiles running out from the city. Here the Forest Service has installed sanitary conveniences, a good water-supply, a number of fireplaces, picnic tables, and other practical accommodations for campers.

And here the picnickers come literally by the thousands. On any pleasant Sunday in summer every table and camp-fire is crowded, and the grounds take on the appearance of circus day.

THE PLEASURES OF CAMP LIFE

Few of the delights of life can equal those which come to one when camping in the forest. Every period of the day has its especial appeal. The cool, calm mornings, when one wakes to the light of the rising sun and hears the first calls of the birds and wild creatures, seem perfect to the physical senses. One sets about preparing breakfast, and the odor of the boiling coffee and the frying fish or bacon whets the camper's appetite to a razor edge. The day may be spent in mountain-climbing, in long tramps, in fishing or hunting, or in observing the wild life that is to be seen on every hand.

When the sun goes down, the sleeping-bag or couch of scented pine-needles looks very inviting. After a hearty supper and an hour's smoke about the camp-fire, watching the day die and the darkness slowly gather, one is ready to turn in for the night. Slumber, though always imminent, is fought back for a time to enjoy the beauty of the starry heavens and to listen to the muffled noises of the woods; but it is not long before one drifts off into the dreamless sleep that restores strength to tired limbs and health to a worn-out body.

A few weeks of healthful exercise in the open, simple and hearty meals at regular intervals, and long nights of dreamless sleep will make a new man out of the most tired denizen of the cities. When the time comes to go back to his regular vocation, he will carry with him a memory of the fresh odors, the exhilarating air, the sights and experiences of his vacation in the woods that will never fade, but will help to brighten the dreariest hours and lighten the most exacting demands of his workaday life.



DREAM TRYST

She was as lovely as a flower,
And like a flower she passed away;
And yet, as in that morning hour
I saw her first, I still to-day
Her unforgetten face behold,
Tender as dew and bright as gold.

Shed from her gown the old perfume,
She steals like blossom to my side,
Sweetens my thoughts and fills the room,
And leaves me glad and sanctified;
She still about me comes and goes,
Soft as the shadows of a rose.

I know she only seemed to die!
'Tis all the happier for me
That no one sees her face but I—
So would we have it, I and she—
That no one sees us meet and part
And hold each other heart to heart.

What trysts are ours! What moments rare!
What happy laughter, side by side!
While no one knows that she is there,
Because they think that she has died;
They'd call it dreams, were I to tell—
And so we keep our secret well.

And now it is this many a year
Since they have missed her from her place;
Healed is the wound, and dry the tear
That fell once for her vanished face;
And only I remember her,
Once so beloved and once so fair.

Once? Ah, beloved, if they could know!
If they, as I, could see you still,
And watch your beauty lovelier grow,
And feast their eyes and drink their fill
Of all that breath and bloom of you—
Ah, I might lose you, if they knew!

But now no eyes but mine can see,
No hands can touch, no ear can hear,
And none can come 'twixt you and me,
No other lover hold you dear;
And time, that other beauty mars,
Can reach you not among the stars!

Richard Le Gallienne

The Tramp Trap

BY HARRY KEMP

Illustrated by Clinton Smith

THEY lay sprawled about a huge fire of railroad ties. It was just outside the city limits of Dunkirk—beyond the reach of the city officials. It was a sharp evening in early autumn. They basked in the heat of the roaring fire and talked.

They were discussing an interesting subject. Each was telling of the last bit of work he had done.

One or two could not remember ever having worked. One had idled for ten years. Others boasted of varying periods during which they had been exempt from the curse of Adam.

A young tramp spoke—a young tramp whose hair was of such a peculiar yellow that he was nicknamed "Carrots."

I won't attempt to render the tramp dialect in which they spoke. Only a close student of phonetics could do that successfully; but I'll keep as near to their vernacular as possible, without undue violence to the English tongue.

"It was only last spring," began Carrots, "that I quit working, after I had been on the same job for the whole winter."

There was an incredulous murmur.

"Say, what are you trying to give us, Carrots?" asked a man named Sunset Red—the toughest tramp in the bunch.

"How did you get caught so bad?" asked another.

"It was in a town in New England, last fall. I had just dropped off a freight. I was looking for a house where I could throw my feet for a hand-out. It was a quiet burgh, the kind of place where all the houses have elms in front and stand behind white picket fences. I met an old codger slumping along.

"Hello, boy!" he said to me. 'Which way are you going?'

"Same way as you are, it seems, pop."

"I'm going home," replied the old man.

"Oh, excuse me, pop, I thought you was on the bum, too."

"You're half right, at any rate," he replied. 'Though it's been nigh on thirty year since I hit the road, I'm still a bum at heart. I guess I went up and down the pike, young un, before you was born.'

"When I saw that I'd hit it right with the old fellow for thinking him a tramp, I kept walking along with him.

"Yes, I tramped a lot in the old days—when tramping was tramping," he continued. 'Yes, in those days that I'm speaking of we walked, really walked. We didn't lie around like lazy good-for-nothings, waiting for freights at water-tanks and riding in box cars.'

"After we'd gone on a bit farther I stuck out my mitt and wished him good-by. I saw a house that looked as if it might have something good to eat in it—you know how a fellow gets to judge that by some sort of instinct.

"Well, pop," I says, 'here's where I must say good-by.'

"Good-by, is it?" growls the old fellow good-naturedly. 'It ain't good-by if I know it. How'd you like to come on home with me and get a sit-down to a big supper—a real supper—and then have a night's lodging and breakfast on top of that?'

"How far away do you live?" I asks cautiously.

"Five miles back over the hills. I've a right snug little farm up there."

"Got a horse and buggy?"

"Yep."

"Baching?"

"No; married—wife dead—but got a regular peach of a daughter."

"I hesitated for a moment. Five miles in and five miles out, and I wanted to hop the blinds for Chi that night!

"Better come on home with me. The girl's as good a cook as there is; and she's

as good-looking as she's a good cook. She makes the best coffee a man ever drank.'

"When he told me he had a girl that was a good-looker, that settled my going with him a lot; but if there's one thing I like it's good hot coffee.

"I had a chum once who got in stir in a county jail up this way, on purpose, for three long months, just because he'd heard

"I climbed into the buggy quick enough, and we spanked off behind the old farmer's lively little sorrel.

"'You don't happen to be looking for a job, be you?' began my friend, after we'd got under way.



"I HATED WORK WORSE
THAN I'D EVER HATED IT
IN MY LIFE BEFORE, WHICH
IS SAYING A LOT"

the sheriff's wife, who had the contract for cooking for the prisoners, gave 'em good hot coffee every morning for breakfast. It was really the coffee that decided me.

"In front of the village post-office the old fellow's horse and buggy stood waiting.

"Hop in, my laddie buck, and I'll show you as good a time as you've ever had in your life."

"Come now, pop!" I shot back, disgusted. "That ain't fair. What's this you're trying to spring on me?"

"I felt I could take the liberty to speak that way, for hadn't he been a bum, and oughtn't he to understand as well as I did that he'd got off on a wrong lead?"

"Never mind," he apologized. "Don't go taking offense at me, lad." He thought a while to himself, and then went on: "I used to be just like you; but I changed completely, I did."

"And what changed you, if I may be so bold as to ask, daddy?"

" 'Wife did it, God rest her soul—she's been dead this ten year. It was her who put a stop to my roving. You just wait till it strikes you, and you'll settle down, too. Love 'll root you fast in one place, like it does with all of us.'"

"What the old fellow said about work, and settling down, and love, and all that, was making me sort of uneasy. I shifted in my seat and sniffed a trap. I was beginning to wish I hadn't come."

"He caught on, looking at me."

" 'Now don't you be getting uneasy. You're my guest, and I'm going to treat you like one. I wouldn't have spoken to you about it, but I do need a hired man bad, and I thought if I offered extra inducements—' He stopped."

"I was beginning to get peeved at him, still gassing on about work; and he was quick to notice how I felt."

" 'Oh, well,' he went on, 'ain't I been just like you, and don't I understand how a fellow can be that restless like that he hates stopping in one place even overnight—just must be always a-going and a going? But, as I was saying—'

"He began again to tell about what he had done when he'd been on the road. After that he kept off the subject of work."

II

"WHEN we drew up in front of the house, his girl came out. As I saw her coming down to the front gate, I could feel my heart pounding clear up in my throat. She was right there with the looks, as the old man had said."

" 'Hello, dad!' she calls out, and then she asks him, in a lower voice, which I heard: 'So you've got a man at last?'

" 'No, dear,' I heard the old man send back. 'This is just a friend I picked up and brought along for the night; but Jack Miller, Joe's brother, who lives down in the valley, promised me he'd let me have one of his men by the end of the week, to stay till the corn is all cut.'"

"It was a great table those folks set. The girl kept watching my plate and waiting on me as if I was starving."

"After supper the old man and I sat by the kitchen stove, and smoked and swapped yarns. First I let him talk himself out, and then I told him all about the new wrinkles in the tramp life of to-day—the fun we have, and the things that happen to us that ain't so funny. I told him all about

riding from town to town and from State to State in box cars, with nothing to care about in the world. I told him about being pulled in, and about county farms, and rock-piles, and detectives, and many other things that bums of his time never even thought of going up against."

"As he said good night, his face looked twenty years younger, and his eyes were bright just like the eyes of a boy. He gripped my hand hard."

" 'We've had a fine evening together, lad. I tell you, it makes me feel almost young again to have a talk like this!'

"He took the lamp and showed me up to my room."

"Showed me to me room," Sunset Red mimicked, breaking in, with an up-stage look. "Why, you gay-cat, do you mean he'd show you to a room like you are now?"

All the bums set up a laugh at this.

Carrots turned round as if facing an adversary. There was a glint in his eye that made Sunset's further jesting die in his throat."

"I wasn't like this," he returned with defiance. Then, as if the worst must out: "I—I—the girl put on some water in the kitchen and I took a bath—"

"What?" roared the gang in one breath.

"Yes, I took a bath," continued Carrots defiantly. "And what's more, the old man left a suit of overalls and an old coat and a shirt over a chair for me. They weren't much—old and all that—but they *was* clean."

Sunset Red gave a long, speculative whistle; then silence fell while Carrots resumed his story.

"As I was saying, the room the old man showed me was fine and clean. It had a wash-stand and looking-glass, and a bureau with a comb and brush in it, and two towels over a rack. And there was the bed with sheets the whitest I've ever seen. I forgot all the troubles I'd ever had when I pulled back the covers and climbed in. Yes, into a real bed for the first time in three years. The last time had been when a schoolmaster in northern California had put me up for the night. People don't make a practise, you know, of putting us up like that. It's about as well as we can expect to be let climb into a haymow. But then, you see, I was clean."

"I slept so sound it only seemed ten minutes from the time my bean hit the pillow till the sun was pouring in over me

through the windows. It woke me up. I could tell it was late. I jumped into my breeches and ambled down-stairs, a little sheepish because they'd let me sleep on so long—eleven o'clock. The old man had

"'Because I've got quite a few books of my own. They come in handy on the long winter evenings. You can go to the shelves there and help yourself—that is, if you want to. And there's a nice, comfortable rocking-chair in the parlor.'

"I took off the shelf a book called 'Lorna Doone.' It was full of love stuff and good fighting, and so I liked it; and I sat there and read till it was time for dinner. I want to say that by this time I felt a bit cheap, loafing around that way while the



"A KISS FROM YOU,
MOLLY!"

been out in the fields since seven, cutting that infernal corn of his.

"'Dad says you're to make yourself at home,' his daughter informs me, turning her big, brown eyes full power on me—after I'd eat a couple of stacks of pancakes and some eggs, and drunk three cups of coffee. 'Do you ever read?' she says.

"'Why?' asks I, feeling sort of silly.

old boy was out there hacking away at his cornstalks. So, after dinner—kicking myself all the time for being such a fool as to say it—I up and says to the old man, just as he was about to go back, I says:

"See here, pop, I know I ain't 'special-ly in love with work of no kind, but—have you got a extra corn-knife anywheres?"

"The old fellow looked a bit puzzled. He had agreed to lay off on that kind of talk so as not to offend me; and here I was bringing up the subject of work again.

"Yes," he hesitates, 'I got another corn-knife all right; but I thought—'

"Never mind what you thought! Just you trot out that corn-knife. I'm going to help you this afternoon.'

"For that the girl gave me a smile that sent thrills down my back. I was glad I'd said what I did, though it *was* a hard step to take. Soon we were out in the fields.

"Ever cut corn before?"

"Nope, but I'm going to, *for this one afternoon*,' I answers, coming down on the words hard, so as he'd understand. 'And to-night,' I goes on, 'you're on the ticket to hitch up your nag and drive me back to town.'

III

"THAT old fellow was no slouch, I tell you; but even if I was only a bum, I wasn't going to let him get ahead of me. So we went at it neck to neck, till after sundown.

"After supper that night I couldn't hold back from having another talk. The girl filled my pipe for me and hung around, and soon we was playing eucher together. So, before I knew it, it was too late, and I was staying over for that night, too; but I was so stiff I almost needed a derrick to get me into bed. I hated work worse than I'd ever hated it in my life before, which is saying a lot.

"The next morning they didn't let me sleep on. The old man woke me early.

"Well, I'm taking you back to town this morning,' he said.

"After a hearty breakfast—three helpings of buckwheat cakes, three cups of coffee, and some ham and eggs—somehow I began to feel the same way I did the first time I ran away from home.

"Say, look here!"

I started to say to that farmer, though all the time I was cussing myself inside for saying it. 'Say, look here, pop!' I goes on. 'Tell you what I'll do. You were a going to town just to accommodate me, wasn't you?'

"Well, since you put it that way, I was. Miller's hired man won't be ready to come before Saturday, maybe Monday; but it ain't right keeping you here. It's imposing, when you want to get away.'

"The girl gave me an appealing, soft look.

"Who's imposing, I'd like to know?' I blurted, hardly knowing my own voice.

"The girl's eyes had done something to me that—oh, well!

"The old boy looks at me as if he was surprised.

"What are you going to do, then?' he asks me.

"What am I going to do?' I picks up, while all the time I was fighting myself not to say it. 'What am I going to do? Why, I'm going to stay right here and help you till you get in all that corn of yours!'

"In a few minutes I heard him phoning to Miller, down in the valley, that he didn't need the lend of his hired man now.

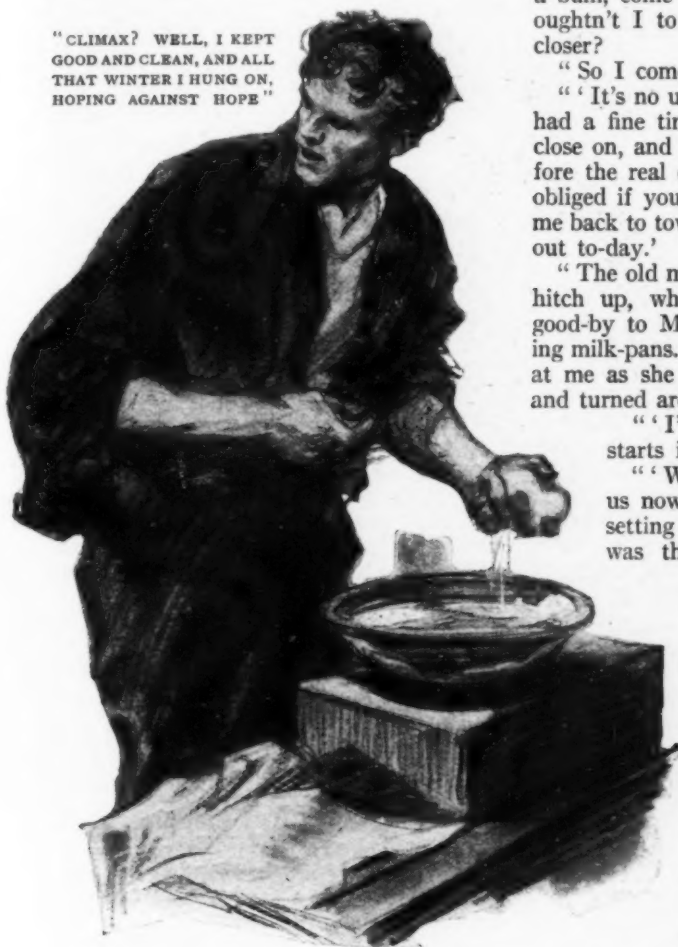
"In a week or so we'd got all that corn cut. I must say that after a few days I didn't mind it so very much, working; and the old farmer was square with me. He came across with the two dollars a day



regular, when the corn was all cut. As he passed me what was coming to me, he stuck at saying something that was in his mind, I could plainly see by his face; but at last he got it out.

"I know how it is," he says. "I suppose you've got your bill up in the air, like

"CLIMAX? WELL, I KEPT
GOOD AND CLEAN, AND ALL
THAT WINTER I HUNG ON,
HOPING AGAINST HOPE"



a wild duck in spring. A team of elephants couldn't hold you back, seeing you've made up your mind it's time to move on again.'

"I have!" I says, biting hard on the words.

"You'd be mighty thick not to see by this time that the old man's daughter Molly was at the bottom of it all—of my staying so long—and of my going so soon, too. I want to tell you she'd got right inside my heart from the first time I set eyes on her.

"As I said, it was Molly that kept me

there, and it was Molly that was now making me go away, though she didn't know it. I was getting too stuck on her. She must have guessed it, for she'd been mighty nice to me, and a woman sees things quicker than a man.

"But what was the use? Wasn't I only a bum, come right down to it? And now oughtn't I to get out before I got singed closer?"

"So I comes right out to the old man:

"It's no use looking wishful, dad. I've had a fine time and all that, but winter's close on, and I want to make it South before the real cold weather sets in. I'd be obliged if you'd hitch up the nag and trot me back to town, so as I can catch a freight out to-day."

The old man walked out to the barn to hitch up, while I stepped inside to say good-by to Molly. There she was, scouring milk-pans. I saw her face shining back at me as she rubbed away. She stopped and turned around.

"I've come to say so-long," I starts in.

"Why, you're not going to leave us now, are you?" she says, slowly setting down a pan. "I know father was thinking by this time you'd maybe be willing to put in the winter here with him. He's got cords and cords of timber to cut in the back lots—and he likes you, dad does."

"No, I can't stay, Miss—Molly," I adds, calling her by her first name without thinking. I thought I had gone it rather strong, but she didn't seem to mind.

"Isn't there anything could induce you to stay?"

Father must have a hired man—and it will be very hard to get another good worker like you."

"Wasn't I flattered, though, hearing her say that? And something in the way she spoke made me bolder; so when she asked me again, in a most appealing tone, if there was nothing could induce me to stay on, I up and pipes, while I wonders at my nerve for doing it—and I half expected a slap in the face:

"Yes, Molly, there is one thing that could keep me here."

"And what's that—Jim?"

"That's just what she said, and her calling me by my first name clinched what I was about to say.

"A kiss from you, Molly!"

IV

AT this point, while all the other bums were hanging breathless in suspense, Red burst in with:

"I'll bet you didn't get it!"

"Why not?" snapped Carrots, irritated at being interrupted, and turning almost with a menace in his looks.

"Why *not*?" teased Red. "That's neither here nor there; but I've a right to my guess, haven't I? But," he continued enigmatically, "go on with the story, and tell it your own way."

"Since Red's given me permission to go on," resumed Carrots sarcastically, "and since all you boys are hanging round with your mouths open for more, I *will* go on with the story.

"No, Red," he continued, turning to that person, "I didn't get that kiss, if it 'll do you any good to know it; but what kind of a man would I be, giving up after a little setback like that? No, indeed! I went out to the barn, carrying my chest before me like a turkey gobbler. You'd think I owned the world at that minute. I was going to stay and fight it out. My mind was made up. I wouldn't be such a quitter! I had hopes.

"I come to where the old man was hitching up the sorrel.

"Might as well unhook them traces again, pop," I chirped.

"What's that?" he asked, straightening up and looking at me.

"Oh, nothing; only I'm going to stay on a while and help you with that wood in the back lots."

There fell a long silence. The boys waited for Carrots to finish, but he sat there acting as if he had no more to say.

"Well, give us the climax," suggests Red. "Can't you see we all want to know what it was?"

"Climax? There wasn't no climax. I stuck to the job. I kept good and clean, and all that winter I hung on like a man, hoping against hope. Then, when spring comes on, and the sap begins a running, I couldn't stand it no longer, and—well, I got discouraged and left."

Carrots heaved a genuine sigh, and sat lost in profound meditation. In the distance sounded the whistle of the approaching freight for which the gang of tramps had been waiting.

"That's as pretty a ghost story as I ever heard," said one.

"And are you trying to tell us that the old man's daughter really fell for you—even just a little?"

"Just a little—but if I'd felt there was any hope at all, do you think I'd be here now, on the bum?" returned Carrots, sincerely and wearily. "Yes, you can just bet I was willing to marry and settle down—yes, and work hard all the rest of my life for such a girl; and I don't care a red cent who knows it!"

Sunset Red, sitting opposite, though he looked unaccountably perturbed, began to guffaw, but it was forced. They all turned toward him.

"Why, Carrots," began Red, "I'm ashamed of you. Boy, you were an easy mark. Don't you see how that old man and his girl worked you?"

"No, I don't—do you?" returned Carrots belligerently.

"Well, in the first place, it wasn't New England where you did all that. It was right here in this State—in the Genesee Valley."

"Say, how do you know that?" exclaimed Carrots.

"Know? Why, that farmer and his daughter worked the same game on me only last summer. I fell in love with her, and they pried two months' work out of me before I got hep."

As he spoke, you would have sworn that Red choked with emotion.

"But I'll say this," he went on: "that girl was square. She wouldn't kiss me, neither. Yes, fellows, I might as well confess that they got me to taking regular baths and wearing clean clothes, too, the same as they did this guy Carrots; but what was the use? I'm only a bum, after all, and a bum I'll die."

Just then a freight drew slowly by, pulling hard up-grade, and all the gang piled nimbly into an empty box car—all but Carrots.

"I've lived a bum, yes—but I don't know as I want to die a bum," Carrots mumbled as he turned and headed back toward the Genesee Valley, to try his luck once more.

The Adventures of Captain Henry Hale*

A TALE OF TREASURE AND PIRACY

By John Fleming Wilson

Author of "The Man Who Came Back," "The Princess of Sorry Valley," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

CAPTAIN HENRY HALE, who tells the story, is the owner of a marine junk-store in San Francisco. He is approached by a disreputable-looking fellow, who gives his name as Captain Fosdick, and who proposes a partnership to recover a ship that is lying abandoned in the lagoon of an out-of-the-way coral island in the South Seas. Captain Hale finally consents to finance the venture, and the pair sail in a little schooner called the Spindrift, with a Chinese cook and a Kanaka crew.

On arriving at the island, they find signs indicating that the hidden ship has recently been taken away. They identify it as the Arethusa, which had been given up as lost twenty years before, having disappeared with eight million dollars on board; and in hope of recovering so valuable a prize they decide to follow in the direction in which they think the missing vessel has been taken.

Sailing northward, they are hailed by a girl in a motor-yacht, the Clarice, who asks them for some gasoline, and makes off on a southward course. They suspect that she represents the thieves who are making away with the Arethusa, and their suspicion is confirmed when on the following day they sight the Clarice heading northward.

A couple of days pass, and then, in the small hours of the morning, Hale awakes to find himself a prisoner on the Spindrift. The motor-yacht girl, Lois Hansom, has come aboard in the night, together with a Captain Pomfret, whom she addresses as "Uncle Robert," and several seamen. All admit that they are from the Arethusa, and say that they want help in getting that vessel to port. Hale, believing that Fosdick has sold him out to Pomfret, whom he recognizes at sight as an enemy, agrees to their insistent request that he should make for the nearest harbor with the Clarice. Before he leaves his own ship, however, Lois Hansom gives him a hint that Pomfret is detaining her against her will; and during the night he steals back to the Spindrift, rows under her stern ports in a dingey, and signals to the girl. She drops into the water, and he picks her up.

IX

WE reached the yacht half an hour later. The schooner was a mere spot of shadow far to leeward, but I wasted no time in getting under way. Pomfret was an ugly customer. His niece was needful to his scheme, and he would spare no effort to find her. The yacht would be the first thing he sought for. I headed south.

Miss Hansom—Lois, as I found her name to be—left me and changed her clothes in a little private cabin off the main

one. When she came back she stared into the binnacle and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To prove whether an idea I have is wrong or not," I replied.

"What idea?"

"That the Arethusa is not far away."

She came close to me and laid one hand on my arm.

"No!" she said earnestly. "No! Not there! No!"

"But there *is* such a vessel," I insisted.

"Yes," she murmured, and I felt her hand tremble.

* Copyright, 1920, by John Fleming Wilson. This story began in the March number of MURSEY'S MAGAZINE

I looked up at her. The rising moon cast a golden radiance over the sea, and she stood in that molten splendor—a delicate figure, poised as if for flight. I saw that she was really very young. She was no longer the serene and capable girl who had first challenged my curiosity and my admiration. Here was a woman who had entrusted herself to my keeping, who had come with simplicity and faith to join her fortunes with mine. I felt a slight thrill in my heart.

"Then there is such a ship," I continued. "It is all true, what Captain Fosdick asserted so often. But why shouldn't we go back to her?"

"Please!" she pleaded. "I must never see the *Arethusa* again. It is death—death to go back, captain! We have our chance, and oh, Captain Hale, let's escape while we can! We have this yacht, and the schooner can't overtake us, if we hurry; but if we go back, Uncle Pomfret will find us, and then—"

The horror in her tone shook me. I did not ask her what her uncompleted sentence would have been.

"You may be right," I said. "I'm still in the dark, you see, as to a good many things; but I'm sure of one fact, and that is that the *Arethusa* is safe and sound somewhere, and worth any man's money."

"Oh!" she cried, and again, in a sobbing voice, "Oh!"—as if I had struck her to the heart.

I am ashamed to say that I did not give up my purpose. She knew where the *Arethusa* was, and I didn't. In a way, she had me at her mercy; but I trusted that she would see sense and give me the information I needed. Then, I promised myself, I would see about the final decision as to our course.

"You will be all right with me," I told her honestly.

"Please turn back while there is time," she went on, clasping my arm with her two hands. "I've tried for years to get free, and I never could. Now we are both safe, if you will only listen. If you don't, we shall both have to die."

"Die?" I repeated scornfully.

"He will kill you," she said, "and I can't live any longer the way I've been living, suffering—oh, worse than death!"

She sobbed bitterly. I hardened my heart, though God knows the sight of her crying wrung my vitals.

"Listen," I urged her. "How do you expect me to trust you without knowing more? If I'm not mistaken, it was you who engineered the seizure of my schooner last night—you and Fosdick. Why, with my own eyes I saw this sloop making a course parallel to us, with your engines at half speed; and this morning, when I come to, you are almost the first person—you *are* the first person—that I see. For all I have facts to prove, you are hand in glove with Pomfret and the rest—pirates! Why should I believe you now? Isn't it fairer to think that you are still on their side, and are merely tempting me to run away and leave them free to loot the *Arethusa* at their own sweet will?"

The girl drew back. I could see that she was deeply offended. She remained silent for some time; then she said, in a low and spiritless voice:

"I suppose you think I jumped overboard a little while ago and came here just to do you an ill turn?"

"No," I answered. "But you are doing me no good turn if you keep me in the dark. If it comes to that, I risked my life to go back for you."

She laughed coldly.

"Because you thought I would lead you to the *Arethusa*—which you couldn't find without me!"

It was a nasty thrust. To tell the truth, that had never occurred to my mind till after she was safe aboard the sloop with me; but how could I deny what looked so plain? I kicked the throttle wide open and swung the sloop for the moonlit east.

She melted instantly.

"Oh, you are very good and kind," she whispered.

I was touched more profoundly than I cared to admit. I changed the subject.

"We must have some tea," I remarked; "and something to eat."

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll soon fix it," she replied, and vanished into the little galley forward.

When we had refreshed ourselves, I urged her to turn in.

"I'll stand watch till morning," I told her. "By that time we'll be safe from the schooner."

Instead of going, she sat down beside me.

"Do you mind?" she asked frankly. "I would rather stay here."

"In that case," I responded, "we had better get acquainted. Just who are you?"



"PLEASE!" SHE PLEADED. "I MUST NEVER SEE THE ARETHUSA AGAIN. IT IS DEATH
—DEATH TO GO BACK, CAPTAIN!"

"I am the daughter of the gentleman who was captain of the *Arethusa*," she said quietly.

She said no more. Her slender hands lay in her lap listlessly, as if her history was complete and her task done.

X

THE sloop slipped along swiftly, and its rhythmic motion, as it rode over the long Pacific swell, became a kind of pulsation to which one's thoughts adjusted themselves. Both of us were silent—meditating, I suppose, on things too vague and deep for words; but slowly I began to feel an intense longing to be sure of several things now hazy in my mind. At last I spoke.

"You say your father was captain of the *Arethusa*. Who is this Pomfret you call Uncle Robert?"

"He killed my mother," she answered in a husky whisper.

"And you—how did you come to be under his thumb? Is he really an uncle?" I demanded.

She turned her starry eyes on mine.

"I will tell you," she said. "I have never told a living soul before. When you know what I am, and what he—Uncle Pomfret—is, you will thank God to be clear of him and his."

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"I was just four years old when father came to where we lived in Calcutta and told mother that she must get ready to go home to England. Father was captain, then, of the *Arethusa*, a full-rigged ship of an old line that had traded around the Cape for many years. My mother was much younger than my father, and he was so attached to her that he seemed lost without her always near him.

"I suppose I knew, as a child will, that there was something unusual on hand. Father seemed worried; and while mother did her best to cheer him, we were all rather sad on the *Arethusa*—which seems odd when one considers that we were bound for our real home. I remember wondering about it, small as I was.

"The beginning of the voyage seemed charming to me. We had very few passengers, but they paid special attention to the only child on the ship. The members of the crew, too, petted me; but father was strict, and rarely let me go beyond the limits of his quarter-deck. Later I was not allowed out of the cabin.

"I think the first intimation of trouble was the dying of some of the hands from poison. Mother and father seemed to take this very hard, and there was some talk between them of turning back; but I suppose that seemed foolish. Then a couple of the mates disappeared without any one being able to tell how or when. It was after this that I began to see a great deal of a man who called himself Captain Pomfret, and whom I learned to call Uncle Robert, though he was no relative. He was always in the cabin and closeted with my father. Mother did not like him, I remember, but he was evidently some one whom father trusted. Being so small, I have no distinct memories of how long this lasted.

"The end came very suddenly. I was in mother's room when pistol shots sounded rapidly, and I heard my mother begin to scream. I found the door locked, and could not go out. I think I was in the room several hours. It was Pomfret who let me out. He was in command of the ship. My father and several others were dead.

"That night Pomfret set all the passengers who were left, and several members of the crew, adrift in a leaky boat without sail, oars, food, or water. My mother he kept on board. She died several days later.

"My recollection is that within a few days, or perhaps a week, there were very few left on the ship. The man you saw this morning, Grimes, was one of those on whom Pomfret chiefly relied. At any rate, they sailed the *Arethusa* for many days far out of sight of land, and finally arrived in the lagoon you know of. There they dismantled the ship and sank her. Then the men separated into three parties, and Captain Pomfret took me with him in a whale-boat. We were soon picked up by a trading schooner, and Pomfret told a story of having been shipwrecked in a Danish bark. Later he brought me to America, where he told everybody I was his niece. By this time he had effectually frightened me into absolute silence about what had happened. I have never got over the threats he made, and for years my one terrible dread was of disobeying him. When I was seven years old he sent me to a school, and went away in a schooner he had bought.

"From that time on I stayed in schools, now in San Francisco, again in New York or London or Paris. Uncle Robert, as he taught me to call him, visited me occasionally. He treated me well. He never re-

ferred to either my father or my mother. Six years ago, when I was eighteen, he sent for me to leave the school I was attending in Brighton, England, and come to him in San Francisco. There he told me he had bought a trading-station in Alaska, and that he expected me to live with him there.

"Inside of two years I discovered exactly what he was and why he wanted me. I found him out completely. He was afraid that as I grew older, and lost my childish fear of him, I would tell my secret. The only way he knew of preventing this was to keep me in his power and to make me as wicked as himself. He finally told me that the *Arethusa* was a treasure-ship, and that the jewels and gold were still hidden on her. If I wanted to share them, I must obey him implicitly.

"I don't know what impelled me to what I did. Probably it was some instinct of self-protection. I refused to believe his story, and succeeded in convincing him that I really had no recollection of the past. Because I saw what I would come to unless I lived a life all my own so far as possible, I forced myself to learn to handle any boat, to run an engine, and to fish in any weather. I turned from a convent-bred girl into a rough beach-comber, and it pleased him. Of course I was always planning my escape. I hated the companions he gave me and the life I led; but it was my only chance. I finally got a boat of my own, and I really believe Pomfret thinks to this day that I am naturally rough and careless, and know little or nothing about better things.

"By doing this I learned a great deal. I began to see that the men who had been his partners died mysteriously. One after another they would come north and visit, and would try to get him to agree to go down and raise the *Arethusa* and get the treasure; but he held some threat over them, and they dared not go alone. And sooner or later he managed to kill them.

"A year ago only Grimes was left. Pomfret was in great glee. He got ready to make a mysterious trip which I knew would be to the lagoon. Grimes helped him. At the last minute he told me I was to go. You see, I was as handy about a sloop as anybody, and I was a girl, and that helped put off suspicion; but I knew all the time that Grimes and I were sure to be killed finally. Pomfret isn't trusting anybody—not even me."

This succinct, unembellished story froze the blood in my veins. I seemed to see the whole train of events—the big ship sailing with passengers under the awnings, and her captain on the poop, watching brisk young officers at their work; the little girl playing on the white deck, the yellow faces of the crew along the yards. I saw before my mind's eye the conspirators steadily closing in on the doomed quarter-deck crowd, the stillness when the report ran along that men were dead of poison; the sidelong looks, the whisperings, the heads wagging. And through it all Pomfret had led a busy and bland existence, his eyes here and there, his mellow voice comforting the timid, his fine hands still on the white table-cloth at meal-times while he listened—listened—listened and smiled. I saw the last scene when the long-boat drifted astern of the big *Arethusa* and the remnant of that home-going throng who had sung in her big cabins stared back at the sails hanging in the buntlines, and the ferocious faces at the rail, and the figure of Pomfret, neat and trim, dominating all.

"And you tell me," I said, "that afterward Pomfret managed the death of all those conspirators who helped him?"

She nodded.

"That was why he made so many voyages," she murmured. "He was hunting them down. He killed every one of them, some this way, some that. They couldn't get away from him. He has no mercy. Only Grimes is still alive."

"But those other two men—how did they come on this voyage?"

"When we were getting this sloop ready, Grimes left and came back with them. It was plain that he was afraid, and felt safer with two men along."

"Then they will be killed, too?" I asked.

"What else?" she demanded. "He always kills men who know the secret; but first he will use them to get the treasure out of the *Arethusa*."

XI

THE dawn arrived before she had finished. I wakened the hands, and we had breakfast. I was still steering eastward; but I knew enough now to take no such risk. I put it bluntly to my companion that no matter where we went we should eventually have Pomfret on our trail.

"And if we tell his secret we shall be worse off than ever," I said.



HE WAS AFRAID THAT AS I GREW OLDER, AND
LOST MY CHILDISH FEAR OF HIM, I
WOULD TELL MY SECRET

Now that we had come to a closer understanding, my words carried weight. Little as she liked to, she saw that we really had but one course, which was back to keep an eye on the schooner; so I altered the yacht's head again and went south.

That morning Lois told me the details of the sloop's cruise.

"When we reached the lagoon, the Arethusa was still there; but Uncle Robert was sullen. He said there were signs that others had been there; and if others knew about the hulk lying under the water, they would be back sooner or later. He wanted to go away without touching anything; but Grimes and his companions were simply crazy at thought of all that treasure lying there. They scouted his warnings and defied him. So we raised the wreck, which

was an easy job, and put to sea with it in tow of the sloop."

"Why not have got the treasure out and left the hulk?" I asked.

"There was some talk of that; but Uncle Robert wouldn't hear of it. He wouldn't even hear of taking it and then sinking the ship out at sea; and he won his point, of course.

"Then we sighted your topsails, and there was a hurried consultation. The end of it was that Pomfret took Grimes and the other two on board the Arethusa and sent me, with the one native hand we had, to go and watch you and see that you didn't come closer. I didn't speak you that time. I went back and told them that you had



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been in the lagoon, and were evidently cruising around in hope of sighting either the hulk or the people who had taken her. Then Uncle Robert swore that some one had tattled, and told me that I must find out who was after us. He arranged about my setting signals of distress, and asking for gasoline. So that explains that."

"I see," I observed. "But you didn't have any conversation with Fosdick which could make him act as he did afterward?"

Lois shook her head.

"When I reported what I had found out to Pomfret, he thought it over a long time. I think he saw that the game was up unless he made some extraordinary effort; so he

arranged to land on St. Martin's Island. Of course he saw Fosdick, because Fosdick was trying to make a compromise, too. The rest was easy."

"But you?" I insisted. "You haven't told me why you played friendly to me."

She flushed.

"I don't know, exactly, except that you seemed decent. You helped me out with the gasoline. Fosdick wouldn't have sold me a gallon if it hadn't been for you, and my heart was set on getting it."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted the sloop provisioned for a long time. I was resolved to escape in it at the first opportunity."

"You could have done so twice," I put in. "Why didn't you?"

She changed the subject abruptly.

"When they tied you hand and foot in your cabin, I saw that I mustn't go away so long as I had a chance of saving you. You did not know what kind of men you were dealing with, while I knew them to the bottom of their wicked hearts, and had some influence with them. Last night, when the squall had blown itself out, I went to Uncle Pomfret and told him plainly he had picked the wrong man to trust. Fosdick was not the man; you were. I urged him to save you, and I made no bones about Grimes being absolutely dangerous and only waiting a chance. I convinced him that by handling you right he could make a friend who would really help him. Then I got Woy to free you, and I trusted the rest to you."

"I covered him with my revolver all the time we talked," I remarked. "I begin to wish—"

She slipped her cool hand over my lips.

"Don't!" she whispered. "Don't! We can win honestly."

"Then he distrusts Grimes?" I said presently.

"He trusts nobody," she returned; "not even you, for an instant. I see now why he let you go. You took matters out of his hands. Grimes was getting ugly about going in the sloop. If Pomfret had refused your offer, he would have to deal instantly with Grimes and the other two."

"He didn't make so bad a bargain," I said, and told her what the schooner was loaded with.

"That talk about Atascadero Island was a blind, too," she told me.

"Do you think Pomfret really believes

that I know about the treasure on the Arethusa?" I inquired.

"He must. Fosdick knew, and made his bargain on the understanding."

"Still I'm in the dark as to one most important detail," I remarked. "Why did you refuse to escape until you could go with me?"

The question was simple, but it was followed by a profound silence underrun only by the drum of the screw. Miss Hansom leaned back and gazed into the brightness ahead. She seemed to have forgotten me and my query.

"I might plead again for you to take me somewhere, anywhere rather than back to the Arethusa, and you would laugh at me," she said listlessly. "I've nothing to offer you in exchange for the treasure. I am here simply and solely because without your help I can't escape—couldn't escape. Oh, Pomfret was safe enough in trusting me with the sloop! He knew I wouldn't try to free myself. He was sure I wouldn't set a course for some far-away place and leave him."

"You needed me?" I asked, in some bewilderment.

"Yes—I had to have you. I dared not set out alone, even if it were death to stay. I can only throw myself on your mercy, Captain Hale."

I stared at her. Her lips were trembling.

"You will hate me," she whispered.

"Why? Why should I?"

"I had to wait for you, because I know nothing about navigation or laying a course," she went on. "Do you see? I was helpless, even when the yacht was mine. I can only stand a watch and steer."

I fancy I showed nothing on my face but utter disbelief. It was incredible! I found nothing to say.

"I tell you I don't know anything about navigation," Miss Hansom repeated. "How should I?"

"But you came alone to us back there?"

"You were always in sight, and I know my compass," she responded; "but I can't read a chart, or take a sight, or work an observation. That's why I couldn't escape—till you came. Do you understand? I had to—wait—for—you."

I sat aghast. I believe that for a moment I forgot the girl beside me in contemplation of our disaster. Riches untold, revenge, and future safety lay in the distance, across many leagues of trackless sea; and



I LEAPED UP TO DEFEND MYSELF AND WAS FLUNG BACKWARD. "YOU FOOL!" PANTED A VOICE IN MY EAR

I had no bearings to go by, no course to steer.

"This," I muttered, "is a joke!"

Lois anxiously turned her flushed, shamed face to me.

"I didn't mean it as a joke."

"By thunder, it's a joke!" I cried. "Ha, ha! You can't even tell me where the Arethusia lies! The treasure is lost, past our finding. You didn't know any navigation! Not long ago you taunted me with coming back to the schooner for you just to have somebody who could tell me where the treasure was. Well, we're even on that score."

She stilled my ill-timed mockery with a look. I forgot my chagrin. Something inside me took fire. After all, I had not fared

so ill. Money and ship were gone, to be sure; but I was not alone in the world any more. I yielded to an incomprehensible impulse. I took her hand firmly in mine.

"Damn the treasure!" I said stoutly.

The tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I'll never forgive myself," she murmured. "I could have found out and written it down; but I only thought of getting away—with you."

"Never mind," I told her cheerily, my heart hot in my breast. "We've been tossed like a bone to a dog. Back there they're laughing in their sleeves. They think they'll never see us again. Pomfret fancies we'll search the sea over till we die; but I've a trick worth two of that!"

I kicked the throttle open. The engines

roared to full speed, and the yacht began to shake to the thudding screw.

"Where are we going, Captain Hale?" she asked timidly.

"To the Arethusa, my dear—to get rings for your fingers and bells for your toes and a wedding-dress for the bride!"

She rose with a gesture at once womanly and magnificent. She took the wheel.

"What is the course?" she asked in a full voice.

"Sou'east by sou'," I replied.

I received a single glance over her shoulder that set my blood to singing.

"Get what sleep you can to-day," she said. "I'll call you at sundown."

I went into the cabin and wound the chronometer thoughtfully. Then I set down our approximate position in the log and marked it on the chart. I stretched myself on the lounge and closed my eyes. I realized that my head still ached from the blow I had got on the schooner; but I went to sleep, after a last glance at the girl standing at the wheel, her white hands holding the spokes in a grasp at once delicate and firm.

XII

I WAKENED in utter darkness and tumbled out. Lois greeted me quietly. The yacht was driving along over a fine, luminous sea, tossed into foam by a fresh westerly gale. The long swells rolled up to windward in roaring mountains, lifted us giddily to their crests, and spun us swiftly down their sounding hollows. Overhead the sky was flying streamers of cloud, which flowed away among the stars to the zenith and were lost in tenuous vapor in the airy spaces of the outer atmosphere. The tang of the air was grateful to me. I filled my lungs and laughed.

A hand responded to my call, and I put him at the wheel. Lois joined me in the little cabin and prepared tea, while I wrote up our dead-reckoning. With this as a basis I laid out our future course and explained it to her.

"We have to find the Arethusa without knowing her position," I said. "We are at the apex of a triangle; one point is the lagoon where the Arethusa lay; the second is Martin's Island. Pomfret called at Martin's Island."

Lois leaned over and gazed at the chart.

"We towed the hulk three days," she said, "and hove to one day; then we towed

again for three, and came on a small sandy island with a lagoon. There we sank the Arethusa again and left on the yacht."

I traced a line across the paper, and then made another line parallel to it.

"Our first move is to fetch Martin's Peak," I told her. "Then we have choice of two courses, like the two sides of a parenthesis. The wreck lies on one or the other."

The chart seemed to show no land, and I was puzzled; but I consulted the "Pacific Directory" and found that within a couple of hundred miles of St. Martin's, and midway between the two cross arms of which it was the center, there lay a small cluster of islets and reefs.

"The only clue I can give you," my companion said, "is that it was a very small, low atoll, broken in one place by an entrance into the interior lagoon, with deep water in the channel. There were no trees and no springs, and no land was in sight in any direction."

"That makes these clusters impossible," I said. I drew still another line on the chart, avoiding all land marked either on it or in the directory. "If we sail this course, we shall pick up your atoll. Any other possible course would bring us in sight of known islands. We ought to bring up at the wreck in four days."

"This breeze will help them," she remarked.

"True," I agreed; "but they may run into a calm any hour and lie there for days. We can keep going in a straight line."

I took great pains to instruct her in the rudiments of navigation, and she spent the whole day cheerfully doing reckonings and working out observations. I saw that she was extremely quick of understanding and well grounded in mathematics.

"Should anything happen to me," I told her, "I don't want to leave you helpless."

"What if we shouldn't find the atoll, after all?" she asked that evening.

"In that case we must find the Spindrift again and keep her in view," I said.

At ten o'clock that night I hove to. The wind had increased to a fresh gale, and we were making heavy weather of it. The sloop was taking considerable water over, and both hands were busy clearing the ship. I made Lois as comfortable as possible in the cabin and closed the sliding hatch; then I settled myself down for a night's watch. I regretted that we had no ba-

rometer. Gales such as now shrieked over the sea frequently develop, in these latitudes, into genuine storms.

The night wore through with no harm done and no notable increase in the sea; but it was out of the question to take a reliable sight, and I cursed dead-reckonings as many a better man has had cause to do. At noon I tried again, with the girl's help. My figures were impossible.

"We must make the best of it, and simply run before the wind and try to fetch St. Martin's," I said at last. "It is a splendid landmark, and we can't very well miss it."

"We must fill our water-casks there, as well," she answered. "I find we are running short."

This was bad news, and worried me more than I can tell. For some reason I am never at ease when I am not sure of my bearings, or when something lacks in stores. I should really have cared little for small troubles, seeing that we had escaped a great misfortune; but it is human nature to forget a full meal when the next seems like to be a short one.

The island showed up most unexpectedly that night, like a great stone buttress wreathed in blowing cloud. I ran into the lee and waited for the dawn, keeping as good a lookout as possible, for I feared the schooner might have made the same spot; but daylight showed an empty horizon, and I sent the hands off in the dingey to fill two casks with sweet water. They returned at noon with the water, and with the news that nothing was visible from the island. They reported seeing fresh wreckage on the beach.

Lois and I looked at each other. There was no doubt about it—we couldn't leave without assuring ourselves whether the Spindrift had met mishap or not. I ran the sloop on in, dropped anchor just outside the gentle surf, and she and I went ashore, leaving the boys to keep ship.

When we stood on the beach it was apparent to both of us that there was an element of risk in going far. Should Pomfret, or any of his party, be on the island—which was possible, even if the wreckage were not from the schooner—they would easily get possession of the Clarice and so maroon us.

"I will stop here," Lois said. "If anything turns up, I can signal you. You go on and explore."

I demurred; but when I saw that this was the wisest plan, I gave her a loaded revolver and enjoined on her the strictest vigilance.

"We have no notion what is on the other side of these ridges and the peak," I told her. "We do know that the schooner is not here; but some of her crew may have been landed here, just on the chance of our coming."

I proceeded, then, to climb up a steep valley that opened out far above us on a high plateau. I reckoned that if I gained this eminence I would have a fair view of the windward side of the island and of the adjacent shores.

My progress was made unexpectedly difficult by dense creepers and thorny bushes. Within a very few minutes I lost sight of my companion. This worried me, and I redoubled my exertions. I think that it took me more than an hour to reach the plateau.

I was breathless, sweating profusely, and in an ill temper when at last I emerged into the open. I turned and looked down. I rubbed my eyes. The beach where I had left Lois was vacant. The dingey was gone. Far out at sea I saw the Clarice headed for the distant horizon. No other craft was in sight.

I cursed my own folly. I had been the victim of a woman's wiles. It was water-clear that I had been diddled. The whole affair had been prearranged. I had acted like a ninny, and I was marooned!

Reason tried to argue that some alarm had sent Lois back to the sloop; but the sea was absolutely clear. My view included almost the entire circle of the island, and in every direction the horizon was unbroken. There was no trace of any one on any beach, nor could my most earnest gaze detect a sign of a small boat. It was impossible not to believe that I had been deliberately abandoned.

In that moment I tasted of two passions which had never before touched me. One was hate so bitter and intense that I gnawed my lips at the mere thought of Pomfret; and mingled with this was raging jealousy. I had done my best for Lois. I had given up my schooner and risked my life for her, and she had mocked me. The two passions mingled within me like terrible poisons, which neutralize each other sufficiently to spare the life, but whose venoms embitter the springs of existence.

In that hour I knew what madness was; but the frenzy wore itself out, and I became like a man stunned. I no longer saw the sloop. It had vanished below the sea.

Presently I began to think coldly. My plight was not a nice one. Here I was on a desert island, set in a lonely sea. I might rot for years and never sight a sail. There was but one thing to do—gather my courage in both hands and play the man. I must find some way of escape, if it were even a crazy raft built of wreckage.

With this in mind I studied the shores below me. I thought I perceived a deal of loose stuff strewn on the rocks and heaped up in coves. There might be something to help me there; so, after one long gaze over the now empty sea, I started my descent toward the windward side of the island's crest.

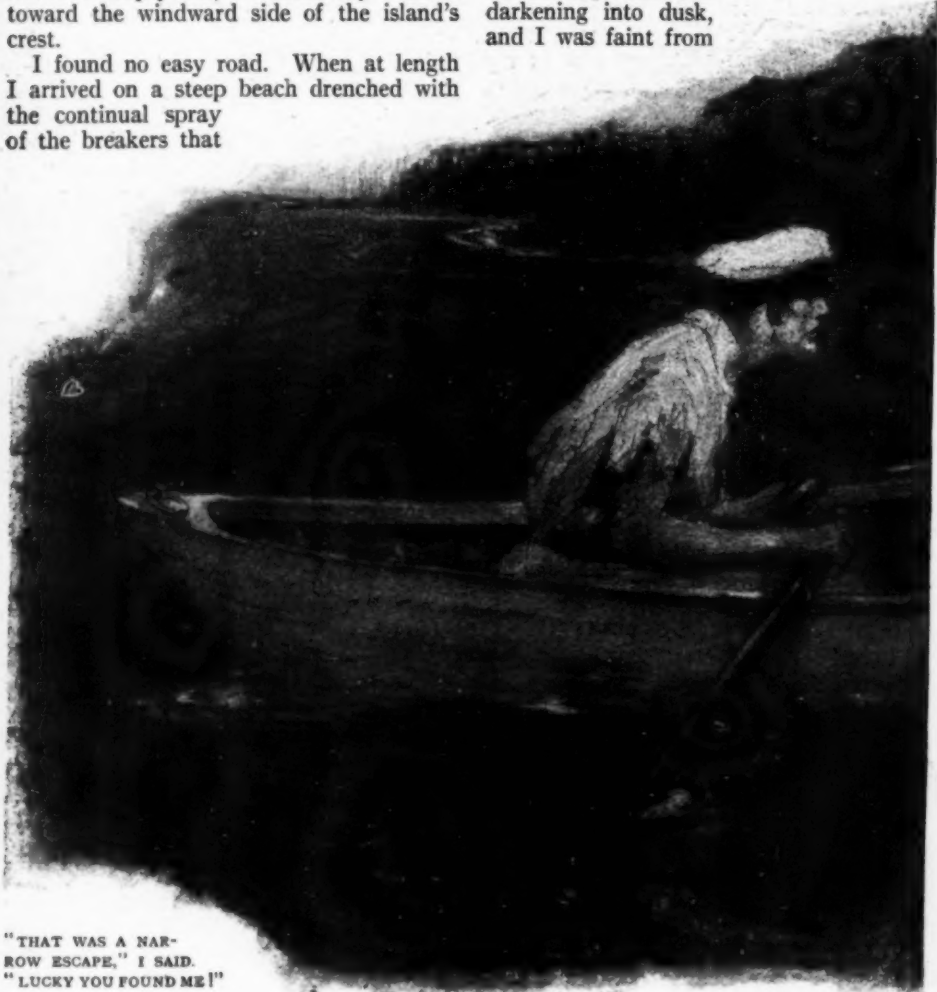
I found no easy road. When at length I arrived on a steep beach drenched with the continual spray of the breakers that

pile up the year around on such exposed coasts, I felt a little encouragement at seeing much wreckage.

This hope vanished completely when I saw that the wreckage was old. Apparently it was the debris from a large ship; but time and sea had long since battered the planks into splinters, shattered the stout beams, and thrown the whole into masses of staves.

I scrambled along for a couple of miles, rounding several jutting points with difficulty, on account of the breaking seas, and found nothing that would make so much as a raft. I came out, at last, on the shingle of a small cove traversed by a stream of sweet water. Here I threw myself down.

The day was fast darkening into dusk, and I was faint from



"THAT WAS A NAR-
ROW ESCAPE," I SAID.
"LUCKY YOU FOUND ME!"

toil and hunger. My clothes and boots were rags. In my hopelessness I resolved to move no farther. I would die where I was.

But complete despair is foreign to my character. The fit passed, and presently I rose with fresh courage. I was not going to perish thus. I was going to live to kill Pomfret!

With feverish haste I made my way back to the leeward side of the island and the beach where I

had left Lois. Though it was pitch-dark, I even found the rock on which she had sat. By it I lay down to wait for the morning. I fell asleep.

I came awake in the very middle of the night. The wind had died, and the island was alive with small, intricate sounds. I was chilled, and felt in my pocket for my



"I KNEW THEY
WOULD KILL YOU,"
SHE ANSWERED

matches, which were safe in a brass box, together with a trifle of candle. I thought I would build a fire.

I collected some dry roots and twigs and scratched a match. The little heap of fuel blazed up, and I put more on. I saw the sparks float up-

ward into the murky night, and felt a sudden and inexplicable contentment.

I reclined in an easier position and reached for my pipe; but my hand stopped midway. I held my breath. A swift, obscure sound seemed to stir the air, as if an invisible thing had brushed by me. Then I leaped up to defend myself and was flung backward.

"You fool!" panted a voice in my ear. "You fool!"

XIII

I COLLAPSED instantly, and Lois dragged herself to her feet, scattering the fire with her foot.

"Didn't you see them?" she demanded.

"See whom?"

She laughed brokenly.

"You never saw them? You thought I'd gone—and left you?"

"I did," I replied, still mystified. "I saw nobody at all. I reached the top of the ridge, and saw that you must have left the island almost as soon as I started up. The sloop was hull down. Who was it—and where?"

She seemed suddenly overcome with her exertions.

"I was waiting just after you had left me, when I caught sight of a man creeping around some rocks toward the boat. I had no time to do anything but run as fast as I could and shove off. Then I saw several men, and I knew they had a boat, too; so I put off to the sloop and ran for the open sea."

"Funny!" I mused. "I noticed nobody, and saw no traces."

"It was Fosdick and Grimes," she told me. "Pretty soon they appeared in their own boat, with a couple of hands pulling. I managed to fool them and get away. Then I came back in the dark and tried to find you. I couldn't. I didn't dare call, or make any sound. Then you lit your fire. I had to run furiously to catch you before they could see it, for I'm sure they came back."

"By gad, they *did* see it!" I whispered, and drew her back toward the water.

I had heard a slight, unmistakable sound from farther inland. Presently there came a rasping oath and the sound of a man stumbling heavily.

"Grimes!" she whispered in terror.

We crept away for ten minutes, not daring to make a misstep. At last we found

the boat and launched it quietly. Then we got in and pulled seaward gently. We were barely a hundred yards off shore when I saw two dim figures loom on the very beach we had left.

"That was a narrow escape," I said. "Lucky you found me!"

"I knew they would kill you," she answered. "I thought you would probably see them and hide. You would understand I was all right and would be back when I could."

I did not tell her what I had suffered when I thought she had betrayed me. I kept to the problem before us. Why had Grimes and Fosdick landed on Martin's Island?

We regained the sloop with the question unanswered. Lois surmised that it was one of Pomfret's cunning schemes, based on his conviction that I would probably return to this landmark; but where could the schooner be?

This question answered itself at daylight, when we caught a glimpse of the Spindrift's topsails far to the westward. She was evidently beating cautiously up for the island, to take off Fosdick and Grimes.

I watched her for a long time through the telescope. I believed that she was unaware of the yacht. Of course, Pomfret would soon learn of our visit; but we had time enough.

"Do you know," I suggested, "I have a strong notion that Pomfret schemed to leave Fosdick and Grimes on Martin's Peak while he reconnoitered. I believe that he is plotting to be rid of them both—just so soon as he has used them for his purpose."

Lois agreed with this; she also thought with me that the only thing for us to do was to try to be ahead of Pomfret in getting to the wreck.

"If you know where the Arethusa is," she added.

"I have a pretty good notion," I told her. "And I can explain the schooner's being here, now that I figure matters out. They needed fresh water, just as we did. They called at Martin's Island, and while their boat was ashore, filling the casks, they sighted us and put to sea—just as you ran when you saw Fosdick and Grimes. They had to leave those men on the beach, and probably the notion was to trap us and get the yacht. Your quick-wittedness spoiled their plan, and now Pomfret is edging back to see if the coast is clear."



ALL DAY WE KEPT UP THE DIVING WITHOUT RESULT. A FAIRLY CAREFUL EXPLORATION OF THE AFTER CABINS SHOWED NO SIGNS OF ANY TREASURE-ROOM OR STRONG BOX

So simple and reasonable an explanation made us both feel better. I got out the chart and showed Lois where I thought the Arethusa lay. Its position, as I made it, was some hundred and fifty miles to the east.

We ran out of sight of the schooner, and then made directly for our goal. In the afternoon it fell a dead calm, which was so much to our advantage. During the night I slowed the engines and steered a devious course through a wide channel dotted with reefs almost awash. When daylight came we were clear of this, and I altered the course slightly for a whitish reflection in the sky.

"Pomfret will have to take another road around those reefs," I told my companion. "No man in his senses would risk a sailing vessel in there. We can count on a good four days free of anxiety. We are almost there."

The atoll was close aboard before we could distinctly see the round circle of surf that marked its outline; but in mid forenoon the yacht slipped through the break in the coral and skimmed the smooth lagoon inside.

"This is the place," Lois told me. "The Arethusa lies in a deep basin across from where we are now. That's where they sank her."

"Pray Heaven that she is still there!" I murmured.

Presently we came to rest on the clear surface of the inner end of the lagoon. Below us the old treasure-ship's deck lay like a floor. She was in an easy position, inclined from stem to stern, so that her bowsprit was out of sight in the greenish depths, and her big, square stern ports were a scant two feet under water. It was a masterful job, showing Pomfret's skill and foresight. She was completely concealed, and yet offered little obstacle to any one desirous of raising her.

"If I only had the gear that's on the Spindrift, and the diving-suit," I said to Lois, when we had finished our survey, "I'd have the old girl afloat and in trim to go out under her own power in sixty days. As it is, we have sixty hours to get our share of the cargo."

It was plain to both of us that the atoll had been chosen with the utmost care. It was an ideal location for work involving secrecy. The slight ridge that enclosed the lagoon rose nowhere to a height of more

than eight feet, and from the yacht's deck one had an uninterrupted view of the entire horizon. No vessel could approach without our seeing it in ample time to escape; there was a single entrance into the lagoon, narrow and dangerous, so that a night surprise was out of the question; a sailing vessel could enter only by careful maneuvering and on the flood tide. Our sloop was free to come and go at any stage. The single drawback was that we were as visible when at anchor in the lagoon as we would be at sea.

Now that I actually had the Arethusa under my eyes, I felt a strange timidity in beginning my search for the treasure she carried. Her history was one I did not care to think about; and beside me stood Lois, whose mother and father had died on the now silent ship. After all that the cruise had cost me, I was possessed of a certain distaste for this sordid finale. I had had my share of real adventure. My life had been at stake, and I had won against odds. More than that, I had saved Lois. I knew that never again would the world be the same to me without her. Was I to dirty my hands now?

The thought dimmed my pleasure in having achieved so far; but time pressed, the treasure was, after all, ours; fortune knocks but once on a man's door with arms so full. I started to work.

Lois was of no assistance here. She could not help me locate the treasure, nor had she any recollection of Pomfret's intimating its place of concealment; so I began operations by diving, with my two sailors, through the stern ports.

All day we kept this breathless toil up without result. A fairly careful exploration of the after cabins showed no signs of any treasure-room or strong box.

When it was too dark to dive any longer, I sat down and figured. The hull was probably three hundred feet long, forty feet across the main beams, and thirty feet deep. Somewhere in that space lay what we sought. Without diving-apparatus it was absolutely out of the question to search beyond the main cabins, both on account of the depth of the water—the ship lying inclined downward from the stern—and because it would necessitate breaking through bulkheads and traversing alleyways.

"We've had our trouble for our pains," I told Lois, utterly discouraged. "We're helpless!"

The moment I said this I felt better. She smiled on me and spoke cheerfully.

I recall the hour with pleasure. Our sloop lay like a burnished toy on the glassy mirror of the lagoon. The evening sky was ablaze with the flaunting colors of the retreating sun. The sea that spread around our little atoll was even more gorgeously dyed than the heavens. A light, warm breeze sighed musically overhead, now and again barely brushing the smooth surface of the water.

Below us the shadowy ship lay like a huge treasure-chest, curiously embossed, dark with age, guarded by ghosts. And for all that I really cared, ship and treasure might have been a thousand fathoms deep, with blind fishes whipping through the unlit ports and the lower slimes oozing down its decks.

I suppose there never was man so careless of jewels and gold as I, content merely to sit and watch the play of grace over the bright face of a woman. I swear that we were both happy in that moment, as people will be when their world is slipping away from them and trouble and danger are lifting to windward.

That evening we had our tea on the little beach, and then we sat there and waited for the stars to trim their lamps, and the night wind to rise, and the breakers to sound the deeper note that calls to rest. Midnight tinkling on the sloop's clear-toned bell brought us to our feet, and we reluctantly returned to the Clarice.

I slept little and fitfully during the remaining hours of darkness, for I was stirred by strange fancies. Now and again I sat up to struggle with a nightmare vision of the Spindrift looming in the pass, and Pomfret smiling to himself on her quarter-deck, and Grimes grimacing savagely at us, while he rubbed his blood-stained hands and licked his lips over the treasure he was to grasp.

The morning came, and with it another attempt to reach the strong room. It was futile. After a couple of hours I gave up and sought Lois.

"I hate to say so, but we are wasting our time," I told her. "Then we ought to be figuring on Pomfret and the schooner. I gave us four days. Two are gone, practically, and I see no further into this millstone than I did at first. Diving is useless the way we have to practise it. What we should have to do is to explore the whole

hull—a month's labor, even if the proper apparatus were at hand."

I saw that she was deeply concerned. She hesitated to answer, and I urged her to be frank.

"This is no time to deceive each other," I said. "Unless I'm mistaken, to-day and to-morrow are the last we shall have here. For Heaven's sake, say what is on your mind."

"I would have gladly left all this behind and fled," she answered. "I even begged you to forego seeking the Arethusa; but now that we are here, I know we must succeed. If we went away, after failing, you—I—we should never rest in peace. Isn't that so? We should always disparage ourselves for having been on the ground, unhindered, and yet having failed to touch the fortune that was within reach."

"I suppose that's true," I admitted; "but I don't see what more we can do."

Lois blushed shyly.

"I have an idea—it may be all wrong—it sounds silly—" she stammered.

"If you have an idea, speak out," I implored her.

"I know Uncle Pomfret so well!" she said. "It was what I know of him that made me think there was some way of getting at the treasure which we haven't thought of. I am sure he had arranged it in his own mind to come here quite alone, with nobody with him. He was going to get the stuff all by himself."

"But he knows exactly where it is hidden!" I protested.

"Does he?" Lois asked quietly. "I think not. There were only two people on the Arethusa who knew exactly where the gold and jewels were hidden. Father was one, and he died defending his quarter-deck. Mother was the other, and I think she never told. I know she wouldn't! I've often suspected that I was saved simply because he thought perhaps I knew. Doesn't that explain why he has never consented to dividing the spoils and sinking the ship? Isn't it possible that he is just as much in the dark as you are, and for that reason has always pretended to know, but has refused to tell?"

"By thunder, I believe you are right!" I cried.

"You see, his plan was to raise the Arethusa and tow her north," Lois continued. "He could beach her on some little coast and go through her at his leisure. But

after we had raised her from the other lagoon, and word came that there was a schooner watching for us, I am sure he definitely decided on a scheme which would require only himself and his own strength. I am perfectly sure that his whole aim has been to get everybody else out of the way so that he could come down here secretly and find the treasure and get away with it. You see how he sank the hulk here? I feel certain that the scheme was clear in his mind."

"You mean that he was planning to get the treasure out without raising the ship again?"

"I am sure I am right," she urged; "though I can't see how he would do it."

I meditated this for a while and began to see light.

"I think you have hit on the true solution," I told her. "I am thinking, too,

that it was entirely to his interest to destroy the old Arethusa past any man's finding her. She might lie here for years and never be noticed. Again, any chance schooner hunting a place to careen for a couple of days might slip in, and the secret would be out. Pomfret would never let that happen; so he must have had a plan that would not only assure him the treasure, but make it certain that nobody would ever identify the wreck. Dimly I seem to catch his notion; but I can't just lay my finger on the catch in it."

For a moment or two Lois was silent, and we both studied the problem. Suddenly she tautened—a way she had when she thought of something.

"Why, of course!" she exclaimed. "The dynamite!"

I jumped to my feet, all aglow.

"Where is it?" I demanded.

(To be concluded in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

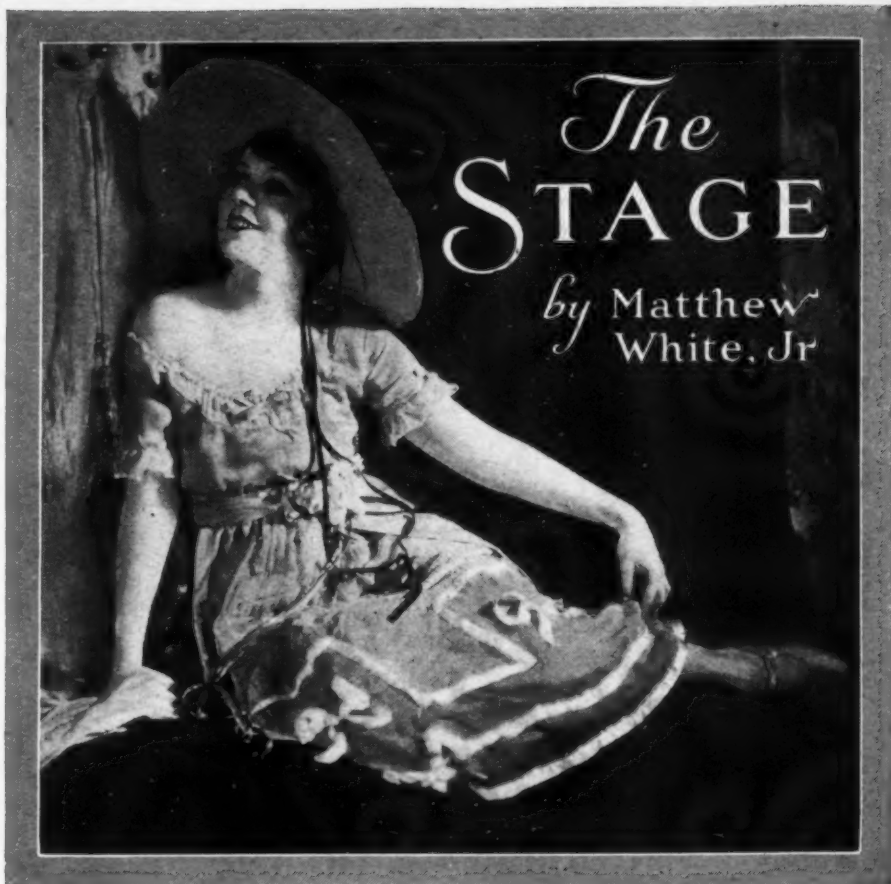
DOG WOOD

If earth had nothing else to speak for her,
Her only lovely vindication thou,
Thou in a cindered waste the sole thing fair,
Framed in the dross and basalt of despair;
But only thy dew-drenched sidereal bough
A lonely witchcraft there.

If the great sea were not, with all its blue,
And forests with green continents of dew;
If all were wilderness and brutish things,
Travail of wallowing slime and shuddering stone,
No plumage gay and happy flight of wings,
But only thou alone—
There, 'mid fanged horror and abysmal storm,
And boiling floods and drift of flaming sleet—
Annunciation magically sweet—
Thy frail, triumphant form,
A lovely specter from the dark up-sent,
Radiantly innocent!

It were enough assurance that some soul
Of starry purpose through the blindness moved,
And, 'mid the hard-wrung travail of the whole,
That something dreamed and loved.
One spray of dogwood, though the rest were hell,
Were faith enough, enough of miracle,
The heart and end of being to foretell.
Eyes that in spring have seen the dogwood shine
Need ask from earth no other seal or sign,
Nor fear at last within that mold to lie
That lifts such fairness from the darkling deep,
Perfect against the singing April sky—
Nor shrink in such a bed to fall asleep!

Richard Leigh



HELEN FORD, WHO CREATED THE LEAD IN "ALWAYS YOU," AND WHO IS NOW TO SING IN "THE SWEETHEART SHOP"

From a photograph by Abbe, New York

I WISH I knew why people went to the theater!" sighed an aspiring young playwright in my hearing, and I dare say the remark is echoed every day by more than one manager.

Of course, many elements enter into the compelling motives that send folk out from their hotel rooms—whence, in New York, come so many of the playgoers—seeking entertainment in front of the footlights. Chief among these, perhaps, is loneliness, but that wasn't the answer the young playwright above quoted was seeking. What he would like to learn is the reason why one play, among the fifty odd offered, is preferred over another; and that, unfortunately, is something that nobody will be able to tell him.

Over and over again it has been demon-

strated that it is not what the critics say, nor the pull of a star, nor the potency of stage settings, nor the beauty of the girls in the chorus, that is the decisive factor. In some instances, no doubt, any one of these may have made a piece successful, but none of them is infallible as a house-filler. The newspapers have united in praising a particular play to the skies, as they did with "Young America" a few seasons back, and yet the public would not go to see it. The high standing of Otis Skinner failed to keep "Pietro" on Broadway longer than four weeks. "The Garden of Paradise" had the most wonderful scenery ever placed upon the stage up to that time, and yet its producers soon found themselves in bankruptcy. The united efforts of Ziegfeld and Dillingham in picking pretty girls



MARY NEWCOMB, WITH CLIFTON CRAWFORD AS THE WIFE IN THE FARCE-COMEDY HIT.
"MY LADY FRIENDS"

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

did not succeed in turning the Century hoodoo into the luck of the "Follies."

And yet it isn't wholly a matter of luck, after all. Sometimes the causes of success or failure are easy to recognize. Take, for example, Rachel Crothers's latest offering, "He and She." It has manifestly failed to register up alongside either her "Little Journey" or "39 East" for the very good reason that it doesn't deserve to. It's an

earlier product than either of these, for one thing, and probably it would never have seen the white lights of Times Square were it not for the vogue that Miss Crothers's two successful plays gave her last winter. "He and She" was presented in Boston as long ago as 1912, with Viola Allen in the part now acted by the author, so that its similarity to "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is in no sense a case of borrowing.



ELEANOR PAINTER, WHO IS DOLORES IN THE SHUBERTS' REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDY, "FLORODORA"

From her latest photograph by the Campbell Studios, New York



ANN ANDREWS, WITH WILLIAM COLLIER AS MRS. CHADWICK IN HIS NEW FARCE,
"THE HOTTENTOT"

From a photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York

The reason why "Mrs. Fair" is a popular hit while "He and She" lags is also easily arrived at. Both Mr. Forbes and Miss Crothers had a message to convey, but the former was not so obsessed thereby that he failed to translate it into terms of action. Miss Crothers, on the other hand, allows her characters to chatter propaganda to the point of wearisomeness.

All of which happens to be a capital illustration of a dictum regarding play-writing laid down by John Drinkwater, author of "Abraham Lincoln," in an informal talk that he gave at the Playwrights' Club when he was over here last winter.

"Almost anybody stands ready to tell you," he said, "why a play is successful, but nobody ever gives the correct reason—which is that it is dramatic, that it is capable of bringing the spectators to the edge of their chairs in the intensity of their interest. And to be able to do this, the writer must first have a message to deliver, and must then convey it in terms of action. Swinburne, for example, had the message all right, but not the faculty of translating it into action. This is oftentimes possessed by writers without any message to deliver, such as the authors of crook plays and the like, which may succeed because they really do entertain. If you wish a definition of action, imagine yourself walking along the street and seeing an impending collision between two vehicles, which arrests your attention so forcibly that for an instant you are brought to a standstill to watch it."

Mr. Drinkwater is connected with the Repertory Theater in Birmingham, where he has acted, staged, and written plays for the past dozen years. He seems to have more practical ideas with regard to the drama of purpose than any other worker connected with the so-called "little theater" movement.

As a further illustration of the common-sense views that I have just quoted, I may instance two other recent plays of the season, one a success, the other a quick failure. The first of these, "Smilin' Through," a fantasy by Allan Langdon Martin, is carrying Jane Cowl along on big box-office receipts to the end of the season.

"How did you come by it, Miss Cowl?" I asked, going back to congratulate her.

"By chance," she answered. "It was sent me through the mails from a person I had never heard of before. The idea of

communications from the spirit world interested me at once, because it is so timely just now; but what appealed to me still more was the fact that Mr. Martin did not stress the supernatural element unduly, thus endangering the dramatic value of his work."

On the other hand, it was here that Anthony Paul Kelly, author of "Three Faces East," fell down when he wrote and produced "The Phantom Legion" last winter. He was so fascinated by his idea of bringing back to earth the spirits of dead soldiers that his sense of dramatic proportion deserted him. As a result his play lasted only four nights.

Mention of "The Phantom Legion" reminds me that a young fellow who rehearsed with it had a narrow escape from losing the big chance of his career. Raymond Hackett is only seventeen, and had been selected with two others to impersonate the soldiers killed in the trenches of France, and later seen as shades beside their mourning mother in America. During rehearsals a misunderstanding arose between Hackett and the stage-director, and he got out, which left him free to accept an offer to be the young private who falls asleep at his post, and is pardoned by the President, in the deeply impressive fifth scene of "Abraham Lincoln."

This brief but important rôle of William Scott is only Hackett's second part as a grown-up, the first having been *Joey Shanks*, with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead." By an odd chance, he was in yet another Lincoln offering—the boy in the Ince photo-play, "Land of Opportunity." An actor from his childhood, his education was obtained in the Professional Children's School in Forty-Eighth Street. A well-known impersonation of his was the child *David*, with Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

Speaking of Lionel Barrymore, "The Letter of the Law"—a piece based on Eugène Brieux's "La Robe Rouge"—in which he is now starring, serves as a brilliant example of the proper manner to put over propaganda in dramatic form. There is no mistaking the French author's purpose to pillory the ambition of magistrates to secure convictions in order to promote their own chances of advancement, but he does not permit his purpose to submerge the theatric values of the medium he has contrived through which to convey it. To



HELEN MACKELLAR, WHO CREATED THE LEAD IN "BEYOND THE HORIZON" FOR SPECIAL MATINÉE PERFORMANCES, MEANWHILE CONTINUING AS THE ONLY WOMAN IN "THE STORM"

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York



CLARA MOORES, WHO PLAYS THE LEAD AS THE WIDOW IN "SHAVINGS," THE CAPE COD COMEDY
FROM A STORY BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

From a photograph by the Campbell Studios, New York

be sure, there is a great deal of talk, but it is the sort of talk that moves.

The play, now first seen here in English, was written as long ago as 1900, and served as a starring vehicle for Réjane. Some surprise was felt when Barrymore elected to leave the brilliant character work he was doing in "The Jest" to appear in a practically straight part as an examining magistrate in "The Letter of the Law"; but he gets a great deal out of it, and has a death scene quite as effective as his brother John's was in "Redemption."

To Mr. Barrymore's wife, Doris Rankin, falls the comparatively short but highly colored rôle of the wife of the man acquitted of murder, whose future is wrecked when the magistrate breaks his promise not to reveal her one misstep in the past. Unhappily Miss Rankin has neither the temperament nor the strength of a Réjane, and fails to score as she did in "The Copperhead." The rest of the star's support is excellent, and the setting quite unusual. John D. Williams, one of the youngest of our producers, is to be congratulated on having put over within a month's time two such interest-compelling tragedies as "The Letter of the Law" and "Beyond the Horizon."

"Shavings" mates with "Lightnin'" as a sentimental play which has no particular message to convey, and which rests its claim to attention almost exclusively upon its leading character. "Lightnin'" has now broken the record of "A Trip to Chinatown" for the longest consecutive New York run, and the end is not yet in sight.

"Shavings," which is based on Joseph C. Lincoln's novel of the same title, is much more deliberate in its action, and may not prove to possess so strong a popular appeal. Yet the elements of popularity are present in abundant measure in the dramatization by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, authors of "The Grand Army Man" for David Warfield; while in Harry Beresford as *Jed Winslow*, the maker of toy windmills, Henry W. Savage has found an actor very much after the style of Frank Bacon.

Beresford is English, although one would never think it to hear him talk against the Massachusetts background of "Shavings." He had planned to become a school-teacher, but his success as an amateur actor turned his thoughts toward the theater, and

he finally got on in farce at the Gaiety in London. Thirty years ago he came to America, and, like Frank McGlyn in "Abraham Lincoln," he did yeoman's service elsewhere in the United States before reaching Broadway. He has been a road star, nearly always as an old man, and it was in a character of this type—*Peep o' Day* in Irvin Cobb's "Boys Will Be Boys"—that he registered his first New York hit last October. The play failed, and was presently withdrawn, thus making Mr. Beresford available for "Shavings." In this, for the first time in his career, he is enacting a rôle which shows him at his real age—that of middle life.

The adapters of Mr. Lincoln's novel seem to have made an effort to avoid "curtains," except the final one. The conclusion, when *Shavings*, thinking of his own ill-starred love-affair, explains to the little girl that the dog who has barked at the moon should feel grateful for being allowed even to look at it, is one of those dramatic episodes that one does not soon forget.

Clara Moores, comparatively new to Broadway, makes an agreeable impression as the widow for whose welfare *Jed* labors so unceasingly. She is of that vast multitude who hail from the Pacific Coast. A season or two ago she was the elder sister with Taylor Holmes in "Bunker Bean," and later she served as leading woman with William Hodge in "A Cure for Curables."

"The Wonderful Thing," by Lillian Trimble Bradley, may be set down as another example of the play without a message. Founded on a story by Forrest Halsey, a deliberate attempt has been made to fashion it along the lines of "Peg o' My Heart"; and although the reviewers had scant words of praise for the piece, I must say that for the average playgoer it seems to possess much holding power. For its basic thesis it goes back to "The Ironmaster" and beyond, its theme being the birth of love after a loveless marriage; but I never saw a play so full of minor surprises for the audience.

For instance, it is established that *Donald Mannerby* must marry quickly and to financial advantage in order to keep his younger brother out of jail. There is a French heiress in town; but he does not need to propose, for she practically throws herself at his head. Again, later, the scapegrace brother is so overcome with horror



JANE COWL, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE "FIFTY YEARS BEFORE" EPISODE OF HER LATEST SUCCESS, "SMILIN' THROUGH"

From a photograph by White, New York



JEANNE EAGELS, WHO ACHIEVED A STRIKING SUCCESS WITH HER IMPERSONATION OF A FRENCH GIRL IN "THE WONDERFUL THING"

From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York

at learning what has been done on his account that he gets drunk, and has a scene with his sister-in-law, during which everybody expects that he will reveal to her the dreadful facts; but he doesn't. And so it goes, the playwright reaching her goal along trails which are not beaten hard.

The biggest thing in "The Wonderful Thing"—which means love—is Jeanne Eagels, as the girl with the money made by her father in potted ham, or some equally commonplace commodity. You may recall her as *Ruth Atkins*, who tottered down the stairs in the aftermath of seasickness

last season at the Belasco, in "Daddies." For my part, I like her much better in "The Wonderful Thing."

Of course, the assumption of a French accent is about the easiest task to assign an actress, and one they love to get; but Miss Eagels puts much more than an accent into her work. In indefinable ways she visualizes for you the really fine disposition possessed by *Jacqueline*, so that you forget that now and again the joints of the play creak, and that a sensible word spoken in season might have set everything right; or, if you do remember it, you are glad that nobody spoke it, as in that case you would not have had the chance to see Jeanne Eagels at her best.

Miss Eagels, who hails from Kansas City, began her career in stock, and her capture of Broadway was the successful conclusion of a carefully planned scheme. According to the story, she had closely watched the career of Elsie Ferguson, who was starring in "Outcast" at the time; and when she read that the play would probably be sent on tour, while the original company was to remain in New York, she procured the latest photograph of Miss Ferguson and then purchased duplicates of everything the actress wore in the picture. Thus arrayed, she visited the manager who had charge of sending out the second company, and succeeded in landing the chief part. At the end of the season "Outcast" played New York's so-called Subway Circuit, where Miss Eagels's work was seen by Broadway producers; and this led to her eventually becoming leading woman with George Arliss in "Hamilton."

While in "Daddies," she confessed that her big ambition was to play *Ophelia* to the *Hamlet* of John Barrymore. Now that Jack has really reached the Shakespeare stage himself, she is at least that much nearer her goal.

The first week in March, by the bye, found four members of the famous Drew family acting in as many New York theaters—John Drew himself at the Maxine Elliott in "The Cat-Bird"; Ethel Barrymore,



DOROTHY GISH, PICTURE STAR, WHOSE LATEST RELEASE IS THE PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT PRODUCTION, "MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN"

From a photograph by White, New York

his niece, still at the Empire in "Déclassée"; Lionel Barrymore at the Criterion in "The Letter of the Law"; and John Barrymore at the Plymouth in "Richard III."

Mr. Drew is back on the stage again after an absence therefrom of two years—which, I may add, were not devoted to exploiting himself on the screen. "The Cat-Bird," by Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me," will not add anything to the fame of a star who does not need new reputation at this late day. It ran only four weeks in New York before taking to the road. It is a pleasant, leisurely comedy about a scientist who has been more interested in insects than women ever since an enforced journey abroad, years ago, separated him from the girl he once loved. By chance she comes back into his life as an attractive widow with an orphaned niece whose love-affairs give her no small anxiety. The clever dialogue helps to atone for the sluggish movement of the plot, and one can easily imagine how greatly Drew must enjoy playing such a rôle, even though it compels him to poke fun at the good clothes which have been his professional stock in trade for so many years.

Mr. Drew is now sixty-seven, but one would never take him for more than the fifty odd that the character of *Martin Cloade* calls for, and it is a positive pleasure to see this sterling actor once more creating a part. His chief support comes from Janet Beecher, who must be overjoyed to escape from the melodramatics of "The Woman in Room Thirteen" into the high-comedy atmosphere of "The Cat-Bird."

William Collier is more fortunate in obtaining suitable vehicles than is Mr. Drew. This year both of them have relied upon animals to carry them through—Mr. Drew on insects, Mr. Collier on horses.

In "The Hottentot," the comedian who of late seasons has been ringing the changes on truth and lies harks back to that thoroughly dependable element of the *farceur*—cowardice. Just as Frank Craven flew to big success in assuming knowledge of airplaning in "Going Up," so Mr. Collier reaps an evening of laughs by pretending to be an expert steeplechase rider when in reality he dreads the very idea of mounting any sort of a quadruped. But so deftly has the piece been built by Victor Mapes and Mr. Collier himself that toward the

close it is almost lifted into the genre of the emotional—and, strange to say, without in the least endangering its value as a laugh-producer. Indeed, "The Hottentot" steers wide from the usual drift in plays of its ilk by furnishing in its last act by far the best of the three.

Mr. Collier began his career as a child actor, having been a member of Haverly's Juvenile Troupe along with Julia Marlowe and Annie Russell. Later on he became call-boy at Daly's, and as this was before the advent of the typewriter, he was also utilized to copy out parts for members of the company. For this he got no extra pay, but a chance to play small parts—in Shakespeare, no less; so you see that this actor began where most Thespians aspire to end. He was a page in "The Taming of the Shrew," *Simple* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and *Starveling* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Apropos of Shakespeare, five years ago Emily Stevens went on record with a remarkable statement, made while she was playing in "The Unchastened Woman." In answer to an interviewer's question whether she hoped some day to play Shakespearian rôles, she answered:

"No, my antipathy to Shakespeare is as strong as it ever was. I believe that the place for his plays is the library. All the characters in Shakespeare's plays seem to be unhuman, and do not appeal to my sense of acting."

On this same occasion, by the bye, Miss Stevens remarked:

"What a pleasure it is to be able to wear a wedding-ring and be respectable on the stage! I hope, by kind permission of the managers, to be allowed to play nothing but good women in the future."

Alas, the managers have not been kind, for as *Sophie Arnould* in her latest creation she is called on to exclaim:

"Just think, at the marriage of my daughter I shall probably be the only unmarried woman present!"

Philip Moeller's "Sophie" is quite the naughtiest play of the season. The entire string of Woods's bedroom farces must needs hang their diminished heads beside it in the matter of suggestiveness. Indeed, the bedroom play, as we know it, never actually violates the moral law, while the incorrigible *Sophie*—a character founded on a prima donna who flourished in the reign of Louis XVI—boldly flaunts her sins.



LENORE ULRIC, WHO HAS ACHIEVED NOTEWORTHY SUCCESS AS THE STAR IN BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF THE CHINESE PLAY, "THE SON-DAUGHTER"

From her latest photograph—copyrighted by Iva L. Hill, New York

Considering that she must be playing such a rôle against her inclinations, Miss Stevens does wonders with the part. The last act is especially enjoyable, and I predict that the entire piece will be a knockout when some day it is fitted with a score and played as operetta. As it stands, the comedy fairly shrieks for tunes.

THE BARRYMORE "RICHARD"

Last month, in listing the character of New York offerings at the peak of the season, I noted the absence of Shakespeare; but even as I wrote the preliminary rehearsals were being held for a production of the Bard which has turned out to be the noteworthy event of the dramatic year. On March 6, at the Plymouth, where "The Jest" ran almost a year's course, Arthur Hopkins presented John Barrymore in "The Tragedy of Richard III," made up of five scenes from "Henry VI" preceding "Richard III" proper.

The result was such a triumph for the youngest of the three Barrymores as seldom falls to an actor in these cold-blooded, commercial days of ours. The one element lacking therein was surprise, for after seeing what John Barrymore did as *Falder*, the convict, in Galsworthy's "Justice," as *Peter Ibbetson*, as *Fedya* in "Redemption," and as the Florentine painter in "The Jest," there was no excuse for amazement at the smashing hit scored by this well-endowed young player when he elected to turn his steps toward the heights.

The two distinguishing characteristics of his *Richard* are its repression and its permeating humor. And yet there is never evident the studied effort to avoid rant. It is rather the quietness that suggests the depth of still-flowing waters, and enhances the impression made by the voice which we now recognize as an almost magic asset of this son of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew, who at thirty-eight has reached the top of his profession. He made his first appearance at Chicago in 1903 as *Max* in "Magda," and the next year was with William Collier as *Charley Hine* in "The Dictator." Later on he acted for three seasons in "The Fortune Hunter."

The keynote of the Plymouth "Richard III" is simplicity, with settings and costumes by Robert Edmond Jones, both highly effective. Hangings are freely employed,

but the apparent solidity of the Tower of London excites an outburst of applause.

The arrangement of the play bears wholly in the direction of exploiting its star, and keeps him on the stage almost continuously throughout the fifteen scenes. The shifts are made with surprising celerity, and with all its simplicity there are one or two distinct notes of originality in the mounting. The Barrymore "Richard" is, in brief, a performance which no real theater-lover should miss.

HAPPY RETURN OF THE COSTUME DRAMA

While the movie folk persistently discourage scenario-writers from submitting costume stuff, alleging that it is too expensive to mount, the managers, on the other hand, have been hoping for a revival of the costume play. Lee Shubert is the lucky man to find a good one in "The Purple Mask," and he is twice fortunate in being able to get Leo Ditrichstein to star in it. Of course, this five-act romantic melodrama of Napoleon's first consulate is mere child's play for the versatile Leo, whose ambitions are now set on *Iago* in "Othello." Nevertheless, to watch his clever foiling of his foes is capital fun for the audience, even though this adaptation from the French by Matheson Lang—who played it in London—does run a bit down-hill after its absorbing second act, in which Mr. Ditrichstein gets valiant assistance from Brandon Tynan as *Brisquet*, one of the agents of police.

Lily Cahill is again Mr. Ditrichstein's leading woman, as she was last season in "The Marquis de Priola." Several years earlier she was with him as one of the gabbling society women in "The Concert." She was Mr. Tynan's first assistant when he starred in his "Melody of Youth," four years ago.

Like Louise Groody, Miss Cahill is a Texan. She began her career in Mrs. Leslie Carter's company when the latter took to starring under the management of her husband. After "The Concert" came her first association with Brandon Tynan, when she took Pauline Frederick's place in "Joseph and His Brethren," in which Mr. Tynan created *Joseph* at the Century Theater. Came thereafter two seasons in "Under Cover," which firmly established her in the good graces of theatergoers. Nevertheless, she prefers drama to comedy—which means that she is thoroughly happy as *Laurette* in "The Purple Mask."

The Odd Measure

Fur-Hunters Reaping a Harvest

*They Should
Remember the
Story of the
Goose and the
Golden Eggs*

DURING the years of the great war, wild life enjoyed a cessation of the customary slaughter. The hunters and the trappers went to the battle-field, and vast areas of wilderness in Canada and our Western States were quite, or nearly, abandoned. The fur-bearers increased and multiplied, and some of them began to lose their fear of man. Upon their return, the fighters found their desire to go into the quiet places overwhelming, and thousands immediately struck for the big woods, the deserts, and the swamp-lands. They went on house-boat and canoe cruises, automobile journeys, and motor-boat wanderings. They caught fish, killed game, and trapped fur.

The prices of furs were higher than ever before. Red foxes had gone up to a hundred dollars, the fisher, or pekan, to the same figure, and even the pelts of the stupid, clumsy, sniffing muskrat brought four dollars apiece. Along the Chesapeake and the Delaware, on Pamlico and Albermarle Sounds, in the marshes of Louisiana and Lake Michigan, the fur-hunters reveled in prosperity. The winter income of a good trapper ran from six or seven hundred dollars to several thousand. Men engaged in the ordinary trades of the villages went out after supper, or before breakfast, and took a week's wages out of the near-by creek. Schoolboys sometimes earned more with their traps than their father's salary.

The makers of steel traps have heard from farm country, from city environs, and from the deep wilderness, where tens of thousands of fur-seekers have demanded their wares. The result, of course, has been the inevitable one. The law of compensation still lives in the statutes of nature. Already streams, fields, deserts, forests, and mountain ranges have been stripped of their wild fur-bearers, and the trappers are crying up and down the earth to find lands they have not invaded, where they can find more life to destroy and more hides to stretch on the boards.

They say the goose that laid the golden eggs didn't have fur—it had feathers. Therefore, what has that old story to do with the fur supply? The trappers are quite human.

* * * * *

The Wonders of Sound

*How the Humble
Gramophone Aided
in Hunting the
Dread Submarine*

IT took a lofty poet like Wordsworth to discover "the glory of a common dawn," and a great scientist like the late Lord Rayleigh to bring home to us the wonders of science that lie daily at our doors. Rayleigh was continually experimenting with such scientific simples as light, heat, and sound, and it is only now when the war is a thing of the past that we have learned of the part the Rayleigh method applied to sound played in the all-important task of hunting submarines.

Strange to say, it was the much-abused gramophone record that aided more than any other single factor. Light had been tried and found wanting, because water is too opaque, and only a small portion of the sea can be lit up at once. Magnets also failed, because their range is too limited. Noiseless submarines, however, have not yet been invented, and their sound, as it vibrates through the sea, is their betrayer. Sound travels through water at a rate of about a mile a second, and the sound vibrations of the submarine were caught and recorded by a hydrophone in such a way that the position of the boat could be measured with a considerable degree of accuracy.

During a lecture recently delivered at the Royal Institution in London, Professor Bragg, of Leeds University, played for his hearers gramophone

records of under-water sounds. The noise of an approaching submarine, the sound of hammering inside it, the hum of a destroyer's turbines, and the scream of a discharged torpedo could be plainly heard from records made beneath the surface of the sea to teach officers in charge of submarine-chasers the art of locating their enemy.

Still more interesting, and more important in time of peace, is the part now played by sound in the technique of navigation. Fog has long been the arch enemy of those that go down to the sea in ships and do business in our harbors. The professor explained how the laws of acoustics had come to the rescue of the mariner. His vessel is adrift in a fog, and he has no precise idea of its whereabouts. He sends out a wireless message saying: "In fifteen minutes I shall drop a depth-charge." Hydrophones with sound-recorders attached are immediately started at various shore stations, and the report of the explosion is caught by one after the other. Knowing the speed at which sound travels, it requires only a few minutes to make the necessary calculations and flash back a wireless message giving the ship its position.

"Many things are wonderful," said old Euripides, the Athenian dramatist, "but man is the most wonderful of all."

* * * * *

A Race of Men Old at Forty

Is This to Be the Product of the Modern Industrial Community?

ONE of the last acts of Sir Auckland Geddes before he set out to occupy his post as British ambassador at Washington was to publish, on behalf of the Ministry of National Service, of which he was until recently the head, a report on the physical examination of men of military age conducted by official medical boards during the war. The appalling evidence there collected forces the chairman of the Manchester board to exclaim:

It is not good national hygienic economy to aim at immense commercial and industrial success, if by so doing you produce a race of seniles at forty.

The report covers the period from November 1, 1917, to October 31, 1918—practically the last year of the war. The number of examinations held during that period was 2,425,184, and a summary of the results shows the following facts:

Of every nine men of military age in Great Britain, three were perfectly fit and healthy.

Two were upon a definitely infirm plane of health.

Three were incapable of undergoing more than a moderate degree of physical exertion, and might be described as physical wrecks.

The remaining one was a chronic invalid with a precarious hold on life.

"My first experience in Manchester and Stockport," declares one medical examiner, "led me to the conclusion that most of the industrial classes in this region are, for military purposes, old men at thirty-eight."

The whole report teems with suggestions for the improvement of the health of the nation. In Liverpool it was found that among two hundred youths, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years old, rejected because of poor physique, the height varied from four feet three inches to five feet five inches, the average being four feet nine inches; the weight ranged between sixty-three and ninety-seven pounds, the average being eighty-four pounds; and the chest measurement ran from twenty-seven to thirty-one and one-half inches, the average being thirty inches.

It is emphasized over and over again in various parts of the report that the prevalence of weak and stunted physique was not due to abject poverty, but largely to the mother's lack of knowledge of proper methods of cooking, especially for young children. Moreover, it is pointed out that the growing boy in the great English industrial centers gets no chance of healthy outdoor exercise to develop his frame. That his physical condition is poor does not trouble him, for he is only like his fellows.

This whole problem is specially acute in England, but it is of growing importance in almost all civilized countries, in view of the steadily increasing tendency toward urban life.

* * * * *

King Arthur Rehabilitated

*Professor Petrie's
Recent Researches
Substantiate the
Ancient Legends*

FLINDERS PETRIE, dean of Egyptian archeologists, and for nearly thirty years professor of Egyptology at London University, has gone back to the Nile to resume his studies there after an interval of years. During the war he devoted much of his time to the rehabilitation of the Arthurian legend.

In a published account of his researches, Professor Petrie reports that he found a remarkable parallel between the traditional exploits of Charlemagne and those of King Arthur, but he asserts that an analysis of Arthur's dates as taken from Latin and Celtic sources shows that they are remarkably exact and historically credible. In the "Ulster Annals" the accession of Arthur, at the age of fifteen, works out at A.D. 467, and it is stated that at the beginning of the young British hero's reign Celdric came with six hundred ships from Germany. Now Childeric of the Scheldt was the great Frankish chief from 465 to 481. John Capgrave, a fourteenth-century English historian, supplies further confirmation by representing Arthur as a contemporary of Pope Leo the Great, who died in 461.

The chief source of the Arthurian legend, as we know it in the later versions of Malory and Tennyson, is the "History of the Kings of Britain," written in Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh monk who was born in or about the year 1100. His narrative has generally been considered as almost purely fabulous, but it may be said that Professor Petrie has restored confidence in him as a reshapener of genuine material.

* * * * *

The Tie of Uncle and Nephew

*A Curious
Social Custom of
Earlier Days*

REVIVED interest in King Arthur has brought to the front the strange insistence in the Celtic and other early European literatures on the uncle-nephew relation, so strong a factor among various primitive peoples. King Arthur was childless, but the legend tells us of Gawain, son of King Lot and of Arthur's sister; of Launcelot, another sister's son; and of Modred, the traitor, also a nephew. Before the battle with Modred, Tennyson makes Arthur say:

Where I must strike against the man they call
My sister's son.

The same relationship is emphasized in the love-story of Tristram and Iseult, Tristram being the nephew of King Mark. The uncle motif again runs through the legend of Parsifal, or Perceval le Gallois, to use the French form of the hero's name.

"The Gallic idea," says M. de Jubainville, "is that the stranger, on coming into the family, brings with him a certain strength, and that the nephew, the son of the stranger, shall become the successor of the maternal grandfather—his son, as it were."

This whole problem of nephew-right is closely bound up with the position of woman in primitive society, and is of peculiar interest just now, when women are asserting for themselves a new place in the social order. From the study of early medieval documents it is clear that the relation between a man and his sister's son was sometimes closer than any other family tie. Though in nowise disowned by his father, the son was considered to belong to his mother's family.

There is a well-known parallel in the history of the Popes. Being without sons of their own—except in a few notorious cases like the much-execrated Borgia, Alexander VI—it used to be the custom of many pontiffs, though by no means of all of them, to bestow high preferment and large revenues on their nephews. Several of the leading families of Rome were

founded and enriched in this way, and the term "nepotism" was invented to characterize the practise.

* * * * *

England's Two Million Superfluous Women

*A Disquieting
Phenomenon of
the Present Day*

"**H**ERE we are, five hundred thousand English women, and not a man to marry us!" was the legend of a famous *Punch* cartoon of a generation ago. The latest census in England, that of 1911, showed ten hundred and seventy-three women for every thousand men; and now we have a statement made by Dr. Murray Leslie before the Institute of Hygiene, in London, that the disproportion of the sexes has grown to such an extent that there are now in England and Wales two million more females than males.

From a eugenic point of view, the lecturer found that the late war had been a greater disaster than the Black Death, which carried off twenty-five million people in the Middle Ages, because the men killed in the war were just those who should have been husbands and fathers. Another cause for the disparity between the sexes was the greater mortality among male babies; another was the tide of emigration from the British Islands. Discussing various remedies, Dr. Leslie went so far as to suggest that Princess Mary and other royal princesses should set the fashion of adopting boy babies.

There could be no social rest without feminine contentment, he added, and many of the evils of the present day could be traced to the undue preponderance of women. He emphasized the freedom of the modern girl from parental supervision, and her tendency to rebel against conventional trammels. An increasing number of England's physically and intellectually fittest women had been forced into the labor market, and thus the nation was deprived of the best potential mothers. The domestic type of woman still formed the bulk in the industrial classes, but was becoming rarer every day in the middle and upper classes.

"Never," he said, "has the social butterfly type been so prevalent as it is now—even more numerous than after the Napoleonic wars. It contains a large proportion of physically attractive girls who are forever vying with one another for the scarce and elusive male."

The intellectual type of woman, the lecturer found, marries but rarely. There is a great difference, he holds, between intellectuality and intelligence. The purely intellectual woman, as a rule, is not sexually attractive; but, racially considered, the intelligent, cultured woman of personal charm is the most important type, and best fitted to undertake the complex responsibilities of marriage. In conclusion, the lecturer offered no solution for the woman difficulty in England beyond emigration, though he pointed out that in most of the British dominions the war had brought about a preponderance of women hardly less awkward than that in England itself.

* * * * *

The Passing of a Kipling Hero

*Warburton
of the Punjab
Was a Remarkable
Figure in the
Indian Police*

KIPLING'S *Strickland* is dead. The reader probably knows the story about *Miss Youghal* and her saice, or groom, who was a member of the police, and who "held the extraordinary theory that a policeman in India should know as much about the natives as the natives themselves." *Strickland* was not his real name. On the books of the Indian government he was entered as John Paul Warburton, inspector-general of police in the Punjab. He died recently, at the age of eighty, after an active life spent in running down crime in his native province, where he was the terror of lawbreakers.

Warburton was something of a man of mystery. It was said that his parents were Afghans, and that when he was an infant in arms his Afghan mother was abducted by a British officer, who gave the boy his own name. It was probably Warburton's mother who suggested *Lispeth*, the daughter of a hillman, a stately goddess five feet ten inches in her shoes, who was

abandoned by her English lover, but who lived to be a very old woman. She had a perfect command of English, and when she was sufficiently drunk she could sometimes be induced to tell of her first love-affair.

Warburton's life-work was among the natives around the Khaibar Pass and in Peshawur. They open the pass twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays. An escort goes out with the caravan, and takes over another at the other end of the thirty-mile ravine, while friendly tribesmen guard the heights above. The pass leads to Afghanistan, but the territory just beyond it is not British, nor yet Afghan, but a belt of no-man's-land—a marauders' paradise. The natives are known as Afridis, and among them the vendetta is the rule. The highway, however, is sacred, and no man may slay his enemy upon it. From the Afridi dwellings deep trenches lead down to the road itself, so that the inhabitants can reach it without exposing themselves to the shots of their neighbors.

In a land where men are always waiting to shoot or to be shot at, there was work for a police inspector, and Warburton's life was a busy one.

* * * * *

The Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets

*Was She Mary
of Gawsworth,
Whose Birthplace
Has Recently
Been Sold?*

THE sale of the old English village of Gawsworth, within a few miles of Stockport, in Cheshire, revives the controversy over the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets. As has happened to so many other estates in England, taxes arising out of the great war have forced the property under the auctioneer's hammer. Gawsworth itself, with its secluded avenues and its black-and-white manor-house mirrored in the quiet pool before it, seemed a part of old romance; and a daughter of that house, Mary Fitton, was Queen Elizabeth's maid of honor.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colored ill.

So wrote Shakespeare in one of his most famous sonnets, and there have been countless attempts to identify the two loves. The first to put forward the theory that Mary Fitton was the "woman colored ill"—the "dark lady," as she is called elsewhere—was Thomas Tyler, an ardent Shakespearian who for years haunted the reading-rooms of the British Museum. Since then a number of students have maintained that the "Mr. W. H." to whom the sonnets were dedicated was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, with whom Mary Fitton is said to have been involved in an intrigue in 1600 or 1601. Herbert, they asserted, was the friend who betrayed Shakespeare for the sake of the "dark lady." To William Herbert, with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," was dedicated the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1623.

Another personage who has been identified with the "man right fair" of the sonnets is Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who married Elizabeth Vernon, another of Elizabeth's maids of honor. Other claimants of the mystic initials "W. H.," or "H. W."—however you choose to read them—have been found in William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, William Hervey, and "William Himself"—that is, Shakespeare.

It occurred one day to an inquisitive disputant to go to an old country house where two portraits of Mary Fitton hang, to see that "dark lady" for himself. He found that Elizabeth's maid from Cheshire had brown hair and gray eyes. Thereupon there was rejoicing among the supporters of Southampton; but the Fittonites, rather than yield, declared that Mary had dyed her hair out of loyalty to her queen's color, which is known to have been red.

The upshot of it is that Mary Fitton's title to have been loved by Shakespeare is not clear; but romance continues to haunt the old Cheshire manor-house where she saw the light.

Light Verse

THE RIVALS

ROBIN and Ben were wonderful men,
But each in a different way.
Just listen to what they accomplished, and then
Which one was more wonderful, say.

Robin slaved daily from youth unto age,
And gave to his children the best;
He left quite a fortune when closed was life's
page,
Then took for the first time a rest.

Ben rested throughout all his life, yet somehow
He lived on the fat of the land;
No man ever saw any sweat on his brow,
Or a callus from work on his hand.

Robin and Ben were wonderful men,
Yet each in a different way.
Now which was the wonder, I ask you again—
Robin the plugger, or sybarite Ben,
Who lived without work unto threescore and ten?
Come, give your opinion, I pray!

William Wallace Whitelock

CONFESSION

I TOLD my love about a sin
That once I had committed.
Reforming men makes women grin,
And I was soon acquitted!

Do not be cross with me, I pray,
My sisters and my brothers,
When I proceed to frankly say
I've made up many others!

Harold Seton

THE DANGEROUS AGE

THE dangerous age! At twenty-five
I thought perhaps I'd reached it then—
The age at which 'tis said arrive
Both womenfolk as well as men.
But no, Although at times I knew
A flutter of the heart at sight
Of passing maids—say one or two—
I never lost my mind outright.

At thirty—still it proved the same;
I simply could not bring myself,
By hook or crook, to play the game
Of love for sake of love or pelf.

I saw my friends drift toward the brink
And disappear, engulfed and lost;
Fain had I plunged to swim or sink,
But paused, affrighted by the cost.

The years sped on—twoscore, and soon
Another five had passed me by;
Then fifty, and life's afternoon
Was dwindling 'neath a cloudless sky.
And then you came! My heart grew like
The war-horse when he hears the drums,
Or waters when they burst the dike—
The dangerous age is when *she* comes!

Sheward Bulstrode

WHEN MY LOVER CALLED

I WASHED the dishes yesterday,
The cups and saucers, too;
They were not china and cut glass,
But flowers wet with dew.

My busy hands held mop and soap;
All homely tasks were dear
Because I knew each moment brought
My heart's beloved near.

But ah, to-day no magic spell
Is binding heart and mind;
The dishes are but dishes, and
The cups are cups, I find.

The broom is but an implement
Of cleanliness and worth,
And not a fabled winged steed
To waft me from the earth.

I wonder, should my lover bide
And never ride away,
If all my tasks would be like those
I played through yesterday!

Janie Screven Heyward

MY HEART

MY heart is leaden and oppressed;
A week ago I'd not have guessed
That I could feel so sad to-night.
She's sent my ring—oh, gloomy plight!—
I wonder how she could divest
Her hand of *what* she loved the best!
How oft that little hand I've pressed,
And how the action did excite
My heart!

My letters came back, readdressed,
The books I gave, the old bronze chest,
The gloves, the sketch in black and white—
These things returned; but all? Not quite!
She's not returned, I must protest,
My heart!

Charlotte Mish

THE SAILOR ASHORE

SEEING a burly-looking chap
Come rolling down the street
In rusty derby or in cap
That isn't bandbox-neat;
In clothes whose cut is out-of-date
Without the marks of wear,
Taut at the chest as if their freight
Had not an inch to spare,
As if the muscles which they span,
If flexed, would ripple through,
Because they bind the sort of man
Whose eyes, if blue, are blue;
Seeing this chap, his face no mask
But just a ruddy phiz,
Friend, I am sure you never ask
What calling may be his.
You feel before he says a word
His love for all that's free,
His instinct like the boatswain-bird
To live and die at sea!

Richard Butler Glaenser

ARTIFICIAL STARS

IF not a star is in your night,
Why don't you put some in?
Pin them up with all your might,
And grin and grin and grin!

Artificial stars are bright,
And their jolly twinkling light
Will help deceive.
Differences will hardly show;
Those who love you will not know
They're make-believe!

Mildred Honors

GATHER YE ROSES

"WHY hasten, lad with burning eyes,
To wedlock's stern finality?"
"Why tarry longer, maid so wise?"

"Sweet freedom is so dear a prize.
And yet awhile I would be free.
Why hasten, lad with burning eyes?"

"Tis spring, and blossoms scent the skies,
But winter comes so suddenly;
Why tarry longer, maid so wise?"

"The whole of life before us lies,
With time for everything to be;
Why hasten, lad with burning eyes?"

"One life! When time so quickly flies—
And life will be so short with thee!
Why tarry longer, maid so wise?"

Spring comes, love lives, hearts break, youth dies.
No ripple mars the timeless sea.
Why hasten, lad with burning eyes?
Why tarry longer, maid so wise?

Louis B. Capron

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I ASKED my love what should I bring
Upon her birthday morning;
I spoke of many a glittering thing,
But only had her scorning.

"Oh, strings of pearls and rubies red
The coldest heart can bring me;
But make a song for me instead
That only you can sing me!

"And bring your heart forever true—
Queens have no such adorning—
I ask no other gifts from you
Upon my birthday morning!"

Robert Lee Minton

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON TOWN

TO London Town the histories wrought
Through all the centuries have come down,
By saints and sinners deftly taught
To London Town.

Memoirs of king or queen or clown,
Records with light and darkness fraught,
Old tales of peasant, prince, and crown.

A store of golden minted thought
Time cannot dull with drab or brown—
"Arabian Nights" of letters, brought
To London Town!

Hamilton Williams

A WILD ROMANCE

ONE day I wrote an ode—
A simple, heartfelt thing,
But yet it had a touch
That twanged the deepest string.

A kindly millionaire
Just happened on my ode,
And found himself so moved
He sent to my abode

A modest little check
Expressed in figures four,
He begged I would accept
"For lines worth far, far more!"

I write this wild romance
While feeling rather blue;
It's such a pretty thought
I would that it were true!

Tudor Jenks

A Ticket to Romance

BY ROBERT J. HORTON

Illustrated by H. T. Fisk

IT was early evening. Old Man Winter was showering the city with the first snowfall of the season, following a deceitful and short-lived mood of his which imaginative people sometimes term Indian summer. The street-lights were shining faithfully, despite the curtain of falling flakes which obscured their radiance. Underneath was a soft, white carpet; overhead was a low-hung blanket of black.

News-venders had resorted to oilskins to protect their printed wares; for your New Yorker must be informed of each day's happenings, regardless of the caprices of wind or weather. Pedestrians leaned forward and slipped swiftly toward warm flats, haunted by a fear of coal shortage. Policemen wiped their night-sticks on damp sleeves and lumbered along carefully. A good night for accidents!

Herbert Warren stood at the window of his narrow, cell-like hall-room on the top floor of a brown-stone house in the West Forties, and looked down into the street and out over that portion of the city which he could see beyond the lower buildings opposite. There was a hint of loneliness in his attitude; in the way he held back the faded curtains; in the sidewise droop of his head; in the unconscious pursing of the lips from which no whistle issued.

He was thinking—dreaming. Somewhere out there in the misty, hazy, snow-filled night was romance—that intangible, elusive something upon which none of us can put his finger, but which all of us yearn to clutch with both hands. Warren—young, healthy, and imaginative—longed to caress the hem of the magical garment of the goddess who brings love and laughter, sorrow and tears, and the almost unbelievable joys so essential to youth.

The vista of falling snow, with the city's lights struggling feebly to pierce the gloom, was not alluring.

It had been a tedious day, monotonous with routine, depressing, irritating, weather-dulled. To make matters worse by comparison, a salesman had that afternoon left on Warren's desk a resort folder containing cleverly worded descriptions and remarkable illustrations of southern lands, of palms and dark-eyed maidens, and perpetual summer seas.

For the moment it had taken him out of his environment of laces and notions—wholesale. It had carried him leagues and leagues away on the wings of fancy, and returned him pestered with the urge to leave the snow-filled cañons of steel and stone and to follow the sun.

But such procedure, fortunately or unfortunately, was impossible. Warren had been in the big city but two years, and his savings were slender. His prospects exceeded his resources. If it were not for the railway fare and contingent expense, perhaps, who knows—

Wanderlust, and romance have been paired since the time of Cain, who was the first tramp!

Warren forsook his station at the window, put on his overcoat, which fitted his shapely shoulders with a fidelity that would have gladdened the heart of a Fifth Avenue tailor—or an instalment tailor, for that matter—selected a cap as the best protection against the wintry blast, pulled on his buckskin gloves—oh, yes, he had an eye to dress—took down his stick, and fared forth to dine.

He had the true Manhattanite's conception of the importance of the evening meal. Breakfast—coffee and rolls; lunch—a swift helping from a serve-self counter; but dinner meant to dine.

He wandered eastward across the best-lighted open space in the world; hesitated before several table-d'hôte places of the dollar-to-a-dollar-and-a-quarter variety;

pushed on to Sixth Avenue, and finally dropped into a little restaurant in the shadow and shake of the Elevated—a place which had no flamboyant entrance or curtained windows, but which stared boldly out into the street, as if daring the passing throng to enter.

Its atmosphere reeked with the lingering odors of dinners of yesterday, and each punished repast had left its greasy autograph on the table-covers. It was a final refuge of superannuated waiters

Oh, glittering stars of a summer night! Oh, shimmering opalescence of a dreamy, moonlit sea! Oh, golden sunshine on fields of ripening grain! Oh—but what's the use?

She was beautiful. She was more than beautiful—she was the very spirit of charm; she was the embodiment of grace; she was—but there we go again. You simply can't describe 'em when they look like that.



A FLASHILY ATTIRED PERSON ENTERED, FLUNG HIS COAT AND HAT INTO ONE OF THE VACANT CHAIRS, AND SEATED HIMSELF WITH A MAN-OF-THE-WORLD GESTURE IN THE OTHER

and a starting-point for thick-thumbed tyros. But the food was wholesome and well prepared, and drawbacks which would have shocked and repelled a seasoned epicure were overlooked by Warren.

He selected a table which commanded a good view of the front of the establishment. He settled in his chair, in anticipation of a meal which he intended should be leisurely as well as filling; and then he slyly stole a glance at Her.

She had big, blue eyes, or were they gray-brown? She had pretty white teeth, just right as to size. Her skin was the delicate rose-ivory-lily tint that pales, glows, and blushes like a rare pearl in a favorable light. Her hair—and there seemed to be billows and layers and masses and waves of it—was the color of spun gold.

And she was making change.

For she was the goddess of the cash-register, graciously endowing each parting diner with a pleasant recollection of slender white fingers, accurate and swift-mov-

ing, a delightful smile, and a faint aroma of some delicate perfume intermingling with those other odors which were nothing less than smells.

Marie, the waiters called her; and she was a haughty princess. No patron of the

a mistake in his change. But no chance; she was so accurate that it seemed nearly uncanny.

Nor had she ever seemed to notice him. Perhaps he should not have expected it; but to do him strict justice, he was one of the best-looking of the many good-looking young fellows who came into the place—well-set-up, good face, good chin, good eyes, well-dressed, hair the color of bronze and ruffled up, which is the way most girls like it.

But Marie was as impartial in the withholding of her favors as she was correct to the penny in the making of change.

Warren had never seen anything like



place ever got fresh with her, or, if any one did so, he never repeated the offense. She appeared to be all business in her efficient but thoroughly feminine way. And, incidentally, she was the principal asset of the place, as the wise proprietor well knew—worth more than the good-will, the new kitchen-range, and the central location all put together.

Warren had watched her in covert admiration on those occasions when he had patronized the place—occasions, by the way, which had multiplied amazingly of late. He had even dreamed a bit about her—as others also had dreamed. It is not at all unusual for one to dream in Gotham.

But he had never spoken to her. There had never seemed to be any logical excuse for verbal expression. He had hoped—oh, how he had hoped!—that she would make

"THAT MUST BE WHERE
OLD COYOTE FROM THE
SILVER DOLLAR WENT!"
HE ROARED

her. He had never seen anything in the girl line that could even begin to compare with her; he had never—

The old waiter who had pattered up placed a glass of water and some silver before him.

"Chilly night, sir," said the waiter respectfully, smiling at the sight of youth and health. A good digestion will excuse many a bad dish, and no restaurant is immune from the latter. "My old bones tell me it's going to be a hard winter."

Warren came back to earth with a start. This was no time to be talking about old men's bones and hard winters!

"Bring me some soup and the regular dinner, with roast beef," he ordered. "And take your time; I'm in no hurry."

Such eyes! They reflected iridescent colors like light playing on a piece of changeable silk.

There were four chairs at Warren's table. The one at his side, nearest the wall, was occupied by a large, ruddy-faced individual, who sat under a big, broad-brimmed hat which covered three hooks on the wall above him. He looked decidedly Western, and ate that way, maintaining the silence of his native prairies.

The two chairs opposite were vacant; but in a place so centrally located they could not remain unoccupied long at this favorable hour.

So, as Warren was finishing his soup—which the old waiter said "touched the spot on a cold night like this"—a rather flashily attired person entered, flung his coat and hat into one of the vacant chairs, and seated himself with a man-of-the-world gesture in the other.

"A steak," he ordered briskly. "And have it medium to rare, understand; I can't go a steak that's anywhere near well done, see? *Medium to rare*—and make it snappy!"

Warren couldn't resist a grin. The newcomer saw it, and mistook what was pure amusement for friendly commendation.

"Got to tell 'em," he confided importantly across the table. "Got to make everything clear. If you take what they bring you in this town, you'll never get anything, believe me!"

"I guess that's so," replied Warren, who had not devoted much thought to the matter before; nor did he pay any particular attention to it then.

Such a complexion! It made a rose-petal look like a coal-heaver's glove.

Once or twice she looked his way, but her glance went right on through to the next stop, not even hesitating for a fraction of a second at his station.

"Gee, I can smell that steak on the fire clear from here!" said the latest arrival. "Must be cooking it right behind that screen in the back. Somebody's ordered a piece of broiled fish; I can smell that, too. Snug joint this. Reminds me of a place in New Or'l'ns."

"New Orleans, you say?" inquired Warren, interested at once.

"Quaintest city in America," asserted the other, pleased that he had made an impression. "Forty-three eighty-eight, one way, and worth every cent of the fare. Say, the French quarter of New Or'l'ns is worth crawlin' down there on your hands and knees to see!"

Warren nodded appreciatively. The booklet the salesman had left upon his desk that afternoon had said something about New Orleans.

"They've got four car-tracks on one street down there," continued the principal speaker, "and the parks are a joy. Sun shines all the time—all the time!"

The old waiter, bringing the gentleman's steak, felt a thrill. The warm sun—what a thing it would be for his rheumatism! But the salary and tips combined, in this place, would hardly amount to enough in a month to pay one's fare, to say nothing of the other expenses.

"Yes, sir, there's something about New Or'l'ns that no other city has," the booster for the South went on. "There's something about the fragrant breezes in the magnolias, the flowers in the charming patios, the darkies singing on the levees, which makes the whole place seem full of romance."

"Full of romance, you say?" said Warren eagerly.

"Romance?" The man elevated his brows. "Romance lives there, my boy; *born* there, I guess. The air is full of it. Were you thinking of going South?"

"Why—er—I was thinking of traveling a bit; but the fare—"

"You shouldn't miss it," admonished the other. "It's the greatest place in the world for eating. It's honeycombed with good restaurants."

The waiter stirred uneasily. In his imagination he was picking pretty blossoms in a Southern garden. No wind, no snow, no cold—

"And you don't want to forget San Antonio," said the man of many cities. "Good old San Antonio is worth seeing any day. Fifty-eight dollars and fifty-five cents to go there. A very quaint spot—plazas, palms, colored lights in the trees, soft music, *señoritas*—full of romance, too; full of it!"

Warren listened attentively. Here was a man who had been around, who knew

something of the very thing he was looking for. He forgot the city, which had seemed so dull and drab.

"There's El Paso, too," said the traveled one, as he demanded Worcestershire sauce and catsup. "You ought to spend a week there. Seventy-four sixty-one, straight fare. A little windy and dusty, but you get a good close-up of Mexico across the bridge in Juarez. There's alligators in Military Plaza, and pretty little Spanish girls scattered about—lots of romance *there*, my boy; you ought to see it!"

"I know," said Warren wistfully; "but the fare—"

"My friend, it's worth every cent it costs in money and time. There's nothing like it. Just think of leaving the snow-bound North, riding south ahead of an icy blast, stepping out of a blizzard into a rose-garden, changing your overcoat for a thin silk shirt and a white duck suit, your fur cap for a Panama, your overshoes for tennis slippers—"

A deep sigh from behind caused the bird of passage to look about. The old waiter hastily shifted his napkin.

"It costs so much to travel," observed Warren dreamily.

"But you can't figure all its advantages in dollars and cents," said the other. "There's Tucson, for instance—the old pueblo. You see the finest sunsets in the world there. You can't beat the Arizona desert for sunsets; and you know where there's a sunset there's always romance, if that's what you're looking for. Eighty-eight sixteen, to Tucson."

"I know," reflected Warren. "That's a lot of money."

"Worth it for the sunshine alone," said the man of many climes magnificently. "Sun shines all the time down there—never misses a day. Why, there's a garage in Yuma which advertises 'free gasoline any day the sun doesn't shine,' and they haven't given away a pint yet!"

Warren's eyes sparkled. What a prospect! Sunshine and *señoritas* and sunsets! With his week's salary and his two fifty-dollar Liberty bonds he might—no, it wouldn't be enough. He would have to have some kind of a stake when he reached his destination. No, it was out of the question, because the fare—

"And listen to me, my friend." The tempter laid his hand on Warren's sleeve. "And *California!* Wait until you see it—

wait until you see it! There's a land of romance for you. It's hanging in gobs on the orange-trees, it's in the sweet perfume of a million blossoms, it's in the zephyrs that float in from the sea and the cool air that breathes down from the mountains, it's in the smiles of the people you meet there, it's—it's *everywhere!*"

"Gee, it would cost something to get there, wouldn't it?" exclaimed Warren, impressed and a bit awed.

"Only a hundred dollars and fifty-three cents; and when you're there you're somewhere, believe me! Pullman and meals extra, of course; but if you want to chase romance you have to pay the price, my boy, and it's worth it."

"I know," said Warren dreamily.

His glance strayed cashierward. Such hair! Where had he seen such hair? Oh, he remembered it wasn't hair at all he had in mind, but the sun shining on golden autumn leaves on the Palisades.

"Or maybe you'd like to take a trip down to Cuba," suggested the booster. "You'll find the romance of the tropics down there, summer seas and all that, and quaint Havana. There are saloons and race-tracks in Havana, too, if you fancy a bit of speed."

"What's that—is Cuba wet?" demanded the ruddy-faced man next to Warren, who had been drinking in the conversation along with three successive bowls of clam chowder.

"Wet, did you ask? Say!" The traveled one raised a deprecating hand. Such ignorance! "My friend, every bartender in the United States who was foot-free beat it for Havana when they slammed the gate on old John Barleycorn. Cuba is so wet they have to keep screens over the goldfish jars, or the fish 'll swim away in the street."

"Why, I reckoned Cuba went dry when this country did," said the astonished Westerner, wiping his drooping, dripping mustaches with a huge, sunburnt hand.

"Not on your life! No, siree! Lots of people taking an interest in the tropics this winter that never went to sea any farther than in a Staten Island ferry-boat until old John Barleycorned. Here, waiter—my check."

He dropped a smooth dime on the table.

"You say the bartenders all went down there, too?" asked the Westerner, who seemed to be endeavoring to adjust his

mind to the surprising information which he had received.

"All of 'em that could pay the fare," was the answer. "And before the winter's over the rest of 'em will be swimming across from Key West, believe me!" Then, turning to Warren, he said as he donned his coat and hat: "Remember what I told you, young fellow—nothing like travel. Here's my card. If I can be of any use to you, let me know."

He flipped a card down beside Warren's plate and took himself off.

The big man slammed a fist upon the table with a force that made the vinegar-bottle jump.

"What do you think of that?" he roared. "That must be where

Warren, recovered from his surprise at the swift turn of events, investigated the envelope which the Westerner had left for him. It contained a first-class ticket to Los Angeles *via* New Orleans and El Paso, with ten-day stop-over privileges!

He stared stupidly at the transportation certificate. It would be useless to attempt to find the Westerner and give it back. Doubt-



"DO YOU THINK
HE MEANT IT FOR
ME? DO YOU SUPPOSE I
BETTER USE IT AND GO?"

old Coyote from the Silver Dollar went—he shoved my drinks across to me for twenty-five years before Montana went dry. An' Bald-Headed Sam from the Mint, an' Maverick Joe—that's where they went, I'll bet a gunnysack full of silver! I'm goin' to chase right after 'em. Here, young fellow, take that; you seem to be a purty good sort. That's a present from an old rough-neck from Cascade County. I won't need it. I'm a goin' to Cuba!"

Down came the big hat. The Westerner slapped it on his head and dropped a silver dollar for the waiter. A small envelope fell across the card by Warren's plate. The big man hastened to the cashier's desk, laid a bill upon his check, walked swiftly to the door, and was gone into the night.

It had all happened in less time than it takes to tell it.

less, too, the man could afford to indulge in such a whim as had prompted him to make the gift on the heels of his sudden decision to look for his old comrades in Cuba.

Warren felt a thrill. The great god of coincidence—forever at work amid the kaleidoscopic changes and chances in the big city—had provided him with a ticket to palms, magnolias, *señoritas*, sunsets—to the land of romance.

Sweet dreams—even the wildest of them—sometimes come true!

With his Liberty bonds and his week's salary for a stake, he could avail himself of the ticket, flee before the winter's blast, look out upon flowers and sun-kissed seas instead of the bare, cold walls of never-ending buildings. He could start to see something of the world. He was young—there was ample time in which to settle down.

As the man of the world had pointed out, there was nothing like travel. It was an educator. He would go, and see, and learn, and run down romance—ah, that was it!—he would hunt down romance in its lair among the scented blossoms and the dense tropical foliage, beside sunlit summer seas, in the gorgeous purple twilight of the painted desert, under the orange-trees laden with luscious golden fruit, among the dark-eyed maidens who—

His dreamy eye chanced to wander to the card beside his plate, and he read the inscription:

JOHN B. MOCK
Information Department,
Consolidated Railway Ticket-Office

His eyes widened. No wonder the loquacious fellow had known so much about the fares to the different places he had been boosting! No wonder he recommended travel! Why, he had merely been talking shop!

Warren looked about him with a grin, and then—

His face froze in astonishment, while his heart leaped, incredulous.

Did he see aright? Was he still dreaming of the magical, mythical land of ro-

mance, or was Marie—Marie, the glorious, golden princess of the cash drawer—*smiling*, and *at him*?

Had he been looking far into the distance—beyond the horizon—only to find the thing he sought right here in the city, along with the noise, and the smells, and the cold?

Yes, there was no mistake. His features relaxed. She *was* smiling; and a smile from a girl like that is the same under all suns and in all climes, regardless of palms or orange-trees!

Ten minutes later an old waiter came running to the cashier's desk.

"Look what I found under his coffee-cup—that young gentleman who was chatting with you as he went out—a ticket to California! Must have just made up his mind not to leave New York. Gracious! Now I can go where it's warm, and forget my rheumatism. Do you think he meant it for me? Do you suppose I better use it and go?"

"I would if I were you; the man who left it means to stay in New York," said Marie.

And she smiled dreamily as she reached for her powder-puff.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

I SAID to my eyes: "If love you see,
Search deep—look long—it is mystery!"
I said to my heart: "Should love be ours,
Then life will bloom as a field of flowers!"

I said to my mouth: "When love you press,
All self must melt into tenderness."
I said to my arms: "As love you fold,
The heavens themselves will break in gold!"

I said, so I said; and I carved rose rimes
For love to ring with his silver chimes.

The sky grew dark as a blackbird's wing;
The world was wan as a wounded thing;
A shadow fell on my cheek, my hair,
Touching my lips with a pale despair.

I looked—I knew! A sword was thrust
Straight through my breast, and my will was dust.
Oh, where the joys that lovers tell?
Henceforth I walk the ways of hell!

And yet—and yet—could I stay or fly,
With love I'd live and with love I'd die!

Clara Maude Garrett

No Defense*

BY GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," "You Never Know Your Luck,"
"The Judgment House," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

DYCK CALHOUN, the only son of an Irish gentleman, Miles Calhoun, of Playmore, meets Sheila Llyn, whose mother has resumed her maiden name after having divorced Erris Boyne, Sheila's father, when Sheila was an infant. The two young people become very friendly.

Times in Ireland are troublous. In France the Revolution has swept out the old social order, and in Ireland there is talk of rebellion against the government. Asked by the attorney-general to report upon conditions in his county, Dyck Calhoun proceeds to Dublin, and at the Breakneck Club engages in an altercation with Leonard Mallow, son and heir of Lord Mallow. A duel with swords follows, and Dyck is victorious, Mallow being wounded.

Dyck also meets Erris Boyne, Sheila Llyn's father, and in a disreputable inn Boyne tempts young Calhoun to join the French army, which he says is pledged to assist in securing Irish liberty. Angered by this questioning of his loyalty, Dyck—unaware, then, that Boyne is Sheila's father, though he learns the truth later on—turns upon the traitor with angry threats. Boyne, however, induces him to drink some drugged wine, which reduces him to unconsciousness.

Just as Boyne is accomplishing this treacherous deed, his second wife, Noreen, to whom he has been as unfaithful as he was to Sheila's mother, enters the room. She plunges a dagger into her husband's heart and slips away, unobserved by any one. Dyck, upon awakening, finds himself under arrest for the murder of Boyne.

Not knowing whether he did the deed or not, Dyck enters a plea of "no defense," and is sentenced to prison, from which he is released at the end of four years. His father has died, his ancestral estate has been sold for debt, and he is almost penniless—friendless, too, except for Michael Clones, an aged retainer of the family. With Michael, he journeys to London. Here he receives a letter from Sheila Llyn, who is now in America, learning to manage the estate of her uncle, a Virginia planter, whose heiress she is. She holds Dyck blameless for the death of Erris Boyne, of whose relation to herself she is ignorant, and urges him to carve out his future in America.

But Dyck Calhoun is a proud man, and he determines to restore the honor of his name before seeing the girl he loves. He and Clones join the British navy as seamen, and find their comrades mutinous because of the wretched conditions of life on the king's ships. Calhoun heads the mutiny on his vessel, the *Ariadne*, takes command of her, and fights his way to the open sea. Making for the West Indies, he arrives in the nick of time on the scene of a battle between a British fleet and a French squadron. Joining the British, his aid enables them to defeat the enemy. Nevertheless, he is ordered aboard the admiral's flag-ship, is placed under arrest for mutiny, and, though he is treated with consideration by the commander of the flag-ship, Captain Ivy, an old friend of Calhoun's, the moment arrives when he must face the admiral.

XV

THE admiral's face was naturally vigorous and cheerful, but as he looked at Dyck Calhoun a steely hardness came into it and gave a cynical twist to the lips. He was a short man, and spare, but his bearing had dignity and his every motion significance.

He had had his high moment with the French admiral, had given his commands to the fleet, and had arranged the disposition of the captured French ships. He was in good spirits, and the wreckage in the fleet seemed not to shake his nerve, for he had lost in men far less than the enemy

had lost, and had captured many ships—a good day's work, due finally to the man in sailor's clothes standing there with Captain Ivy.

The admiral took in the dress of Calhoun at a glance—the trousers of blue cloth, the sheath-knife belt, the stockings of good white silk, the white shirt with the horizontal stripes, the loose, unstarched collar, the fine black silk handkerchief at the throat, the waistcoat of red kerseymere, the shoes like dancing pumps, and the short, round blue jacket, with the flat gold buttons—a seaman in *excelsis*. He smiled broadly; he liked this mutineer and convict.

* Copyright, 1920, by Sir Gilbert Parker—This story began in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"Captain Calhoun, eh?" he remarked mockingly, and bowed with satirical profundity. "Well, you've played a strong game, and you've plunged us into great difficulty."

Dyck did not lose his opportunity.

"Happily, I've done what I planned to do when we left the Thames, admiral," he

said. "We came to get the chance of doing what, by favor of fate, we have accomplished. Now, sir, as I'm under arrest, and the ship which I controlled has done good service, may I beg that the whole ship's personnel shall have amnesty, and that I alone shall be made to pay—if that must be—for the mutiny at the Nore?"

The admiral nodded.

"We know of your breaking away from the mutinous fleet, and of their firing on you as you passed, and that is in your favor. I can also say this—that bringing the ship here was a masterly piece of work, for I understand there were no officers on the *Ariadne*. She always had the reputation of being one of the best-trained ships in the navy, and she has splendidly upheld that reputation. How did you manage it, Mr. Calhoun?"

Dyck briefly told how the lieutenants were made, and how he himself had been enormously indebted to Greenock, the master, and all the subordinate officers.

The admiral smiled doubtfully.

"I have little power until I get instructions from the admiralty, and that will take some time. Meanwhile, the *Ariadne* shall go on as she is, and as if she were, and had been from the first, a member of my own squadron."



HE WAS A CLEAN-CUT ROGUE, IF EVER THERE WAS ONE, BUT A ROGUE OF PARTS, AS HE PROVED; AND I LENT AN EAR

Dyck bowed, explained what reforms he had created in the food, provisions, and wages of the *Ariadne*, and expressed a hope that nothing should be altered. He declared the ship had proved herself, chiefly because of his reforms.

"Besides, she's been badly hammered. She's got great numbers of wounded and dead, and for many a day the men will be busy with repairs."

"For a man without naval experience, for a mutineer, an ex-convict, and a usurper, you've done quite well, Mr. Calhoun; but my instructions were, if I captured your ship and you fell into my hands, to try you and hang you."

At this point Captain Ivy intervened.

"Sir," he said, "the instructions you received were general. They could not anticipate the special service which the *Ariadne* has rendered to the king's fleet. I have known Mr. Calhoun; I have visited at his father's house; I was with him on his journey to Dublin, which was the beginning of his bad luck. I would beg of you, sir, to give Mr. Calhoun his parole on sea and land until word comes from the admiralty as to what, in the circumstances, his fate shall be."

"To be kept on the *Beatitude* on parole?" exclaimed the admiral.

"Land or sea, Captain Ivy said. I'm as well born as any man in the king's fleet," declared Dyck. "I've as clean a record as any officer in his majesty's navy, save for the dark fact that I was put in prison for killing a man; and I will say here, in the secret shelter of an admiral's cabin, that the man I killed—or was supposed to kill—was a traitor. If I did not kill him, he deserved death by whatever hand it came. I care not what you do with me"—his hands clenched, his shoulders drew up, his eyes blackened with the dark fire of his soul—"whether you put me on parole, or try me by court martial, or hang me from the yard-arm. I've done a piece of work of which I'm not ashamed. I've brought a mutinous ship out of mutiny, sailed her down the seas for many weeks, disciplined her, drilled her, trained her, fought her; helped to give the admiral of the West Indian squadron his victory. I enlisted; I was a quota man. I became a common sailor—I and my servant and friend, Michael Clones. I shared the feelings of the sailors who mutinied. I wrote petitions and appeals for them. I mutinied with

them. Then at last, having been made leader of the ship, with the captain and the lieutenants sent safely ashore, and disagreeing with the policy of the delegates in not accepting the terms offered, I brought the ship out, commanding it from the captain's cabin, and have so continued until to-day. If I'm put ashore at Jamaica, I'll keep my parole; if I stay a prisoner here, I'll keep my parole. If I've done you service, admiral, be sure of this—it was done with clear intent. My object was to save the men who, having mutinied and fled from admiralty control, are subject to capital punishment."

"Your thinking came late. You should have thought before you mutinied," was the sharp reply.

"As a common sailor I acted on my conscience, and what we asked for the admiralty has granted. Only by mutiny did the admiralty yield to our demands. What I did I would do again! We took our risks in the Thames against the guns that were leveled at us; we've taken our risks down here against the French to help save your squadron, and we've done it. The men have done it, because they've been loyal to the flag. If all your men were as faithful to the crown as are the men on the *Ariadne*, then they deserve well of the king. Will you put for me on paper the written word that every man now aboard the *Ariadne* shall be held guiltless in the eyes of the admiral of this fleet; that the present officers shall remain officers; that the reforms I have made shall become permanent? For myself, I care not; but for the men who have served under me, fought under me, I want their amnesty. And I want Michael Clones to be kept with me. Admiral, I think you know my demands are just. Over there on the *Ariadne* are a hundred and fifty wounded at least, and fifty have been killed. Let not the living suffer!"

"You want a good deal, and you want it all on the nail, don't you?"

"I want it at this moment when the men who have fought under me have helped to win your battle, sir!"

There was something so set in Dyck's voice that the admiral had a sudden revulsion against him; yet, after a moment of thought, he made a sign to Captain Ivy. Then he dictated the terms which Dyck had asked, except those concerning the reforms he had made, which was not in his power to do, save for the present.

When the document had been signed by the admiral, Dyck read the contents aloud. It embodied nearly all the concessions that he had asked.

"Now I ask permission for one more thing only, sir—for the new captain of the

The admiral stood for a moment in thought. Then he said:

"Ivy, I transfer you to the Ariadne. It's better that some one who understands, as you do, should be in control after Calhoun has gone. Go with him now, and



WE FOUND THE LOST GALLEON. THREE MONTHS IT WAS FROM THE DAY BIATT FIRST SPOKE TO ME—

Ariadne to go with me to her, and there I will read this paper to the crew. I will give a copy of it to the new captain, whoever he may be."

have your belongings sent to you. I appoint you temporary captain of the Ariadne, because I think no one could deal with the situation there so wisely. Ivy,



—TO THE DAY WHEN, WITH AN EXPERT DIVER, WE BROUGHT THE BOX TO THE SURFACE AND OPENED IT

every ship in the squadron must treat the Ariadne respectfully. Within two days, Mr. Calhoun, you shall be landed at Jamaica, there to await the admiralty decree.

I will say this—that as the sure victory of our fleet has come through you, you shall not suffer in my report. Fighting is not an easy trade, and to fight according to the

rules is a very hard trade. Let me ask you to conduct yourself as a prisoner of war."

XVI

WITH a deep sigh the planter raised his head from the table where he was writing, and looked out upon the lands he had made his own. They lay on the Thomas River, a day's horseback traveling from Spanish Town, the capital, and they had the advantage of a plateau formation, with mountains in the far distance and ravines and valleys everywhere.

It was Christmas Day, and he had done his duty to his slaves and the folk on his plantation. He had given presents, had attended a seven o'clock breakfast of his people, had seen the festivities of his negroes, and the feast given by his manager in creole style to all who came—planting attorneys, buccras, overseers, bookkeepers, the subordinates of the local provost-marshal, small planters, and a few junior officers of the army and navy.

He had turned away with cynicism from the overlaid table, with its shoulder of stewed wild boar in the center; with its chocolate, coffee, tea, spruce beer, cassava cakes, pigeon pies, tongues, round of beef, barbecued hog, fried conchs, black crab pepper-pod, mountain mullet, and acid fruits. It was so unlike what his past had known, so "damnable luxurious"!

Now his eyes wandered over the space where were the granadilla, with its blossom like a passion-flower, the black Tahiti plum, with its bright pink tassel-blossom, and the fine mango-trees, loaded half with fruit and half with bud. In the distance were the guinea corn-fields of brownish hue, the cotton-fields, the long ranges of negro houses like thatched cottages, the penguin hedges, with their beautiful red, blue, and white convolvuluses; the lime, logwood, and breadfruit trees, the avocado pear, the feathery bamboo, and the jack-fruit tree; and between the mountains and his own sugar estates, negro settlements and pens. He heard the flight of parrots chattering, he watched the floating humming-bird. At last he fixed his eyes upon the cabbage-tree down in the corner of the garden, and he had an instant desire for it. It was at least a natural and human taste—cabbage from the tree to boil for a simple yet sumptuous meal.

He liked simplicity. He did not, as so many did in Jamaica, drink claret or punch

at breakfast soon after sunrise. In a land where all were *bon vivants*, where the lowest tradesmen drank wine after dinner, and rum, brandy and water, or sangaree in the forenoon, a somewhat lightsome view of table virtues might have been expected of the young unmarried planter. For such was he who, from the windows of his "castle," saw his domain shimmering in the sun of a hot December day.

It was Dyck Calhoun.

With an impatient air he took up the sheets that he had been reading. Christmas Day was on his nerves. The whole town of Kingston, with its twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants, had but one church. If he entered it, even to-day, he would have seen no more than a hundred and fifty to two hundred people, mostly mulattoes—"bronze ornaments"—and peasants in shag trousers, jackets of coarse blue cloth, and no waistcoats, with one or two magistrates, a dozen gentlemen or so, and probably twice that number of ladies. It was not an island given over to piety, or to religious habits.

Not that this troubled Dyck Calhoun; nor, indeed, was he shocked by the fact that nearly every unmarried white man in the island, and many married white men, had black mistresses and families born to the black women, and that the girls had no married future. They would become the temporary wives of white men, to whom they were on the whole faithful and devoted. It did not even vex him that a wretched mulatto might be whipped in the market square for laying his hands upon a white man, and that if he was a negro slave he could be shot for the same liberty.

It all belonged to the abnormal conditions of an island where black and white were in relations impossible in the countries from which the white man had come. It did not even startle Dyck that all the planters, and the people generally in the island, from the chief justice down to the deck-swabber, loved amplitude of living.

But let Dyck tell his own story. The papers he held were sheets of a letter he was writing to one from whom he had heard nothing since the night when he enlisted in the navy, and that was nearly three years before.

This was the letter:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

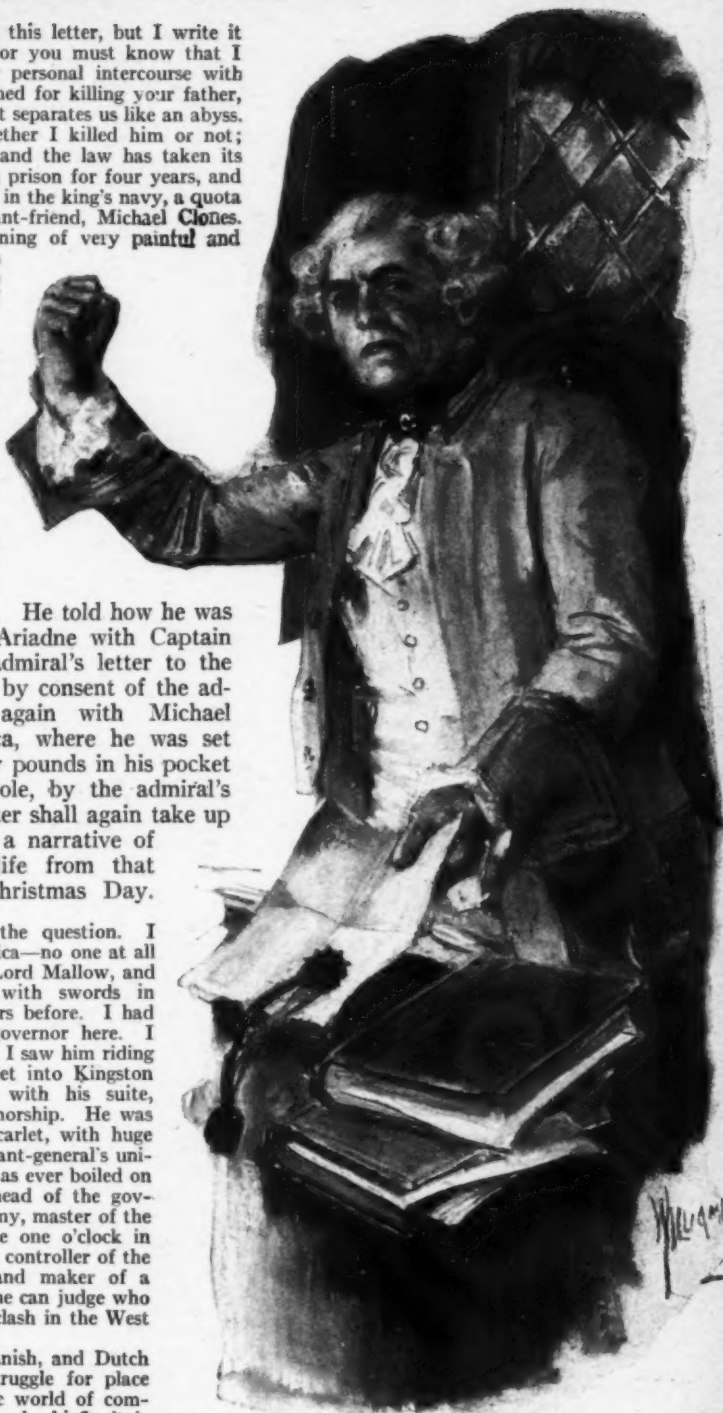
You will see I address you as you have done me in the two letters I have had from you in the past.

You will never read this letter, but I write it as if you would. For you must know that I may never hope for personal intercourse with you. I was imprisoned for killing your father, Erris Boyne, and that separates us like an abyss. It matters little whether I killed him or not; the law says I did, and the law has taken its toll of me. I was in prison for four years, and when freed I enlisted in the king's navy, a quota man, with my servant-friend, Michael Clones. That was the beginning of very painful and very wonderful days for me. I was one of the mutineers of the Nore, and—

Here followed a description of the days he had spent on the Ariadne and before, and of all that happened down to the time when he was arrested by the admiral in the Caribbean Sea. He told how he was sent over to the Ariadne with Captain Ivy to read the admiral's letter to the seamen, and then, by consent of the admiral, to leave again with Michael Clones for Jamaica, where he was set ashore with twenty pounds in his pocket—and not on parole, by the admiral's will. Here the letter shall again take up the story, and be a narrative of Dyck Calhoun's life from that time until this Christmas Day.

What to do was the question. I knew no one in Jamaica—no one at all except the governor, Lord Mallow, and him I had fought with swords in Phoenix Park five years before. I had not known he was governor here. I came to know it when I saw him riding over the unpaved street into Kingston from Spanish Town with his suite, ornate with his governorship. He was a startling figure in scarlet, with huge epaulets on his lieutenant-general's uniform, and as big a pot as ever boiled on any fire—chancellor, head of the government and of the army, master of the legislature, judging like one o'clock in the courts of chancery, controller of the affairs of civil life, and maker of a policy of which he alone can judge who knows what interests clash in the West Indies.

English, French, Spanish, and Dutch are hereabout. All struggle for place above the other in the world of commerce and society, though chiefly it is the English *versus* the French in these days; and the policy of the governor is the policy of the country. He never



HIS ARGUMENT TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES WAS THAT I HAD NO RIGHTS, THAT I AM AN OUTLAW AND CONFINED TO THE ISLAND, THOUGH NOT ON PAROLE

knows whether there will be a French naval descent or whether the blacks in his own island will do as the blacks in San Domingo did—massacre the white people in thousands; or whether the free blacks, the maroons, who got their freedom by treaty with Governor Trelawney, when the British commander changed hats with Cudjoe, the maroon chief, as the sealing of the bargain—whether they will rise again, as they before have risen, and bring terror into the white settlement; and whether, in that case, all the negro slaves will join them, and Jamaica be a land of revolution.

Of what good, then, will be the laws lately passed regulating the control of slaves, securing them rights never given before, even forbidding lashes beyond forty-nine? Of what use, then, the punishment of owners who have ill-used the slaves? The local councils who have power to punish never proceed against white men with rigor; and to preserve a fair balance between the white man up above and the black down below is the responsibility of the fair-minded governor. If, like Mallow, he is not fair-minded, then is the lash the heavier, and the governor has burdens greater than could easily be borne in lands where the climate is more friendly.

Lord Mallow did not see me when I passed him in the street, but he soon came to know of me from the admiral and Captain Ivy, who told him all my story since I was freed from jail. Then he announced that I should be confined in a narrow space near to Kingston, and should have no freedom; but the admiral had his way, and I was given freedom of the whole island till word should come from the admiralty what should be done with me. To the governor's mind it was dangerous allowing me freedom—a man who had been convicted of crime, had suffered a term of imprisonment, had been a mutineer, had stolen one of his majesty's ships, and had fled to the Caribbean Sea. He thought I should well be at the bottom of the sea, where he would soon have put me, I make no doubt, if it had not been for the admiral, and Captain Ivy—you do not know him, I think—who has played a good part to me, when men once close friends have deserted me.

Well, we had, Michael and I, but twenty pounds between us; and if there was not plenty of free food in the island, God knows what would have become of us! But there it was, fresh in every field, by every wayside, at every doorway. We could not starve, or die of thirst, or faint for lack of sleep, since every bush was a bed in spite of the garapatos or wood-ticks, the snore of the tree-toad, the hoarse shriek of the macaw, and the shrill gird of the guinea-fowl. Every bed was thus free, and there was land to be got for a song, enough to grow what would suffice for two men's daily wants. But we did not rest long upon the land—I have it still, land which cost me five pounds out of the twenty, and for the rest there was an old hut on the little place—five acres it was, and good land, too, where you could grow anything at all. Heaven knows what we might have become in that tiny plantation, for I was sick of life, and of the mosquitoes and flying ants, the chattering paroquets, the grim gallinazo, and the *quatre*, or native bed—a wooden frame and canvas; but one day at Kingston I met a man, one Cassandro Biatt, who had an obsession for adventure, and he spoke to me privately. He said he

knew me from people's talk, and would I listen to him? What was there to do? He was a clean-cut rogue, if ever there was one, but a rogue of parts, as he proved; and I lent an ear.

Now, what think you was his story? Well, but this—that off the coast of Haiti there was a ship which had been sunk with every man on board, and with the ship was treasure beyond counting—jewels belonging once to a Spaniard of high place, who was taking them to Paris. His box had been kept in the captain's cabin, and it could be found, no doubt, and brought to the surface. Even if that were not possible, there was plenty of gold on the ship, and every piece of it was good money. There had been searching for the ship, and none had found it; but he, Cassandro Biatt, had sure knowledge, got from an obi-man, of the place where it lay. It would not be an expensive business, but, cheap as it was, he had no means of raising cash for the purpose; while I could no doubt get the necessary money if I set about it. That was how he put it to me. Would I do it?

It was not a case of "no shots left in the locker, no copper to tinkle on a tombstone." I was not down to my last macaroni, or quarter-dollar; but I drank some sangaree and set about to do it. I got my courage from a look toward Rodney's statue in its temple—Rodney did a great work for Jamaica against Admiral de Grasse.

Why should I tell Biatt the truth about myself? He knew it. Cassandro was an accomplished liar, and a man of merit of his kind. This obi-man's story I have never believed; yet how Biatt came to know where that treasure-ship was I do not know now, though I am rich because of it all.

Yes, out we went through the harbor of Kingston, beyond the splendid defenses of Port Royal and the men-of-war there, past the Palisadoes and Rock Fort, and away to the place of treasure-trove. We found it—that lost galleon; and we found the treasure-box of the captain's cabin. We found gold, too, but the treasure-box was the chief thing; and we made it ours after many a hard day. Three months it was from the day Biatt first spoke to me to the day when, with an expert diver, we brought the box to the surface and opened it.

How I induced one of the big men of Jamaica to be banker and skipper for us need not be told; but he is one of whom men have dark sayings—chiefly, I take it, because he does bold and incomprehensible things. That business paid him well, for when the rent of the ship was met, and the few men on it paid—slaves they were chiefly—he pocketed ten thousand pounds, while Biatt and I each pouched forty thousand, and Michael two thousand. Aye, to be sure, Michael was in it. He is in all I do, and is as good as men of ten times his birth and history. Michael will be a rich man one day. In two years his two thousand have grown to four, and he misses no chance.

But those days when Biatt and I went treasure-hunting were not without their trials. If we had failed, then no more could this land have been home or resting-place for us. We should only have been sojourners here with no name, in debt, in disgrace, a pair of braggart adventurers, who had worked a master-man of the island for a ship and money and men, and had lost all except the ship. To be sure, the money was not a big thing—a few hundred pounds; but the ship was no flea-bite. It was a biggish thing, for it could be

rented to carry sugar—it was, in truth, a sugar-ship of four hundred tons—but it never carried so big a cargo of sugar as it did on the day when that treasure-box was brought to the surface of the sea.

I'm bound to say this—one of the straightest men I ever met, liar withal, was Cassandro Biatt. He took his jewels and vanished up the seas in a flourish. He would not even have another try at the gold in the bowels of the ship.

"I've got plenty to fill my paunch, and I'll go while I've enough. It's the men that don't go in time that get left in the end"—that's what he said.

And he was right; for other men went after the gold and got some of it, but were caught by French and South American pirates and lost all they had gained. Still another group went and brought away ten thousand pounds, and lost it in fighting with Spanish buccaneers. So Biatt was right, and went away content, while I stayed here—because I must—and bought the land and house where I have my great sugar-plantation. It is an enterprise of volume, but it is not beyond my capacity, and all would be well if I were normal in mind and body; but I am not. I have a past that stinks to heaven, as Shakespeare says, and I am an outlaw of the one land which has all my soul and name and heritage. Yes, that is what they have done to me—made a convict, an outlaw of me. I may live, but not in the British Isles; and if any man kills me, he is not liable to the law.

Men do not treat me badly here, for I have property and money, and this is a land where these two things mean more than anywhere else, even more than in a republic like that where you live. Here men live according to the law of the knife, fork, and bottle, yet nowhere in the world is there deeper national morality or wider faith or endurance. It is a land where the sea is master, where naval might is the chief factor, and weighs down all else.

Here the navies of the great powers meet and settle their disputes, and every being in the island knows that life is only worth what a hundred-ton brig-of-war permits. I have seen here in Jamaica the offscourings of the French and Spanish fleets on parole; have seen them entering King's House like loyal citizens; have even known of French prisoners being used as guards at the entrance of King's House, and I have informed the chief justice of dismal facts which ought to have moved him. But what can you expect of a chief justice who need not be a lawyer, as this one is not, and who has other means of earning income which, though not disloyal, are lowering to the status of a chief justice? And not the chief justice alone. I have seen French officers entertained at Government House who were guilty of most shocking inhumanities and cruelties. The governor, Lord Mallow, is much to blame. On him lies the responsibility; to him must go the discredit. For myself, I feel his enmity on every hand. I suffer from his suggestive opposition; I am the victim of his dark moods.

If I want a concession from a local council, his hand is at work against me; if I see him in the street, I get a courtesy tossed, as you would toss a bone to a dog. If I appear at the king's ball, which is open to all on the island who are respectable, I am treated with such disdain by the viceroy

of the king that all the island is agog. I went one day to the king's ball the same as the rest of the world, and I went purposely in dress contrary to the regulations. Here was the announcement of the affair printed in the *Royal Gazette*, which was reproduced in the *Chronicle*, the one important newspaper in the island:

KING'S HOUSE

October 27, 1797.

KING'S BALL

There will be a Ball given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, on Tuesday evening, the 6th day of December next, in honor of

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY

To prevent confusion, Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to order their carriages to come by the Old Court House, and go off by the Long Room.

N.B.—No gentleman can possibly be admitted in boots, or otherwise improperly dressed.

Well, in a spirit of mutiny—in which I am, in a sense, an expert—I went in boots and otherwise "improperly dressed," for I wore my hair in a cue, like a peasant. What is more, I danced with a negress in the great quadrille, and thereby offended the governor and his lady aunt, who presides at his palace. It matters naught to me. On my own estate it was popular enough, and that meant more to me than the good-will of Lord Mallow.

He does not spare me in his recitals to his friends, who carry his speech abroad. His rancor against me is the greater, I know, because of the wealth I got in the treasure-ship, to prevent which he tried to prohibit my leaving the island, through the withholding of a leave-ticket to me. His argument to the local authorities was that I had no rights, that I am an outlaw and confined to the island, though not on parole. He almost succeeded; but the man to whom I went, the big rich man, intervened successfully—how, I know not—and I was let go with my permit ticket.

What big things hang on small issues! If my Lord Mallow had prevented me leaving the island, I shouldn't now own a great plantation and three hundred negroes. I shouldn't be able to pay my creditors in good gold Portuguese half-johannes and Spanish doubloons, and be free of Spanish silver, and give no heed to the existence of the bit—which, as you no doubt know, is equal to fivepence in British money, such as you and I used to spend when you were Queen of Ireland and I was your slave.

Then I worshiped you as few women have been worshiped in all the days of the world—oh, cursed spite of life and time that I should have been jailed for killing your bad father! Aye, he was a bad man, and he is better in his grave than out of it; but it puts a gulf between you and me which nothing will ever bridge—unless it should some day be known I did not kill him, and then, no doubt, it will be too late.

On my soul, I don't believe I put my sword into him; but if I did, he well deserved it, for he was worse than faithless to your mother, he was faithless to his country—he was a traitor! I did not tell that story of his treachery in court—I did not

tell it because of you. You did not deserve such infamy, and the truth came out at the trial. I, in my view, dared not, lest it might injure you, and you had suffered enough—nay, more than enough—through him.

I wonder how you are, and if you have changed—I mean in appearance. I am sure you are not married; I should have felt it in my bones, if you were. No, no, my sweet lass, you are not married! But think—it is more than seven long years since we met on the hills above Playmore, and you put your hand in mine and said we should be friends for all time. It is near three years since a letter came to me from you, and in the time I have made progress.

I did not go to the United States, as you asked me to do. Is it not plain I could not? My only course was to avoid you. You see, your mother knows the truth—knows that I was jailed for killing your father and her divorced husband.

Therefore, the only way to do was as I did. I could not go where you were. There should be hid from you the fact that Erris Boyne was a traitor. This is your right, in my mind. Looking back, I feel sure I could have escaped jail if I had told what I knew of Erris Boyne; and perhaps, it would have been better, for I should, no doubt, have been acquitted, and could have gone to you. Yet no, I could not have gone to you, for I am not sure that I did not kill him. I do not know; I cannot tell.

So it is best as it is. We are as we are, and nothing can make all different for us. I am a



IT WAS A DREAM, ALL EXCEPT THE ROSES, AND THOSE I LAID IN FRONT OF THE BOX WHERE
I KEEP YOUR LETTERS

dissolute planter of Jamaica who has snatched from destiny a living and some riches. I have a bad name in the world. Yet by saving the king's navy from defeat out here I did a good turn for my country and the empire.

So much to the good. It brought me freedom

every night, and pints of beer or claret. I am a creature of low habits, a man sodden with self-indulgence. And when I am in my drink, no slaver can be more cruel and ruthless.

Yet I am moderate at table. The meals that people devour here almost revolt me. They eat like cormorants and drink like dry ground; but at my table I am careful, save with the bottle. This is a land of wonderful fruits, and I eat in great quantities pineapple, tamarind, papaw, guava, sweet-sop, custard-apple, star-apple, granadilla, hog plum, Spanish gooseberry, pindal-nut. These are native, but there are also the orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, melon, fig, pomegranate, cinnamon, and mango, brought chiefly from the Spanish lands of South America. The fruit market here is good, Heaven knows, and I have my run of it. Perhaps that is why my drink does not fatten me greatly. Yes, I am thin—thinner even than when you saw me last. How wonderful a day it was! You remember it, I'm sure. You are not the kind to forget.

We stood on the high hills, you and I, looking to the west. It was a true Irish day. A little in front of us, in the sky, were great clusters of clouds, and beyond them, as far as eye could see, were hills so delicately green, so spotted with settlements, so misty and full of glamour, and so cheerful with the western light. And the storm broke—do you remember it? It broke, but not on us. It fell on the middle of the prospect before us, and we saw beyond it the bright area of sunny country where men work and prophesy and slave, and pray to the ancient gods and acclaim the saints, and die and fructify the mold; where such as Christopher Dogan live, and men a hundred times lower than he.

Christopher came to the jail the day I was released—with Michael Clones he came. He read me my bill of life's health—what was to become of me—the black and the white of it, the good and the bad, the fair and the

foul. Even the good fortune of the treasure from the sea he foresaw, and much else that has not come to me, and, as I think, will never come; it is too full a cup for me, so little worthy of it.

It seems strange to me that I am as near to the United States here in Jamaica, or almost as near, as one in London is to one in Dublin; and yet one might as well be ten thousand leagues distant for all it means to her one loves in the United States. Yes, dear Sheila, I love you, and I would



from the rope and pardon for my chief offense. Then, in company with a rogue, I got wealth from the depths of the sea, and here I am in the very bottom of my luxury, drunken and obscene—yes, obscene, dearest lady, for I permit my overseers and my manager to keep black women and have children by them. That I do not do so myself is no virtue on my part, but the virtue of a girl whom I knew in Connemara. I fill myself with drink. I have a bottle of Madeira or port

tear out the heart of the world for you. I bathe my whole being in your beauty and your charm. I hunger for you—to stand beside you, to listen to your voice, to dip my prison hands into the pure caldron of your soul and feel my own soul expand. I wonder why it is that to-day I feel more than I ever felt before the rare splendor of your person.

I have always admired you and loved you, always heard you calling me, as if from some sacred corner of a perfect world. Is it that yesterday's dissipation—yes, I was drunk yesternight, drunk in a new way. I was drunk with the thought of you, the longing for you. I picked a big handful of wild roses, and in my mind gave them into your hands. I thought you smiled and said:

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter paradise!"

So I followed you to your home there in the Virginian country. It was a dream, all except the roses, and those I laid in front of the box where I keep your letters and a sketch I made of you when we were young and glad—when I was young and glad. For now I am an old man, Sheila, in all that makes men old. My step is quick still, my eye is sharp, and my brain beats fast, but my heart is ancient. I am an ancient of days, without hope or pleasure, save what pleasure comes in thinking of one whom I worship, yet must ever worship from afar.

I wonder why I seem to feel you very near me to-day? Perhaps it's because 'tis Christmas Day. I am not a religious man, but Christmas is a day of memories.

Is it because of the past in Ireland? Am I only—God, am I only to be what I am for the rest of my days, a planter denied the pleasures of home by his own acts? Am I only a submerged relic of a good place where there was built for me a noble habitation? Am I only a helpless fragment of a world of lost things?

I have no friends—but yes, I have. I have Michael Clones and Captain Ivy, though he's far away—aye, he's a friend of friends, is Captain Ivy. These naval folk have had so much of the world, have got the bearings of so many seas, that they lose all littleness, and form their own minds. They are not like the people who knew me in Ireland—the governor here is one of them—and who believe the worst of me. The governor—faugh, he was made for bigger and better things! He is one of the best swordsmen in the world, and he is out against me here as if I was a man of importance, and not a commonplace planter on an obscure river. I have no social home life, and yet I live in what is called a castle. A Jamaica castle has none of the marks of antiquity, chivalry, and distinction which castles that you and I know in the old land possess.

What is my castle like? Well, it is a squarish building, of bungalow type, set on a hill. It has stories and an attic, with a jutting dormer-window in the front of the roof; and above the lowest story there is a deep veranda, on which the living-rooms and bedrooms open. It is commodious, and yet from a broad standpoint it is without style or great distinction. It has none of those Corinthian pillars which, I am told, your homesteads in America have. Yet there is in it a simple elegance. It has no carpets, but a shining mahogany floor, for there are few carpets in this land of heat. It is a

place where music and mirth and family voices would be fitting; but there are no family voices here, save such as speak with a negro lisp.

I can hear music at this moment, and inside my castle. It comes from the irrepressible throats of my cook and my housemaid, who have more joy in the language of the plantation than you could have in the songs of St. Angelus. The only person in this castle out of spirits is its owner.

My castle is embowered in a loose grove of palms and acacias, pimento shrubs, splendid star-apples, and bully-trees, with wild lemon, mahogany, dogwood, Jerusalem thorn, and the waving plumes of bamboo canes. There is nothing British in it—nothing at all. It stands on brick pillars, is reached by a stair of marble slabs, and has a great veranda on the front. You enter a fine, big hall, dark—you will understand that, though it is not so hot in Virginia, for the darkness makes for coolness. From the hall the bedrooms open all round. We are not so barbaric here as you might think, for my dining-room, which lies beyond the hall, with jealousies or movable blinds, exposed to all the winds, is comfortable, even ornate. There you shall see wax-lights on the table, and finger-glasses with green leaves, and fine linen and napkins, and plenty of silver—even silver wine-coolers, and beakers of fame and beauty, and flowers, flowers everywhere, and fruit of exquisite charm. I have to live in outward seeming as do my neighbors, even to keeping a black footman, gorgeously dressed, with bare legs.

Here at my window grows a wild aloe, and it is in flower. Once only in fifty years does this aloe flower, and I pick its sweet verdure now and offer it to you. There it lies, beside this letter that I am writing. It is typical of myself, for only once has my heart flowered, and it will be only once in fifty years. The perfume of the flower is like an everlasting bud from the last tree of time. See, my Sheila, your drunken, reckless lover pulls this sweet offering from his garden and offers it to you. He has no virtues; and yet he would have been a thousand times worse, if you had not come into his life. He had in him the seeds of trouble, the sproutings of shame, for even in the first days of his love there in Dublin he could not restrain himself. He drank, he played cards, he fought and went with bad company—not women, no never that; but he kept the company of those through whom he came at last to punishment for manslaughter.

Yet, without you, who can tell what he might have been? He might have fallen so low that not the wealth of ten thousand treasure-boxes could give him even the appearance of honesty. And now he offers you what you cannot accept—can never accept—a love as deep as the life from which he came; a love that would throttle the world for you, that would force the doors of hell to bring you what you want.

What do you want? I know not. Perhaps you have inherited the vast property to which you were the heir. If you have, what can you want that you have not means to procure? Ah, I've learned one thing, my friend—one can get nearly everything with money. It is the hidden machinery which makes the world of success go round. With brains, you say? Yes, money and brains, but without the money brains seldom win alone. Have I not seen? Do not I know? When I was in prison, with estate vanished and home



DYCK RODE THE UNPAVED STREETS ON HIS HORSE AND MADE HIS WAY TOWARD CHARLOTTE BEDFORD'S LODGINGS

gone and my father in his grave, who was concerned about me?

Only the humblest of all God's Irish people; but with them I have somehow managed to win back lost ground. I am a stronger man than I was in all that men count of value in the world. I have an estate where I work like any youth who has

everything before him. I have nothing before me, yet I shall go on working to the end. Why? Because I have some faculties which are more than bread and butter, and I must give them opportunity.

Yet I am not always sane. Sometimes I feel I could march out and sweep into the sea one of

the towns that dot the coast of this island. I have the bloody thirst, as said the great Spanish conquistador. I would like—yes, sometimes I would like to sweep to a watery grave one of the towns that are a glory to this island, as Savanna la Mar was swept to oblivion in the year 1780 by a hurricane. You can still see the ruins of the town at the bottom of the sea—I have sailed over it in what is now the harbor, and there beneath, on the deep sands, lost to time and trouble, is the slain and tortured town of Savanna la Mar. Was the Master of the World angry that day when, with a besom of wind and a tidal wave, he swept the place into the sea? Or was it some devil's work while the Lord of All slept? As the Spanish say, *quien sabe?*

Then there was that other enormous incident which made a man to be swallowed by an earthquake, then belched out again into the sea and picked up and restored to life again, and to live for many years. Indeed, yes, it is so. His tombstone may be seen even at this day at Green Bay, Kingston. His name was Lewis Galdy, and he was held in high repute in this land.

I feel sometimes as Beelzebub may feel, and I long to do what Beelzebub might do as part of his mission. Sometimes a madness of revolt comes over me, and I long to ravage all the places I see, all the people I know—or nearly all. Why I do not have negroes thrashed and mutilated, as some do, I know not. Over against the southern shore in the parish of St. Elizabeth is an estate, called Salem, owned, it is said, by an American, where the manager does such things. I am told that the savageries performed there are hideous.

There are too many absentee owners of land in this island, and the wrongs done by agents who have no personal honor at stake are all too plentiful. If I could, I would have no slavery, would set all the blacks free, making full compensation to the owners, and less to the absentee owners.

I look out on a world of summer beauty and heat. I see the sheep in hundreds on the far hills of pasturage—sheep with short hair, small and sweet as any that ever came from the South Downs. I see the natives in their Madras handkerchiefs. I see upon the road some planter in his ketureen—a sort of sedan chair; I see a negro funeral, with its strange ceremony and its gumbies of African drums. I see yam-fed planters, on their horses, making for the burning, sandy streets of the capital. I see the Scots grass growing five and six feet high—a food unsurpassed for horses; all the foliage, too—beautiful tropical trees and shrubs, and here and there a huge breeding-farm. Yet I know that out beyond my sight there is the region known as Trelawney, and Trelawney Town, the headquarters of the maroons, the free negroes—those who fled after the Spanish had been conquered and the British came, and who were later freed and secured by the Trelawney Treaty. I know that now they are ready to rise, that they are working among the slaves; and if these rise, the danger is great to the white population of the island, who are outnumbered ten to one.

The governor has been warned, but he gives no heed, or treats it all lightly, pointing out how few the maroons are. He forgets that a few determined men can demoralize a whole community, can fight and murder and fly to dark coverts in the tropical woods, where they cannot be

tracked down and destroyed; and, if they have made supporters of the slaves, what consequences may not follow?

What do the maroons look like? They are ferocious and isolated, they are proud and overbearing, they are horribly cruel, but they are potent, and are difficult to reach. They are not small and meager, but are big, brawny fellows, clothed in wide duck trousers and shirts, and they are well armed—cutlas, powder-horn, haversack, sling, shotgun, and pouch for ball. They dress as the country requires, and they are strong fighters against our soldiers, who are burdened with heavy muskets, and who defy the climate with their stuffed coats, their weighty caps, and their tight cross-belts. The maroons are not to be despised. They have brains, the insolence of freedom among natives who are not free, and terrible cruelty. They can be mastered and kept in subjection, can be made allies, if properly handled; but Lord Mallow goes the wrong way about it all. He permits things that inflame the maroons.

One thing is clear to me—only by hounds can these people be defeated. So sure am I upon this point that I have sent to Cuba for sixty hounds, with which, when the trouble comes—and it is not far off—we shall be able to hunt the maroons with the only weapon they really fear—the dog's sharp tooth. It may be the governor will intervene on the arrival of the dogs; but I have made friends with the provost-marshal-general and some members of the Jamaica legislature; also I have a friend in the deputy of the provost-marshal-general in my parish of Clarendon here, and I will make a good bet that the dogs will be let come into the island, governor or no governor.

When one sets oneself against the crown one must be sure of one's ground, and fear no foe, however great and high. Well, I have won so far, and I shall win in the end. Mallow should have some respect for one that beat him in Phoenix Park with the sword; that beat him when he would have me imprisoned here; that beat him in the matter of the ship for Haiti; and that will beat him on every hazard he sets, unless he stoops to underhand acts, which he will not do. That much must be said for him. He plays his part in no small way, and he is more a bigot and a fanatic loyalist than a rogue. Suppose—but no, I will not suppose. I will lay my plans, I will keep faith with people here who trust me, and who know that if I am severe I am also just, and I will play according to the rules made by better men than myself.

But what is this I see? Michael Clones—in his white jean waistcoat, white neckcloth and trousers, and blue coat—is coming up the drive in hot haste, bearing a letter. He rides too hard. He has never carried himself easily in this climate. He treats it almost as if it was Ireland. He will not protect himself, and if penalty followed folly, he should now be in his grave. I like you, Michael. You are a boon, but—

XVII

DYCK CALHOUN's letter was never ended. It was only a relic of the years spent in Jamaica, only a sign of his well-being, though it gave no real picture of himself. He did not know how like a tyrant he had

become in some small ways, while in the large things he remained generous, urbane, and resourceful. He was in appearance thin, dark-favored, buoyant in manner, and stern of face, with splendid eyes. Had he dwelt on Olympus, he might have been summoned to judge and chastise the sons of men.

When Michael Clones came to the doorway, Dyck laid down his quill-pen and eyed the flushed servant in disapproval, for he disliked haste and excitement.

"What is it, Michael? Wherefore this starkness? Is some one come from Bavaria?"

"Not precisely from heaven, y'r honor, but—"

"But—yes, Michael! Have done with but-ting, and come to the red matter."

"Well, sir, they've come from Virginia."

Dyck Calhoun slowly got to his feet, his face paling, his body stiffening. From Virginia! Who should be come from Virginia, save she to whom he had just been writing?

"Who has come from Virginia?"

He knew, but he wanted it said.

"Sure, you knew a vessel came from America last night. Well, in her was one that was called the Queen of Ireland long ago."

"Queen of Ireland! Well, what then?" Dyck's voice was tuneless, his manner rigid, his eyes burning.

"Well, she—Miss Sheila Llyn—and her mother are going to the Salem Plantation, down by the Essex Valley Mountain. It is her plantation now. It belonged to her uncle, Bryan Llyn. He got it in payment of a debt. He is dead now, and all his lands and wealth have come to her. Her mother, Mrs. Llyn, is with her, and they start to-morrow or the next day for Salem. There'll be different doings at Salem henceforward, your honor. She's not the woman to see slaves treated as the manager at Salem has treated 'em."

Dyck made an impatient gesture at this last remark.

"Yes, yes, Michael. Where are they now?"

"They're at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings in Spanish Town. The governor waited on them this morning. The governor sent them flowers, and—"

"Flowers—Lord Mallow sent them flowers! Hell's friend, man, suppose he did?"

"There are better flowers here than in Spanish Town."

"Well, take them, Michael; but if you do, come here again no more while you live, for I'll have none of you. Do you think I'm entering the lists against the king's governor?"

"You've done it before, sir, and there's no harm in doing it again. One good turn deserves another. I've also to tell you, sir, that Lord Mallow has asked them to stay at King's House."

"Lord Mallow has asked Americans to stay at King's House!"

"But they're Irish, and he knew them in Ireland, y'r honor."

"Well, he knew me in Ireland, and I'm proscribed!"

"Ah, that's different, as you know. There is no war on now, and they're only good American citizens who own land in this dominion of the king; so why shouldn't he give them courtesy?"

"From whom do you get your information?" asked Dyck Calhoun with an air of suspicion.

"From Darius Boland, y'r honor," answered Michael, with a smile. "Who is Darius Boland, you're askin' in y'r mind? Well, he's the new manager come from the Llyn plantations in Virginia; and right good stuff he is, with a tongue that's as dry as cut-wheat in August. And there's humor in him, plenty—aye, plenty. When did I see him, and how? Well, I saw him this mornin', on the quay at Kingston. He was ordering the porters about with an air—oh, bedad, an air! I saw the name upon the parcels—Miss Sheila Llyn, of Moira, Virginia; and so I spoke to him. The rest was easy. He looked me up and down in a flash, like a search-light playin' on an enemy ship, and then he smiled. 'Well,' said he, 'who might you be? For there's queer folks in Jamaica, I'm told.' So I said I was Michael Clones, and at that he doffed his hat and held out a 'and. 'Well, here's luck,' said he. 'Luck at the very start! I've heard of you from my mistress. You're servant to Mr. Dyck Calhoun—ain't that it?' And I nodded, and he smiled again—a smile that 'd cost money annywhere else than in Jamaica. He smiled again, and gave a slow hitch to his trousers as though they was fallin' down. Why, sir, he's the longest bit of man you ever saw, with a pointed beard, and a nose that's as long as a midshipman's tongue. He's quick and slow all at once. His small eyes twinkle like stars beatin' up against

bad weather, and his skin's the color of Scots grass in the dead of summer—*yaller*, he'd call it if he called it annything, and *yaller* was what he called the look of the sky above the hills. Queer way of talk he has, that man, as queer as—"

"I understand, Michael. But what else? How did you come to talk about the affairs of Mrs. and Miss Llyn? He didn't just spit it out, did he?"

"Sure, not so quick and free as spittin', y'r honor; but when he'd sorted me out, as it were, he said Miss Llyn had come out here to take charge of Salem, her own estate in Virginia, inherited from her uncle Bryan, bein' in such good

"To put things wrong in Jamaica, Michael—that's why she's come. To loose the ball of confusion and free the flood of tragedy—that's why she's come! Man, Michael, you know her history—who she was and what happened to her father.

Well, do you think there's no tragedy in her coming here? I killed her father, they say, Michael. I was punished for it. I came here to be free of all those things—
lifted out



IN THE GARDEN
THEY SAW SHEILA
LLYN, HER MOTHER,
AND DARIUS BOLAND,
WHO SEEMED TO BE
ENDURING FROM THE
MOTHER SOME SHARP
REPRIMAND, TO THE
AMUSEMENT OF THE
DAUGHTER

runnin' order, and her mind bein' active. Word had come of the trouble with the manager here, and one of the provost-marshal's deputies had written accounts of the floggings and ill-treatment of slaves, and that's why she come—to put things right at Salem."

and away from them all. I longed to forget the past, which is only shame and torture; and here it is all spread out at my door again like a mat, which I must see as I go in and out. Essex Valley—why, it's less than a day's ride from here, far less than a day's ride! It can be ridden in four or five hours at a trot. Michael, it's all a damnable business. And here she is in Jamaica with her Darius Boland! There was no talk on Boland's part of their coming here to visit us, was there, Michael?"

"None at all, sir; but there was that in the man's eye, and in his tone, which made me sure he thought Miss Llyn and you would meet."

"That would be strange, wouldn't it, in this immense continent?" Dyck remarked cynically. "She knew I was here before she came?"

"Aye, she knew. She had seen your name in the papers—English and Jamaican. She knew you had regained your life and place, and was a man of mark here."

"A marked man, you mean, Michael — a man whom the king has had to pardon of a



crime because of an act done that served the state. I am still an outlaw, forbidden to return to the British Isles or to the land of my birth, forbidden free traffic as a citizen, hammered out of recognition by the strokes of enmity. A man of mark, indeed! Aye, with the broad arrow on me, with the shame of prison and mutiny on my name.

"But if she don't believe?"

"If she don't believe! Well, she must be told the truth at last. I wonder her mother let her come here. Her mother knew part of the truth. She hid it all from the girl—and now they are here! I must see it through, but it's a wretched fate, Michael."

"Perhaps her mother didn't know you were here, sir."

Dyck laughed grimly.

"Michael, you've a lawyer's mind. Per-

haps you are right. The girl may have hid from her mother all newspapers referring to me. That may well be; but it's not the way that will bring—understanding."

"I think it's the truth, sir, for Darius Boland spoke naught of the mother—indeed, he said only what would make me think the girl came with her own ends in view. Faith, I'm sure the mother did not know."

"She will know now. Your Darius Boland will tell her."

"By St. Peter, it doesn't matter who tells her, sir. They're here, and the business must be faced."

"Michael, order my horse, and I will go to Spanish Town. This matter must be brought to a head. The truth must be told. Order my horse!"

"It is the very heat of the day, sir."

"Then at five o'clock, after dinner, have my horse here."

"Am I to ride with you, sir?"

Dyck nodded.

"Yes, Michael. There's only one thing to do—face all the facts with all the evidence, and you are fact and evidence, too. You know more of the truth than any one else."

Several hours later, when the sun was abating its force a little, after traveling the burning roads through yams and cocoa, granadillas and all kinds of herbs and roots and vagrant trees, Dyck Calhoun and Michael Clones came into Spanish Town. Dyck rode the unpaved streets on his horse with its high demipicque Spanish saddle, its silver stirrups and heavy bitt, and made his way toward Charlotte Bedford's lodgings.

Dyck looked round upon the town with new eyes. He saw it like one for the first time visiting it. He saw the people passing through the wide verandas of the houses, like a vast colonnade, down the street, to be happily sheltered from the fierce sun. As he had come down from the hills he thought he had never seen the houses look more beautiful in their gardens of wild tamarinds, kennips, coconuts, pimentos, and palms, backed by negro huts. He had seen all sorts of people at the draw-wells of

the houses—British, Spanish, French, South American, creoles, and here and there a maroon, and the everlasting negro who sang as he worked—

"Come along o' me, my buccra brave,
You see de shild de Lord he gave;
You drink de sangaree,
I make de fricassee—"

Here a face peeped out from the glazed sash of the jalousies of the balconies above—a face that could never be said to be white, though it had only a tinge of black in its coaxing beauty. There a workman in long black hair and shag trousers painted the prevailing two-storied house the usual colors, white and green. There was a young naval officer in full dress, gold-buckled shoes, white trousers, short jacket with gold swab on shoulders, dress sword, and smart gait making for dinner at King's House.

A long-legged "son of a gun" of a kee had a "clapper-claw," or hand-shake, with a planting attorney in a kind of four-posted gig, canopied in leather and urtained clumsily. The Yankee laughed at the heavy straight shafts and the mule that drew the *volante*, as the gig was called, and the vehicle creaked and cried as it rolled along over the road, which was like a dry river-bed. There a French officer in Hessian boots, white trousers, blue uniform, and much-embroidered scarlet cuffs watched with amusement a slave carrying a goglet, or earthen jar, upon his head like an Egyptian, untouched by the hand, so adding dignity to carriage. He was holding a "round-aboutation" with an old hag who was telling his fortune.

As they passed King's House, they saw troops of the viceroy's guests issuing from

the palace—officers of the king's navy and army, officers and men of the Jamaica militia, pale-faced, big-eyed men of the creole class, mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons, Samboes with their wives in loose skirts, white stockings, and pinnacle hats. There also passed, in the streets, black servants bearing tin cases on their heads, or carrying parcels in their arms, and here and there little processions of servants, each with something that belonged to their mistresses, who would presently be attending the king's ball.

Some were singing, and all seemed glad. Snatches of song were heard, and voices of men who had had a full meal and had "taken observations"—as looking through the bottom of a glass of liquor was called by people with naval spirit—were mixed in careless carousal.

All this jarred on Dyck Calhoun, and gave revolt to his senses. Yet he was only half-conscious of the great sensuousness of the scene as he passed through it. Now and then some one doffed a hat to him, and very occasionally some half-drunken citizen tossed at him a remark meant to wound; but he took no notice, and was content to let things pleasant and provocative pass down the long ranges of indifference.

All was brought to focus at last, however, by their arrival at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings, which, like most houses in the town, had a lookout or belfry fitted with green blinds and a telescope, and had a green-painted wooden railing round it.

At the very entrance, inside the gate, in the garden, they saw Sheila Llyn, her mother, and Darius Boland, who seemed to be enduring from the mother some sharp reprimand, to the amusement of the daughter.

(To be continued in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

MORNING MOONLIGHT

The moon and the dawn cheek to cheek in heaven—

The reddening cheek and the cheek that pales;

And the barn-yard cocks are crowing seven,

And the milk goes hissing into the pails.

Alas, that the cruel day should divide

Those lovely lovers there side by side!

Oh, tender gold of his arms above her

Yearning out o'er the flushing west!

Alas, 'tis all too late to love her,

For she wastes away, and would be at rest.

His kisses but make her cheek more wan;

She smiles farewell, and lo, she is gone!

Nicholas Breton

